POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 24·1964 25c

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN SECTION:

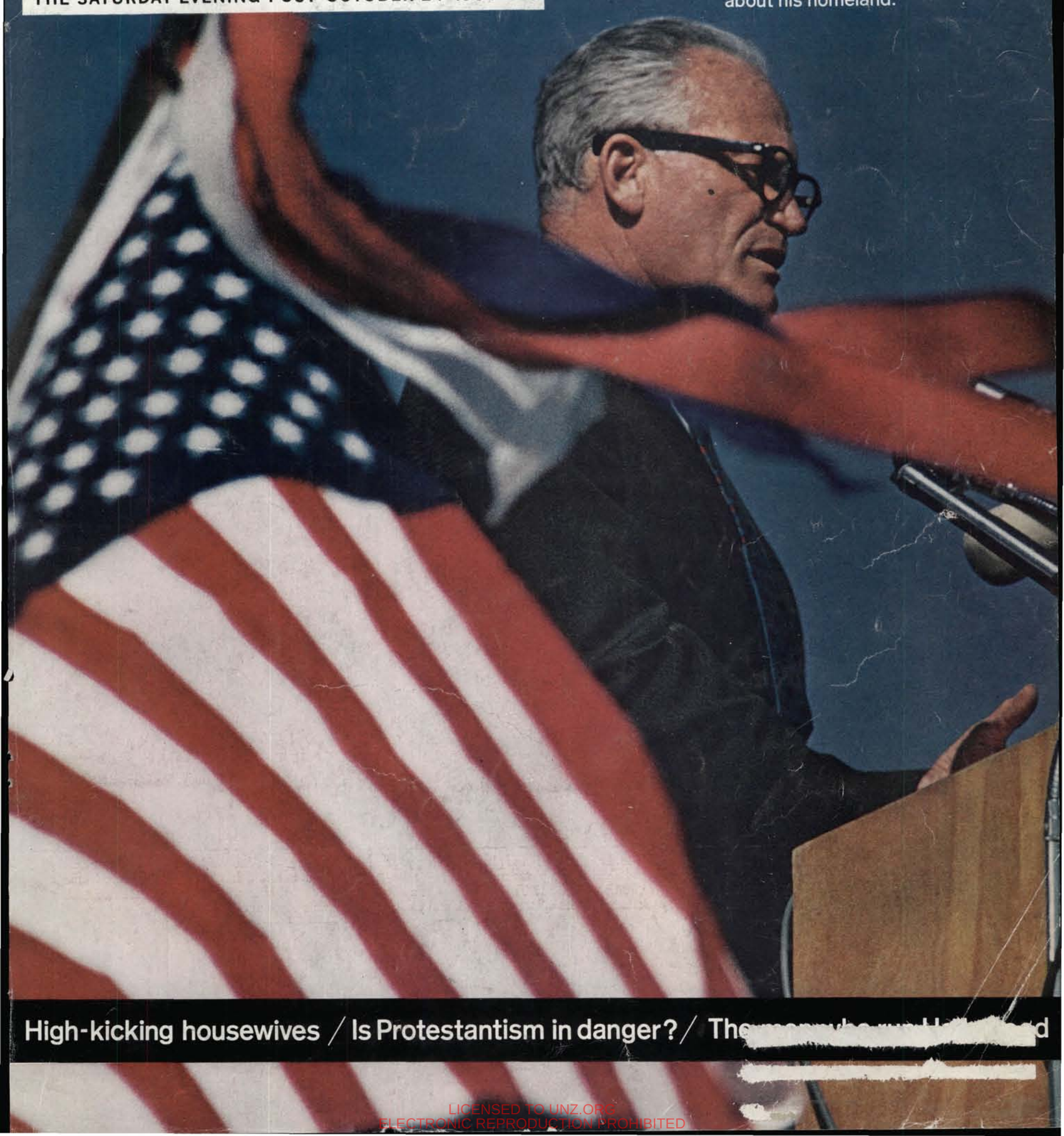
GOLDWATER

THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE

EXCLUSIVE:

"WHERE MY HEART IS..."

Goldwater's own photos and his feelings about his homeland.



High-kicking housewives / Is Protestantism in danger? / The [redacted]d

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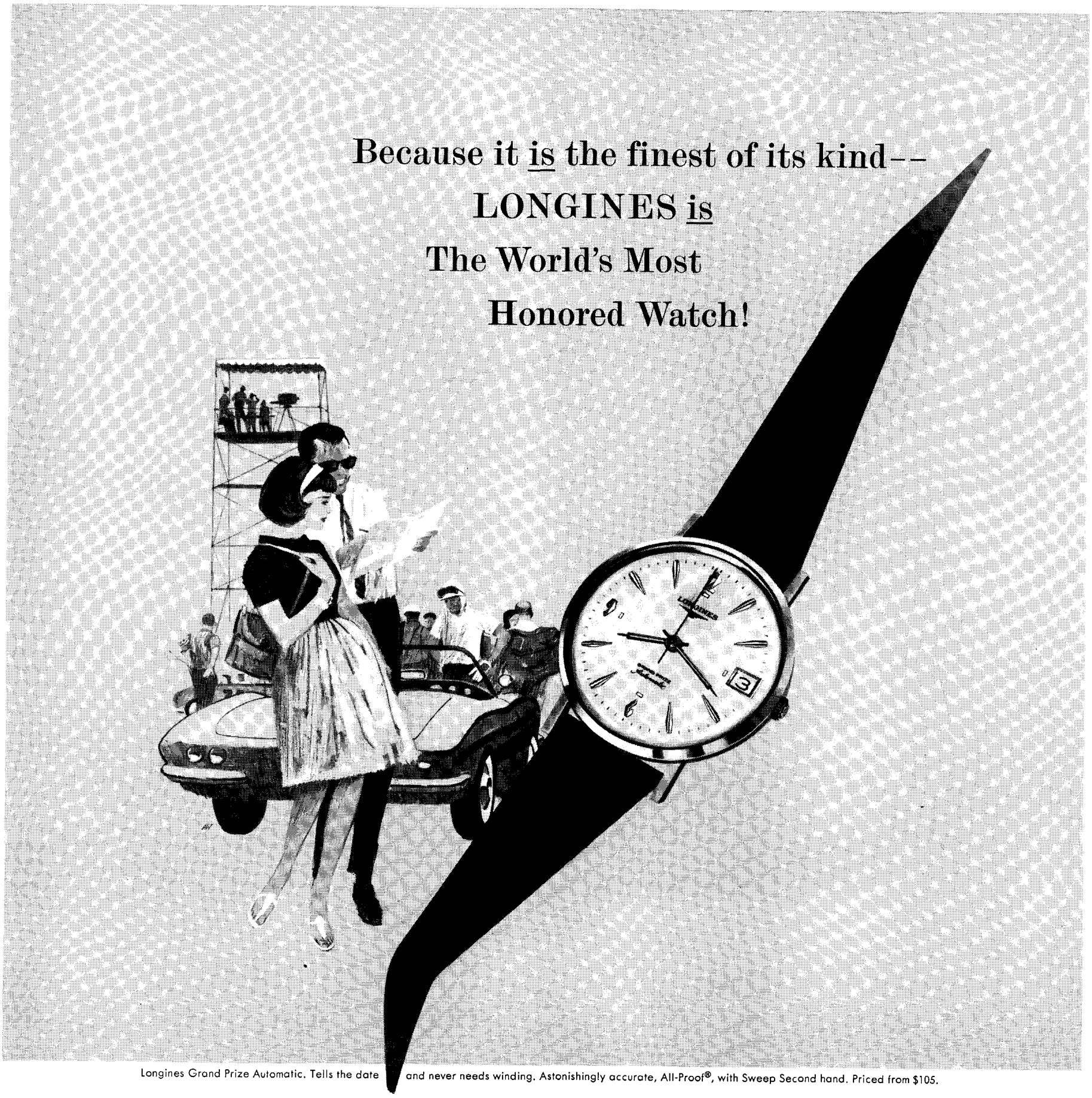

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POST

OCTOBER 24, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 37

Articles

The ecumenical movement threatens Protestantism (*Speaking Out*) — *Henry A. Buchanan and Bob W. Brown* 10

Uncle Lyndon (*Affairs of State*) . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16

Special Goldwater section

As the stormy presidential campaign nears its climax, much of the controversy swirls around the personality and politics of Senator Barry M. Goldwater. In this issue, a team of veteran journalists reports in depth on the Republican nominee, his family, his political advisers and his views on the land that created him.

Goldwater's desperate battle . . . . . *Roger Kahn* 19

'The country I love' . . . . . *Thomas Martin* 29

The men around Goldwater . . . . . *Rowland Evans and Robert Novak* 32

The lonely lady behind Barry . . . . . *Nan Robertson* 36

The astounding laser . . . . . *Max Gunther* 68

Encore for twelve high-kicking housewives . . . . . *Lewis H. Lapham* 72

A match made in the jungle . . . . . *Milton Gross* 76

The men who rule the stars . . . . . *Bill Davidson* 81

Fiction

The quiet island . . . . . *Darrell Bates* 38

The clear track . . . . . *John O'Hara* 58

Departments

Letters 4

Post scripts 64

Hazel 78

Editorial 86

The authors. *Post* editor-at-large **Roger Kahn** traveled through three time zones around the country observing Senator Goldwater. He saw a lot of pro- and anti-Goldwater placards along the route, and the funniest said, "Reinforce Fort Sumter!". . . **Rowland Evans** and **Robert Novak**, who write a Washington political column for the New York *Herald Tribune*, had expected the Goldwater organization to be tightly organized, but their investigations produced some surprises. . . . **Nan Robertson**, a Washington reporter for *The New York Times*, has been out on the campaign trail with the wives of all four major candidates. . . . Free-lance writer **Thomas Martin**, who interviewed Goldwater about his native region, is a former newspaper and magazine reporter. He is author of the book *Dynasty: The Longs of Louisiana*. . . . **Max Gunther** first developed an interest in the astounding laser through talking with a laser-manufacturing-firm executive who sings with him in a church choir. . . . **Lewis H. Lapham**, who is tall, dark and unmarried, boasts at cocktail parties that he once "danced with the Rockettes." It's true—he danced with Rockettes alumnae at a reunion dance. . . . **Milton Gross**, who reports on the alley-cat match for the middleweight boxing title, is a sports columnist for the New York *Post*.

The cover photograph of the Republican presidential candidate, Senator Barry M. Goldwater, was taken by contributing photographer **Burt Glinn**.

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Letters

Rights in America

You've reached a new height in responsible journalism with your SPEAKING OUT piece on civil rights and the first-hand account of voting in Mississippi. [GOLDWATER IS WRONG ON CIVIL RIGHTS by Anthony Lewis; A LIFE FOR A VOTE by John Hersey]. This September 26 issue should really wield an influence in the direction of equal opportunities for the Negroes.

REV. ROGER ROBISON
Great Falls, Mont.

• I think the name of *The Post* should be changed to *Little Ebony*. It seems when you run out of material, some reporter from New York or Pennsylvania is sent down South, stays overnight and comes back with a story to stir up hate against the Southerner.

C. C. BOONE
Falls Church, Va.

• *The Post* is to be congratulated on its strong stand for human rights. If freedom is to survive and prevail in the world, it must be practiced here in the United States. Those who really believe in freedom will vote for President Johnson in November. Much hangs on the outcome of this election. Either we guarantee the rights of all our citizens by federal action, or we retreat into the dark past of "states' rights" and oppression.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

• While we are so uniquely diverted in arguing over which side is right, we are falling right into Khrushchev's hands. Wouldn't it be wiser to focus our attention on the major threat to our freedom rather than on the minor problem of the social status of our races?

GENE RUNNELS
Hattiesburg, Miss.

• Your articles were nerve-shaking, because what happens to a Negro in Mississippi could happen just as easily to any white man in Dallas, Chicago or any other American city. All you need is a power-happy local law enforcement or a lackadaisical Federal Government. When you have both, as is the case in Mississippi and in the current Administration, life is not safe for any man, regardless of race.

Senator Goldwater is no more wrong on civil rights than is Lyndon Johnson or was Jack Kennedy or Dwight Eisenhower. He's just more honest about it.

THOMAS R. WEAVER
Dallas, Tex.

• The issue is not whether the rights of the Negro have been violated; only a fool would argue otherwise. The question is not whether Negroes have been beaten, intimidated and lynched in all sections of this country; we all recognize this sickening fact.

The question that addresses itself to every thinking American, of any race, creed or political party, is this: Is it "right" to destroy the constitutional concept of private property and the God-given freedom that it affords, as a memorial to those hacked to death by the rusty sword of bigotry?

Abrogating the rights of the majority will never sustain the freedom of a minority. On this point Goldwater may not be "right" in the estimation of Anthony Lewis, but history and the Constitution will concur with the senator from Arizona.

RAYMOND L. HARBIN
Forest Park, Ga.

• Anthony Lewis effectively refutes Senator Goldwater on civil rights, but he should also have noted that the Federal Government undermined its own authority and invited the present anarchic conditions in Mississippi when it failed to bring to account the instigators of violent insurrection at Little Rock and Oxford.

We reject unwarranted intervention by the Federal Government, but the national conscience should never permit the Government to tolerate bullying of the defenseless by any state.

FREDERICK S. LIGHTFOOT
Huntington Station, N.Y.

• That the charge of "police state" against the Federal Government should go so largely unchallenged, instead of being leveled at various state governments where it belongs, is indeed a strange phenomenon. It is difficult to believe that any person in public life could be so naïve as to speak of leaving civil rights to local law enforcement or "individual actions." Hence it is difficult to believe that Mr. Goldwater is sincere. If he is, he is surely not intelligent enough to be President.

IRENE MITCHELL
Farmington, N. Mex.

• As one of the volunteers who came early—about a year ago—to work for civil rights in Mississippi, I think that your articles will do much to show the people of this country just what Mississippi is like—both good and bad, but neither so good nor so bad as is often presented to the public. Very rarely are the national magazines interested in our heroic Negro farmers down here.

Most especially, I want to emphasize the importance of the "meeting halls" mentioned in Mr. Hersey's article (we call them community centers). They serve pressing needs: a "hangout" for teen-agers, a library open to everybody, an educational program for all ages (preschool kindergartens, freedom school for older students, basic education in reading and citizenship for adults), a distribution center for food and clothing. We hope these centers will expand to include a variety of self-help programs such as a youth corps for housing repair, vocational training for the unemployed farm laborers, business education and a public-health program.

LOIS CHAFFEE
Jackson, Miss.

Newsworthy babies

Thank you for WHAT A YEAR IT HAS BEEN! by Mary Ann Fischer with John Bird [September 26]. Amid all the cares of the world, it is refreshing and satisfying to find this beautiful feature so prominently displayed. The photography and the simple down-to-earth article by the mother is the best thing you ever did.

Nothing can be more beautiful than little children.

JOSEPH B. MCCRACKEN
Forest Hills, N.Y.

• Please! No more babies! It was bad enough when the Fischer quintuplets were news, but if we have to be subjected to this each year we might as well subscribe to a woman's magazine. The majority of readers are raising children of their own, and enough's enough. The beauty of *The Post* is in the intellectual stimulation and relaxation it offers.

MRS. ANN STENGER
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

On the slate

Your recent editorial, HUMPHREY: AN EXCELLENT CHOICE [September 26], is most timely and constructive. President Johnson showed his excellent judgment and leadership in selecting Senator Humphrey as his running mate. The Democratic Party has nominated two individuals with impressive records of achievement.

CHARLES A. LEE
Webster Groves, Mo.

• I realized my schooling in semantics was sadly lacking when I read that wheeling and dealing is "statesmanship," and that an ardent member of the A.D.A. is a "distinguished legislator." I say, "Humphrey? Humph!"

MRS. W. B. LINFIELD
Billings, Mont.

• We were disappointed with the Republican selection of Goldwater, dismayed by his choice of Miller. A Scranton-Hatfield or Lodge-Romney ticket would have equaled Johnson–Humphrey caliber, but not Goldwater–Miller.

A. LEE TINSLER
Willoughby, Ohio

• I pray to God that the good people of this great country will resoundingly reject this Big Brother Humphrey in November.

It is said that Barry Goldwater is a "hip-shooting emotional erratic." Well, I would rather see a "hip-shooting emotional erratic" man who hates Communism and loves our U.S.A. than L.B.J. and H.H.H., who together will surely deliver us to the Reds on a platter.

HELEN M. COOMBS
Central Village, Conn.

Frozen flambé

Dear John McPhee, thank you for mentioning my *Instant Haute Cuisine* [BURN THOSE WORTHLESS COOKBOOKS, October 3]. As you are tired of cutesy cookbooks, I am tired of gourmets. I'm tired of the man who doesn't care as much for what he eats as how he plays the game. True, I attended the Cordon Bleu. And I learned that if you aren't skillful as a brain surgeon, inventive as Picasso and rich enough to own your own truffle dog, you can't be a full-fledged gourmet.

Occasionally I like to look up from the pots and pans. So do most women. You've taken our servants. You've broadened our horizons. Then you ask for old-fashioned dinners. We can't go back into the kitchen now. The only answer is to adapt to the world we're in. It's the world of frozen foods and cans. Perhaps this world can be used, graciously and with taste.

ESTHER RIVA SOLOMON
Philadelphia, Pa.

• It takes a special low-down breed of man to burn a wife's cookbooks while she is away.

MRS. E. HOLMQUIST
St. Paul, Minn.

COMING SOON... in The Post

PRE-ELECTION SPECIAL

L.B.J.

His whirlwind campaign

THE GREAT SOCIETY

By Lyndon B. Johnson

Mystery of a fatal children's disease

A lady racing champion whose motto is THINK PINK

HOW THE MAFIA TRACKED DOWN A VICTIM

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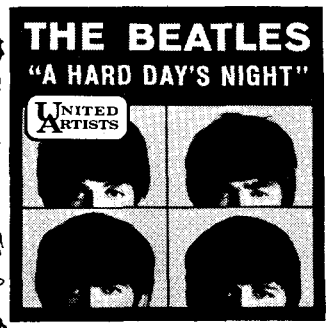

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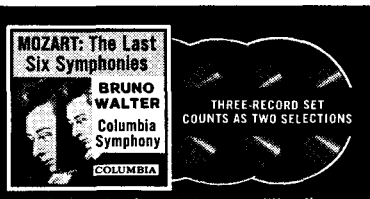
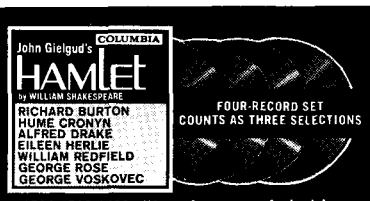


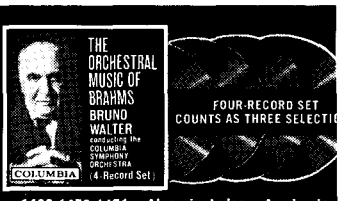
THREE-RECORD SET COUNTS AS TWO SELECTIONS

1467-1468. An album to treasure. "No other conductor gives himself to this music so completely."—New York Herald Tribune



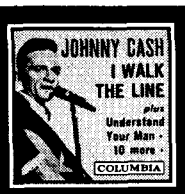
FOUR-RECORD SET COUNTS AS THREE SELECTIONS

1531-1532-1533. "A performance of electric power, sweeping virility . . . one is humbled afresh by Shakespeare's poetry."—N.Y.Times

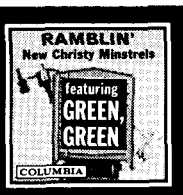


FOUR-RECORD SET COUNTS AS THREE SELECTI

1469-1470-1471. Also includes: Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture; etc. "A monumental album." —New York Times



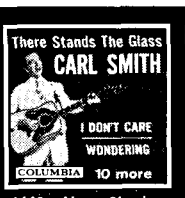
1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.



1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1458: Also: Streets of Laredo, Bonanza, New Mexico, etc.

1145. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more



1443. Also: Slowly, Back Street Affair, More And More, etc.

1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; 10 more

1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Home, Sinner Man, etc.

1051. Featured on the Beverly Hillbillies television show!

1335. Eleven bits of "splendid satire."—Newsweek

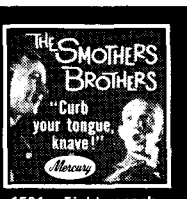
1256. Also: Johnny Fedavo, Dusty Winds, Abilene Rose, etc.

1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails, etc.

1409. Until Then, Don't Go, Now Tell Me, 12 in all

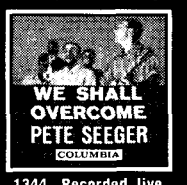
FOR THE FANS OF

Country and Folk



1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.



1344. Recorded live at his historic Carnegie Hall concert

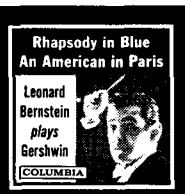
1412. James River Stranger, What Good Did You Get, etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording." HiFi Rev.

1404. "Sensitive performance." — High Fidelity

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY

Classical Music



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

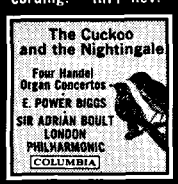
1325. "Wonderfully convincing." — High Fidelity

1268. Three powerful works by Strauss, Barber and Poulenc

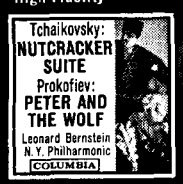
1321. "Beautifully performed." — Am. Record Guide

1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

1094. "Performances that really sparkle and glow." High Fid.



1269. "They are a joy to hear."—HiFi/Stereo Review



1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

1288. "Will make your hair stand on end!" HiFi Review

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!" HiFi Stereo/Review

1370. "Dark splendor...virtuosic glitter."—N.Y. Times

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

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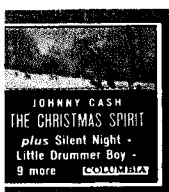
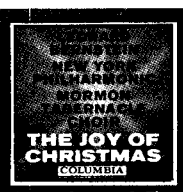


482. Also: Here Was Man, The Ballad of arp Weaver, etc.



1489. Carol of The Bells, Patapan, Away in A Manger, 13 more

1455. Also: Jingle Bell Rock, Winter Wonderland, etc.

Christmas Music

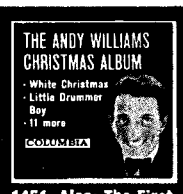
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

1452. Tell It on The Mountain, The Shepherd Boy, 12 in all

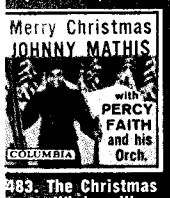
1488. Silver Bells, December Time, The Christmas Song, etc.

1495. Silent Night, Adeste Fideles, The First Noel, 9 more

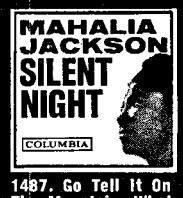
1502. Also: Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer; etc.



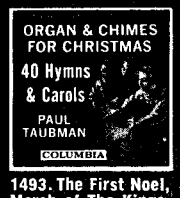
1451. Also: The First Noel, The Christmas Song, etc.



483. The Christmas ong, Winter Wonerland, 12 in all



1487. Go Tell It On The Mountain, What Can I Give, 8 more

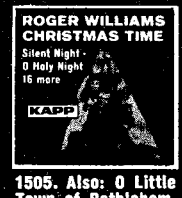


1493. The First Noel, March of The Kings, Jingle Bells, etc.

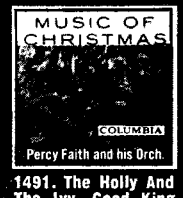
1492. Hark, The Herald Angels Sing; The Three Kings; 17 more

1490. Jingle Bells, Santa Claus Is Coming to Town, etc.

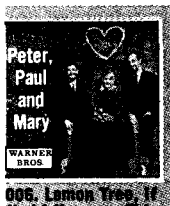
1484. The First Noel, Away in A Manger, Joy To The World, 10 more



1505. Also: O Little Town of Bethlehem, Jingle Bells, etc.



1491. The Holly And The Ivy, Good King Wenceslaus, 12 more



006. Lemon Tree, If Had A Hammer, This rain, 12 in all

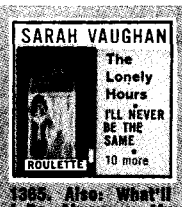
1358. Also: So Fine, Sukiyaki, Walk Right In, Runaway, etc.

1309. Also: Little White Lies, Take Me in Your Arms, etc.

1081. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

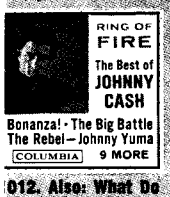
1207. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

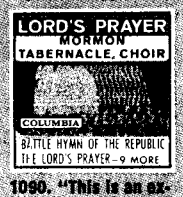
1337. My Reverie, Full Moon And Empty Arms, 12 in all

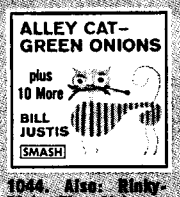


1365. Also: What'll I Do, Always on My Mind, Solitude, etc.

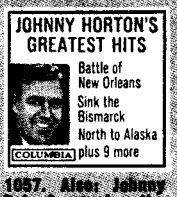
1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.



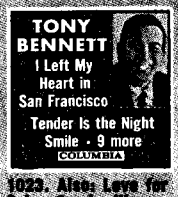
012. Also: What Do Care, Forty Shades f Green, etc.

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times



1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.



1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1408. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

1258. Also: Midnight In Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1220. Also: Alone Together, Goodnight Sweetheart, etc.

262. You Oughta Be Pictures, Louise, eartaches, 9 more

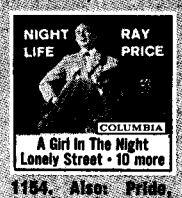
1020. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

1349. Also: Sleep John B., This Train, Darlin' Corey, etc.

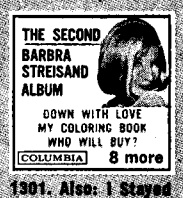
1409. Fools Rush In, Pennies from Heaven, Blue Moon, 9 others

1011. Also: Autumn Leaves, Near You, 'Til, Exodus, etc.

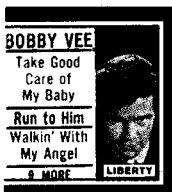
1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



1184. Also: Pride, Are You Sure, Let Me Talk to You, etc.



1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

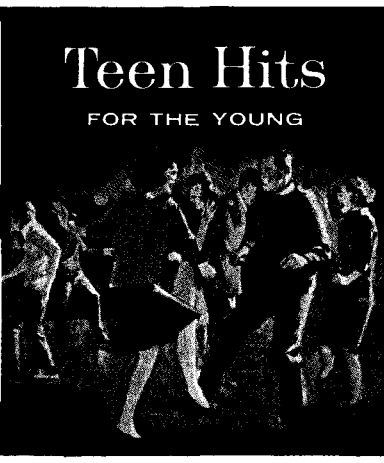


414. Also: Who Am , etc.

1130. Also: All The Love, etc.

Teen Hits

FOR THE YOUNG



1133. Also The End of The World, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, etc.

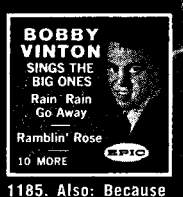
1445. Also: Life Is But A Dream, etc.

1040. Also: Little Miss Blue, etc.

1360. Also: I Gotta Drive, etc.

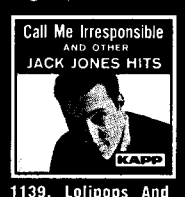
1444. Also: No Time to Lose, etc. *

142. Also: Honolulu ulu, etc.



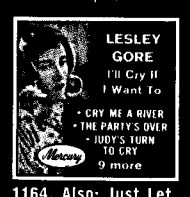
1185. Also: Because of You, etc.

1441. Also: Bits And Pieces, etc.

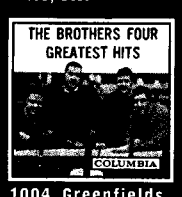


1139. Lollipops And Roses, nine more

1413. Drag City, The Queen, 12 in all



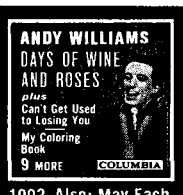
1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, Misty, etc.



1004. Greenfields, My Tani, 10 more

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc.

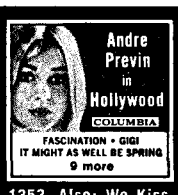
199. "Superb!" — Hi/Fi Stereo Review



1002. Also: May Each Day, etc.

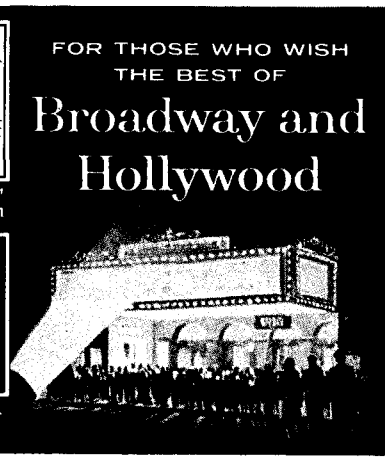
1214. "One of the finest!" — Billboard

1030. "Splendid." — New Yorker



1353. Also: We Kiss in A Shadow, etc.

1035. "A Triumph!" — Dorothy Kilgallen



1037. Winner of nine Academy Awards

1459. The Academy Award winning score

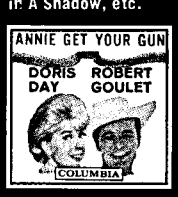
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACKS AND MUSIC FROM THE GREAT MOTION PICTURES
MONDO CANE ("MORE")
CLEOPATRA
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
UNITED ARTISTS 12 More

362. Also: Exodus, The Apartment, etc.

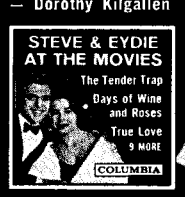
1213. "Another R&H winner!" Newsweek

1031. Complete score of this great hit *

1085. The loveliest of all operettas

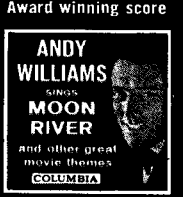


1032. "Brilliant." — N. Y. Journal-Amer.



1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo; etc.

1033. "Wonderful!" — Ed Sullivan



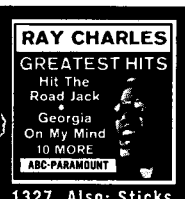
1001. Tonight, Maria, 12 in all

359. Tootsie Roll, Rubberneck, 7 more

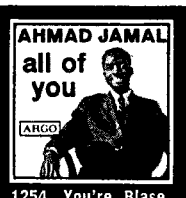
1025. "His best ever!" — Life

1303. Waltz Limp, Fast Life, 9 more

For the Jazz Buff

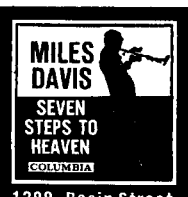


1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, etc.



1254. You're Blase, Angel Eyes, 7 in all

1307. A completely unique jazz session



1299. Basin Street Blues, Joshua, etc.

1364. Here are the Count's greatest hits

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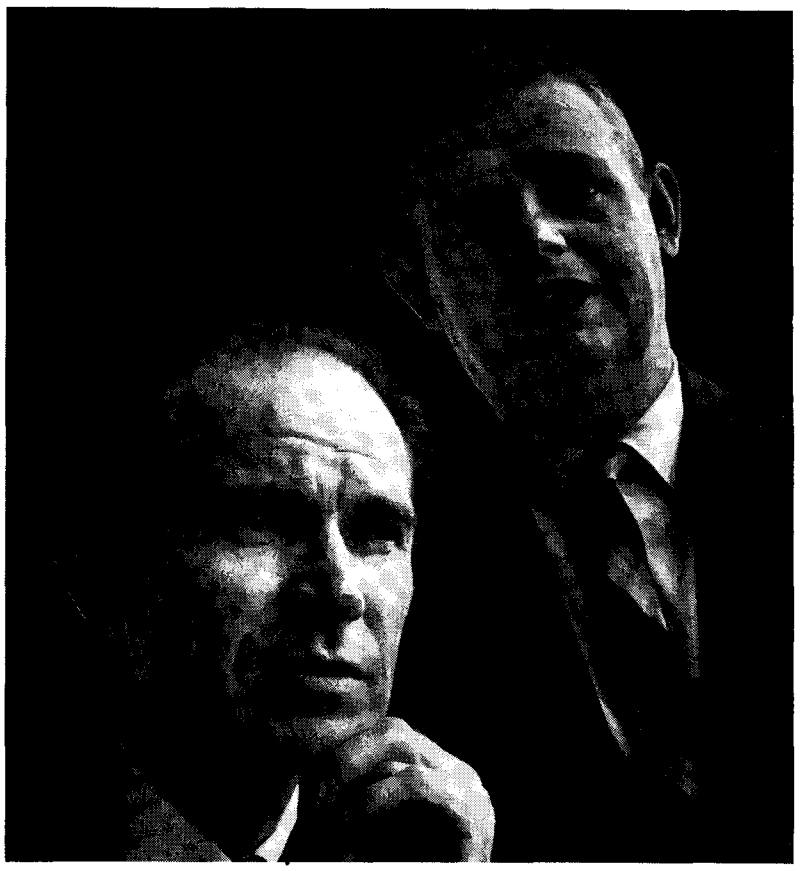
Speaking Out

THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT THREATENS PROTESTANTISM

In the current attempts at church unity, two Baptist ministers see a rising, frightening new bigotry that endangers religious freedom.

By Henry A. Buchanan and Bob W. Brown



The Rev. Henry A. Buchanan, Th. D. (left), chaplain of the Central Baptist Hospital in Lexington, Ky., has been pastor of churches in Georgia, Indiana and Kentucky. The Rev. Bob Brown is pastor of Trinity Baptist Church in Lexington. Both ministers are graduates of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville.

The American religious system is under fire today. A legacy of the Protestant Reformation, the system that provides us such a variety of churches is being challenged and questioned by the suddenly popular ecumenical movement. Launching a zealous crusade to unite Christendom, the ecumenists have declared that a divided Body of Christ is a sin and a scandal. In fact, however, it is the ecumenical movement that presents the real danger. It could lead to creation of an ecclesiastical power structure that bears no resemblance to anything envisioned by Jesus of Nazareth. What is worse, in striving after a superchurch, we may destroy the heritage of diversity that has enriched our spiritual life. And still worse, Protestants may be pressured or lured into creeds and positions that will compromise their religious beliefs.

The ecumenical movement has been given a tremendous thrust by the Second Vatican Council and by Rome's overtures to the Orthodox and Protestant communions. Following the lead of John XXIII, the Vatican Council has held out to the "separated brethren" a tentative offer of "reunion." An equally powerful thrust has come from non-Catholic leaders, who entertain the hope that the church may achieve the unity which would lend authority to their pronouncements on social issues. Inside American Protestantism, meanwhile, machinery has been set in motion to unite four major Protestant bodies in this country—the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the United Church of Christ. (The last already represents a union of two churches.) At the same time a "climate" is being created, through Protestant-Catholic "dialogue," in which it is hoped that an agreement can be reached.

With so much pressure behind the ecumenical movement, one may wonder why the walls of denominationalism do not crumble into dust immediately. The truth is that the doctrinal differences represent the honest convictions of sincere men who do not see alike on basic issues. To expect these men to dissolve their differences in the heady elixir of church union is to assume that the issues for which men have suffered and died are not really important, that Luther and Calvin and Knox and Wesley, and all their spiritual descendants down to this day, have been haggling over nonessentials. Are we not witnessing in the ecumenical movement the birth of a new and frightening form of religious bigotry—the assumption that anyone who holds out for his views is guilty of a perversely obstinate and un-Christian attitude?

What about these doctrinal differences that divide Christendom? Can honest men cast them on the refuse heap for the sake of unity? Does church union really tower like a Mount Everest over all other doctrines? Will "dialogue" dissolve disagreement on such basic doctrines as baptism, Lord's Supper, religious liberty, church government, and the role of the Virgin Mary?

To illustrate the dilemma, take the Marian controversy. The bishops at the Vatican Council can divide over such a technicality as whether the mother of Jesus should be included in the schema on the church or whether she should have a separate schema of her own. But this does not touch the essential fact that the Roman Catholic Church has already issued two dogmas concerning Mary which are rejected by Protestants. In 1854 Pius IX proclaimed the dogma of Mary's freedom from original sin—the Immaculate Conception—and in 1950 Pius XII decreed that Mary had ascended bodily into heaven—the dogma of the Assumption.

Will the Catholic Church decide now that Mary was born, died and was buried like other women, in order to make Marian dogma acceptable to Protestants? Very unlikely. Then will Protestants accept Immaculate Conception and Bodily Assumption in order to get back into the church? Apparently they must, if reunion is to be accomplished. Catholic leaders have implied a willingness on Rome's part to soften Catholic views on some of the more controversial differences—but the more conservative Vatican spokesmen are quick to point out that while new and more acceptable explanations will be given for the church's positions, there will be no surrender of what the church has proclaimed as dogma.

Will "dialogue" dissolve the difference on the meaning, purpose and method of baptism? Presbyterians and Methodists baptize by sprinkling; Nazarenes and the Church of Christ baptize by immersion; Roman Catholics baptize babies for salvation, the Christian churches baptize adults for salvation, and Baptists do not believe that baptism saves anyone. Can the various views of the Lord's Supper somehow be reconciled by discussion? To Lutherans the Communion represents the real presence of Christ, the Baptists see it as a memorial service and the Roman Catholics believe that it is a means of acquiring saving grace.

And what about some of the differences in the way men live? Take birth control, for instance. The population explosion is a moral issue. Without some sort of birth control, the increase in population will continue to exceed the increase in production of food for the already starving millions on the earth. Birth control is an issue which must be seen in theological perspective. The Roman Catholic Church has taken the position that the use of artificial means of contraception is contrary to natural law and is immoral. Many Protestant theologians hold that the concern for partners in marriage and for the children must take precedence over concern for the methods used in limiting the size of the family. The complexity of the population problem indicates the need for more than one view of the issue. We must not let one church's views dominate. We need many creative approaches to solve a problem as massive as overpopulation.

Take another practical matter: religious liberty. This is a principle for which men have suffered imprisonment and even death. When the Roman Catholic Church talks about religious liberty, it is talking about the right to preach and practice Catholicism in Communist countries such as Poland. But when Baptists talk about religious freedom, they are talking about equal rights with Catholics in Spain and Portugal.

What is the aim of the ecumenists? Protestant ecumenists talk about Catholics and Protestants reaching out toward each other, and meeting on ground which neither Catholic nor Protestant can now envision. But let us look at the facts. The Vatican Council is actually aimed at updating the Roman Catholic Church to meet the challenges of the present and the future. Roman Catholic theologians are *not* talking about a compromise with Protestants. They are talking about "the return to the one church under the one pontiff"—the words of the theological adviser to the Dutch hierarchy at the Second Vatican Council. Some Catholic theologians do recognize the necessity for changes in the structure and outward appearance of the church, as is evidenced by the changes the Vatican Council has approved for the Catholic liturgy. But they solemnly warn Protestants against hoping for any kind of compromise. Liberal and conservative Catholic spokesmen disagree as to whether doctrine and teaching authority can change significantly in the interest of ecumenism, but they agree completely that reunion could come about only one way: The separated brethren would have to return to the "one true church" under the successor of Peter. In the schema on

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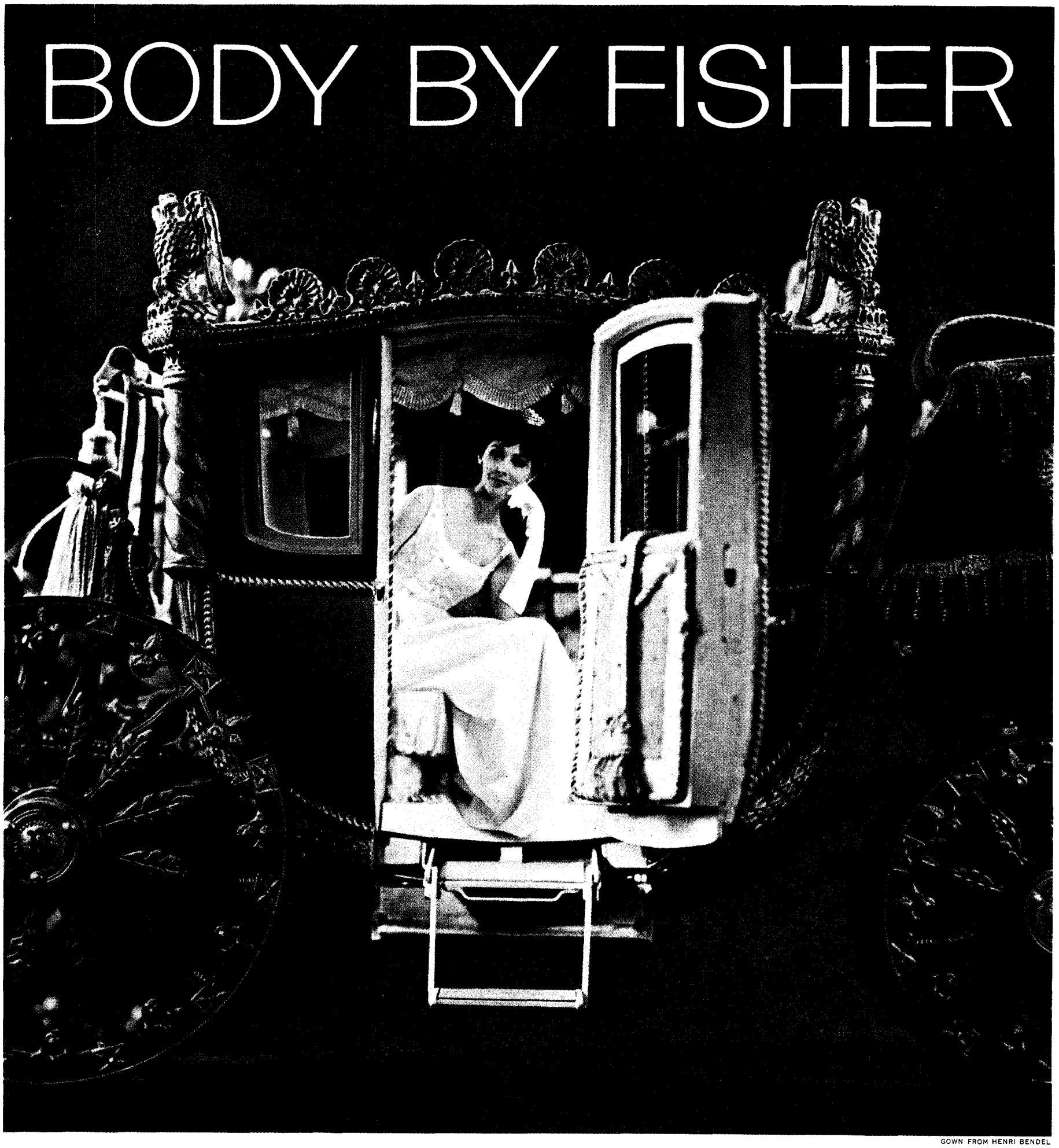
BODY BY FISHER



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Ohio's hot river was stifling industry

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The Mahoning River was running low and hot—as high as 105° F. in July. At other times it flooded the lowlands. Established industry suffered. New firms hesitated to move to Trumbull or Mahoning County; the growth of Warren and Youngstown was being stunted by an inadequate water supply.

But now a new dam is being built. Soon there will be enough water for all. Already new firms have moved into the area. More are coming. Here is how it was done.

The many plants in Warren and Youngstown use the Mahoning's water to cool furnaces and for other industrial purposes, pouring the heated water back into the river. During low flow the water is reused in this fashion about ten times. As a result the Mahoning was truly a "hot" river. And as it got hotter, it became less efficient for cooling purposes.

An official study reported, "Excessively high water temperatures during low flow in the Mahoning River . . . causes a critical water problem at times."

More water was needed to lower the temperature of the Mahoning and encourage industrial growth.

Ironically, even though the river's flow was normally low, frequent floods were a serious problem. A major flood in 1959 caused damage that cost an estimated $16 million in the river basin. The loss in Trumbull County alone exceeded $9 million and forced the evacuation of 4500 people. Flooding to a lesser degree was a common occurrence nearly every year. Too much water at times, too little at others.

Water control begins with people

A proposed dam on the West Branch of the Mahoning would do much to correct both problems. Before work could begin, however, the citizens of both counties had to approve separate bond issues, which would pay the local share of the cost.

Twice before, however, the electorate of Trumbull County had voted against the bond issue. This time, civic leaders knew that failure to secure the necessary approval by the voters would bring economic hardship to the entire area.

The Trumbull County Manufacturers Association and the Warren Area Chamber of Commerce led the campaign to inform the citizens on the importance of the issue. Local newspapers supported the program. A nonpartisan citizens' committee was formed. The members issued brochures, made speeches, and rang doorbells.

And in November, 1960, the voters approved the bond issue.

Downriver, the civic and industrial leaders of Mahoning County marshaled their forces and secured the voters' approval two to one.

Trumbull and Mahoning Counties are paying all the local costs. In Trumbull County this is estimated at only 83 cents per capita per year over a ten-year period.

The West Branch Reservoir's rolled earth-fill dam, nearly two miles in length, will be completed in 1966. Summer discharge from the reservoir into the Mahoning will result in an additional 32 million gallons daily—a 500% increase over the average natural flow.

The benefits begin

Assured of adequate water, an aluminum fabricating company moved to Warren—the first new company in seven years. Since then, three other firms have settled there. Local companies, in both counties, have expanded their facilities. And just this year an automobile manufacturer completed plans to build a body assembly plant near Warren that will eventually employ 4800 people.

Soon the Mahoning River—summer or winter—will flow deeper and cleaner and cooler.

Industry's water supply will be assured and controlled. And all the people of the valley will benefit from the new reservoir, which will provide over 2600 acres of water for recreational use. The water supply for future generations is being established today through the positive action of civic and industrial leaders in Warren and Youngstown.

Water problem in your area?

Is a water problem developing where you live? Many parts of our country are parched, while other areas suffer from frequent and costly floods. And when water is plentiful it is often wasted or shamefully polluted. By 1980 our nation will need twice as much water as we're now using. Clearly, the water problem is becoming more urgent every day.

If you want to know what needs to be done—how you can help your community—write for "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A.," Dept. P-54, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

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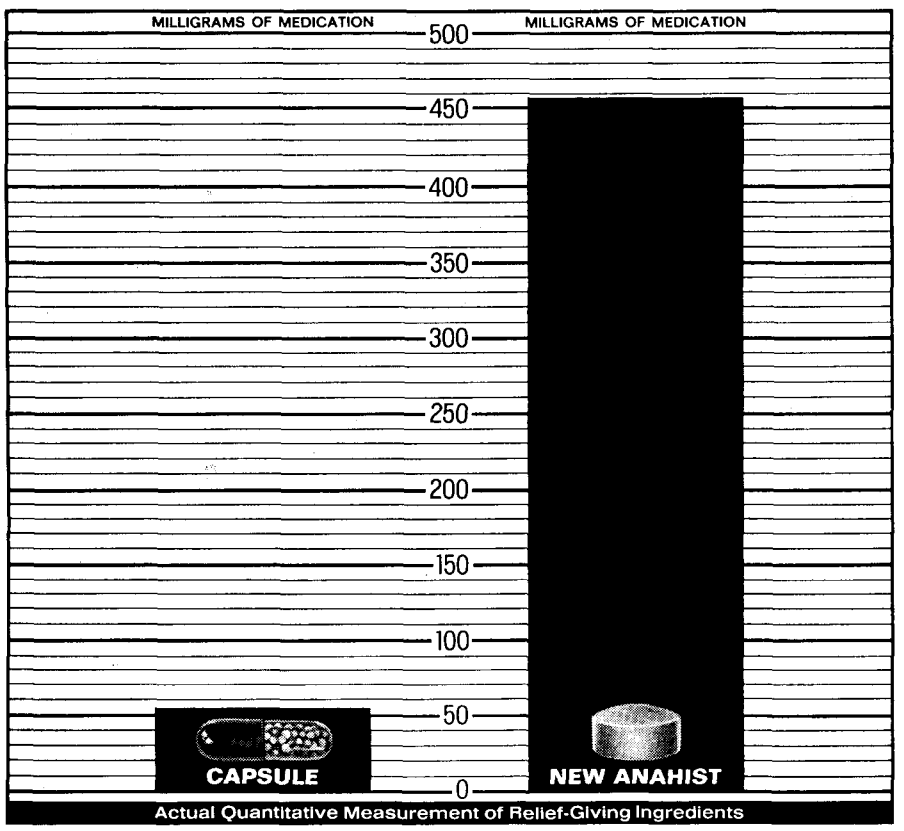
The chart below shows the *big* difference between amazing new Anahist Continuous-Action Cold Tablets and today's leading cold capsule. An actual quantitative measurement of relief medications, the chart shows new Anahist gives you—not just 2 or 3—but *8 times more!* Why?

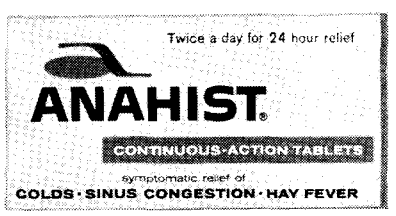
Though both formulas contain antihistamine and decongestant, new Anahist adds analgesics, a stimulant, an antitussive . . . all medications missing from the capsule. So Anahist relieves nasal-sinus congestion—plus headache, fever, coughs and muscular pains as the capsule cannot do.



Gives you more medication in the first 12 minutes than the capsule does in 12 hours.

New Anahist is as fast as it is strong. Instead of working pellet by pellet, the entire outer layer dissolves in minutes—a "sunburst" of medication for fast relief. And thanks to the powerful inner nucleus, relief continues all day or all night.

So don't settle again for pellet by pellet relief. Get 8 times more cold-relief medication with new Anahist Continuous-Action Cold Tablets.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Speaking Out

ecumenism offered to the Vatican Council, the Protestant churches are not recognized as churches at all, but as "communities." Obviously, to dissolve and absorb these "Protestant communities" is the aim of Catholic ecumenists.

Many churchmen who favor a Protestant–Catholic dialogue are deceiving themselves. Through a dialogue, they seem to believe, differences can be discussed dispassionately, a common heritage can be shared, and the voice of Christendom can be heard on current social and moral issues. Advocates of dialogue seem to feel that the very fact that Protestants and Catholics—and Jews—have communicated is just as significant as any conclusions they might reach. This may be due to the fact that when they are honest they do not come to much agreement. We must ask whether this is a harmless flirtation which is at best a waste of time, and at worst an indulgence in self-deception by which the "broad-minded" are being led to accept the basic tenets of ecumenism.

Suppose that the ecumenical movement should succeed. Suppose that all the churches unite into one, and that this one church becomes the sole repository of religious doctrine, the sole arbiter of man's spiritual destiny. Where will the dissenter, the nonconformist, the individualist go? Where will a man go if he finds himself at variance with a doctrine or, worse still, the governing authority of that one church? The ultimate theological implications of the one-church concept are obvious. There would be only one place for the dissenter. The one church would say he must go to hell.

If this sounds extreme, then look again at the church in Europe in the years before the Protestant Reformation, when Christendom was cloaked in a seamless robe. The pride of the papacy reached its zenith when Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII) forced the Emperor Henry IV to stand bare-footed in the snow at Canossa on 17 consecutive days before he would permit him to resume his reign. Rome was sometimes dissolute, as in the reign of the Borgias, while priests who held a monopoly on heaven dispensed indulgences for a price. And hanging like a pall over the whole scene was the stench of human flesh burning, grim reminder of the heretic's fate.

We are afraid of a superchurch, just as we are afraid of a superstate, and not because of a lack of faith in God. What we recognize is the fact that man cannot be trusted without checks and balances upon his power and authority—not even in the church. The various branches of Christendom now act as checks and balances, one upon the other, and they have a purifying effect on each other. Remove this tension, and we could be back to the pre-Reformation struggle between church and state with the individual man caught in the middle. Moreover, each of the branches—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Nazarene, Adventist, whatever it may be—throws a different ray of light on the Christ figure in our midst. Each one has a special emphasis and consequently shows our world another facet of the glory of God who, in His creativity, apparently set a high value on diversity.

There are indeed some things that all Christians hold in common. There are also some essential differences that divide us, and the differences are as important as those things we hold in common, for they enrich the common heritage. We can see no valid reason why agreement on the significance of Mary, for example, should be a test of whether a man is a Christian.

We must ask ourselves the searching question: What is the real purpose of the church in the world? Is church union the goal? Is bigness the end in itself? Is power the purpose? No, the church is here so that lonely, frightened men may find a refuge and a friend, that sinful men may find forgiveness and acceptance, that bruised and crippled men may find healing and strength, that men who hunger for righteousness may band together to form a more righteous society, and that men who thirst after godliness may dedicate themselves to a life of service. If church union would contribute to the achievement of these ends, then we would be for it. But history teaches us that "the one church" soon becomes the repository of pride and power and gives very little attention to the real needs of man.

True, the Roman Catholic Church is seeking, through the Vatican Council, to reform, renew and bring itself up to date. But it is questionable whether the reform movement would happen now if it were not for the "separated brethren" who have helped make Rome aware of her own needs. If the "separated brethren" reunite with Rome, this influence for reform will be eliminated.

Was the Protestant Reformation a great mistake? Is the big task before us now the undoing of the Reformation? What we need to do is not to annul the Reformation but to complete it.

The American religious community, in an atmosphere of freedom not experienced anywhere else in the world, has created a multitude of sects, denominations and churches. In the struggle for acceptance on the part of the newer sects, and for continued support on the part of the older, more "respectable" churches, bitterness and acrimony have often erupted. But the churches have grown strong in this atmosphere. They have won the loyalty and support of their adherents, as they have given to individuals something distinctive with which they could identify themselves. The churches have spurred one another by criticizing one another. And they have helped to deliver society itself from the leveling, deadening effect of a trend toward conformity. In offering man a choice, a choice between Catholic and Protestant, between Baptist and Methodist, between Presbyterian and Pentecostal, between an organized church and free thought, our pluralistic religious community has given the individual man the opportunity and the challenge to follow the Christ who cannot be confined to any one church nor yet to all the churches.

What we need is not more uniformity but more diversity in which the unlimited grace of God can find additional channels to reach the needs of men. Instead of one church under one human and mortal head, we need many churches. We do, indeed, worship one God, but it is highly unlikely that any one church will exhaust the wisdom and the wonder of His revelation of Himself to the world.

If we had no choice? It must never come to that. We must retain the right of choice. We will not accept the judgment of the ecumenists upon the churches.

Henry A. Buchanan

Bruce W. Ruff

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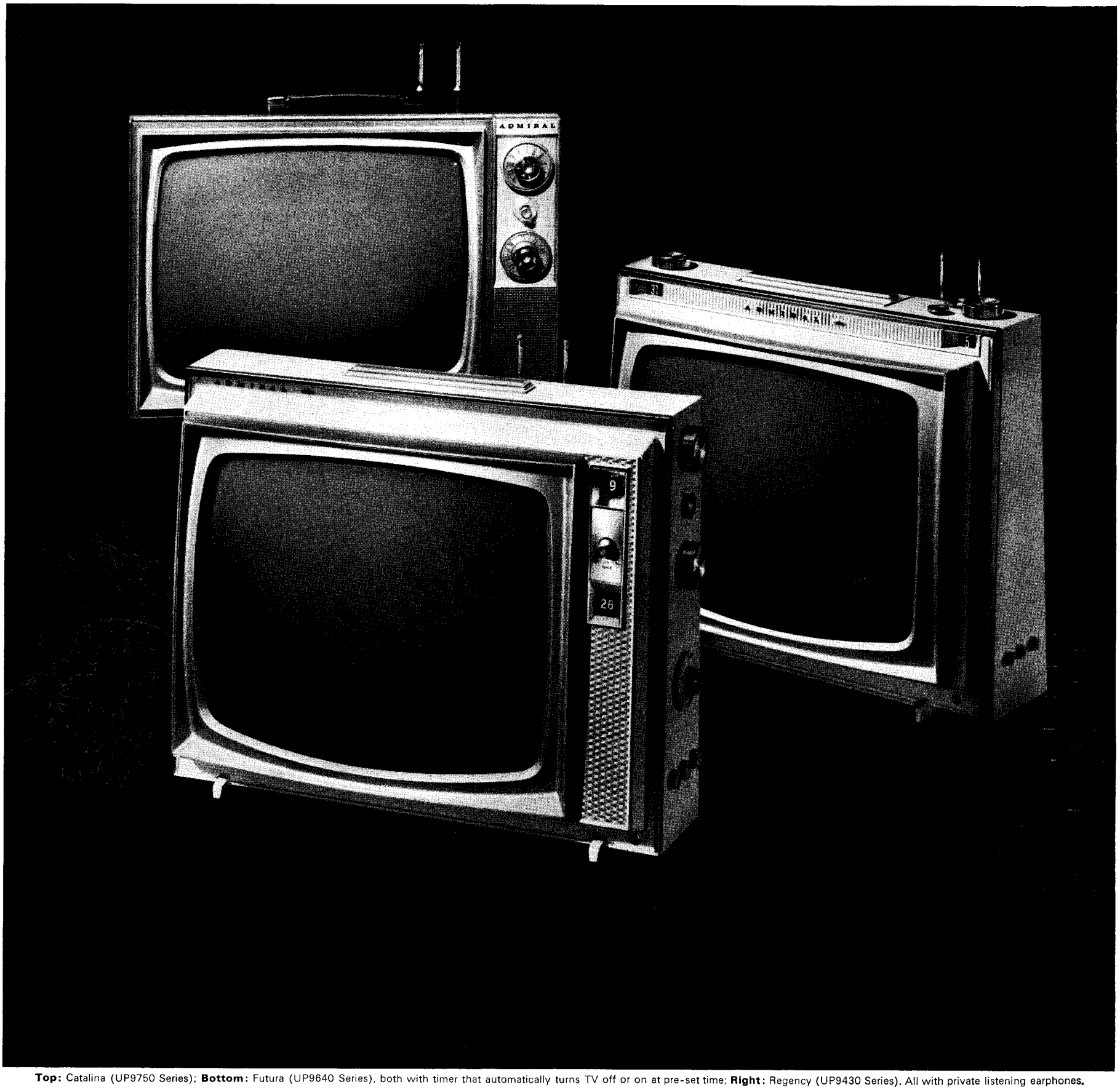

Top: Catalina (UP9750 Series); **Bottom:** Futura (UP9640 Series), both with timer that automatically turns TV off or on at pre-set time; **Right:** Regency (UP9430 Series). All with private listening earphones.

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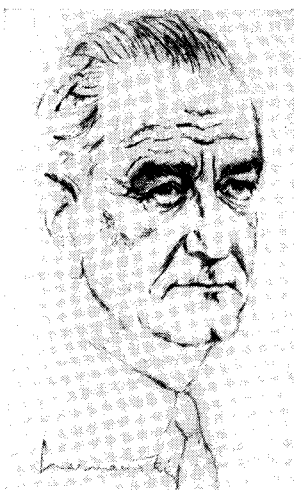
UNCLE LYNDON



BRONXVILLE, N.Y.: "The President's profile is nothing short of spectacular." It is the profile of "an uncle . . . and a very wise uncle." The President should not spoil it by succumbing to the temptation to engage in a "hand-to-hand fracas with Goldwater." He must, instead, "maintain his composure and presidential posture," and if he decides to "get tough, he must do so with class and as a very wise uncle."

The words in quotation marks come from the reports to the President of Oliver Quayle, President Johnson's astute and hardworking personal polltaker. As is true of many politicians these days, his polltaker is to the President much what the imperial soothsayer was to the Caesars.

The President carries Quayle's polls about with him in his pocket, as a superstitious man might carry a rabbit's foot. And Johnson's campaign strategy has clearly been influenced by Quayle's polls—not only by the statistics, which show the President leading Senator Goldwater by astonishing margins, but also by Quayle's interpretation of the meaning of those statistics.

The public-opinion polls have been an important factor in every political campaign for a generation, but never more so than in this one. This reporter, therefore, traveled to Quayle's headquarters here in Bronxville, to talk to Quayle about his findings, and then to check those findings by ringing doorbells with him in the typical, middle-income suburban community of Eastchester.

In the small, neat houses of Eastchester we did, indeed, find in many heads a mental picture of a sort of "Uncle Lyndon"—not a lovable father figure, but someone rather like rich old Uncle Bim in the old Andy Gump comic strips, who always straightened things out when the Gump family was in trouble.

We found other things as well. We found another mental picture—of Senator Goldwater as "an honest man," but a rather scary fellow, like a Western TV sheriff who's too handy with a gun. And we found also a faintly fading but much-revered memory of the murdered John Kennedy—a memory which may be Lyndon Johnson's second-greatest asset in this campaign.

His greatest asset is certainly the nervous and uneasy feeling that Senator Goldwater imparts to a great many voters. That feeling goes a long way toward explaining the famous "frontlash"—the Republican voters who are going to vote for Lyndon Johnson. A rather typical frontlasher is Mr. Theodore Soffel, a thin, thoughtful, elderly man, whose instincts are conservative and who voted for Richard Nixon in 1960.

Mr. Soffel thinks Senator Goldwater is "an honest man," and that he "has some good ideas." There are some things that worry him about President Johnson. Bobby Baker, for instance—"he must have known about that." Even so, Senator Goldwater "speaks too quickly, and he tends to retract it the next day." The President is "more reliable, more versed in the way a Government should be run." So, "as of today," Mr. Soffel intends to vote for the President.

There are lots of Mr. Soffels in the country—Quayle's polls put the proportion at fully a quarter of the normal Republican voters. But there are backlashers too, of course—Democrats who intend to vote for Goldwater, like a passionate middle-aged man we interviewed a few minutes after Mr. Soffel. The passionate man had voted for Kennedy in 1960. But Johnson, he thought, was "kinda weak" (strangely, that highly inappropriate adjective was applied to the President by a number of people), while Goldwater was "not afraid to speak up." But the passionate man's real reason for voting for Goldwater soon came out.

"The Negroes have rights," he said angrily, "but they have no right to say, 'Just because I'm a Negro, you step aside.'"

Quayle's polls put the backlash vote at just under 10 percent. Obviously the frontlash-backlash equation—25 to 10—strongly favors the President. But what favors him more is the contrast between the "profiles" (the pollster's new word for the outmoded "image") of the two candidates.

We discovered, for example, that the word "outspoken," as applied to Senator Goldwater, is usually a "bad" word, and that the word "politician," as applied to President Johnson, is now often a "good" word. Not always, of course. "I admire him for his standupishness," a prematurely balding young man who was voting for the first time said of Goldwater. But a housewife who had voted for Nixon in 1960 had just about made up her mind to vote for the President, because Goldwater is "so terribly abrupt and outspoken."

We heard a paraphrase of those words again and again. The Goldwater personality and his past position on such matters as the use of nuclear weapons have scared the pants—or the petticoats—off a remarkable number of voters.

The presidential personality is, by contrast, soothing and reassuring. And a lot of people admire him just because he is a politician. Mr. Arnold Spicehandler, a youngish businessman, spoke for a surprising number of people when he said, "I believe he's a politician, and I respect his trade. I wouldn't hire a bad doctor, would I?"

The memory of the late President is certainly a huge asset to President Johnson. "He's been carrying on President Kennedy's programs" was a phrase we heard often. Occasionally emotion broke through. "There was something beautiful about President Kennedy," said Mort Slotnick, a commercial artist, and his voice choked a bit. "He brought something to the White House we haven't seen since the aristocrats ruled the country in the eighteenth century, and we won't see it again for a long time. Style, I guess you'd call it."

A lot of people who loved Kennedy are going to vote for his successor as a sort of memorial tribute. Although there is a lot of admiration for the President, there is very little love for him—no voices choke. He is a "very wise uncle" to normal Democratic voters. To the Republican frontlashers like Mr. Soffel, he is very often simply "the lesser of two evils."

But a vote is a vote, and it does not have to be wrapped in hearts and flowers to count as a vote. Some of the Republican frontlashers may return to their traditional allegiance in the voting booth, and some may cut the head of the ticket. But I shall be very surprised if Eastchester, which voted for Nixon by about 55 percent in 1960, does not give Johnson 60 percent or more this year. I shall also be very surprised if the national landslide the Quayle polls and other polls are projecting does not eventuate.

Even so, the chief impression I carried away from our expedition is that the President is very lucky in his opponent. A Republican candidate who did not scare the pants and the petticoats off the voters would have given the President a real run for his money. That might have been a good thing for the country, and for "Uncle Lyndon" too.

Stewart Alsop

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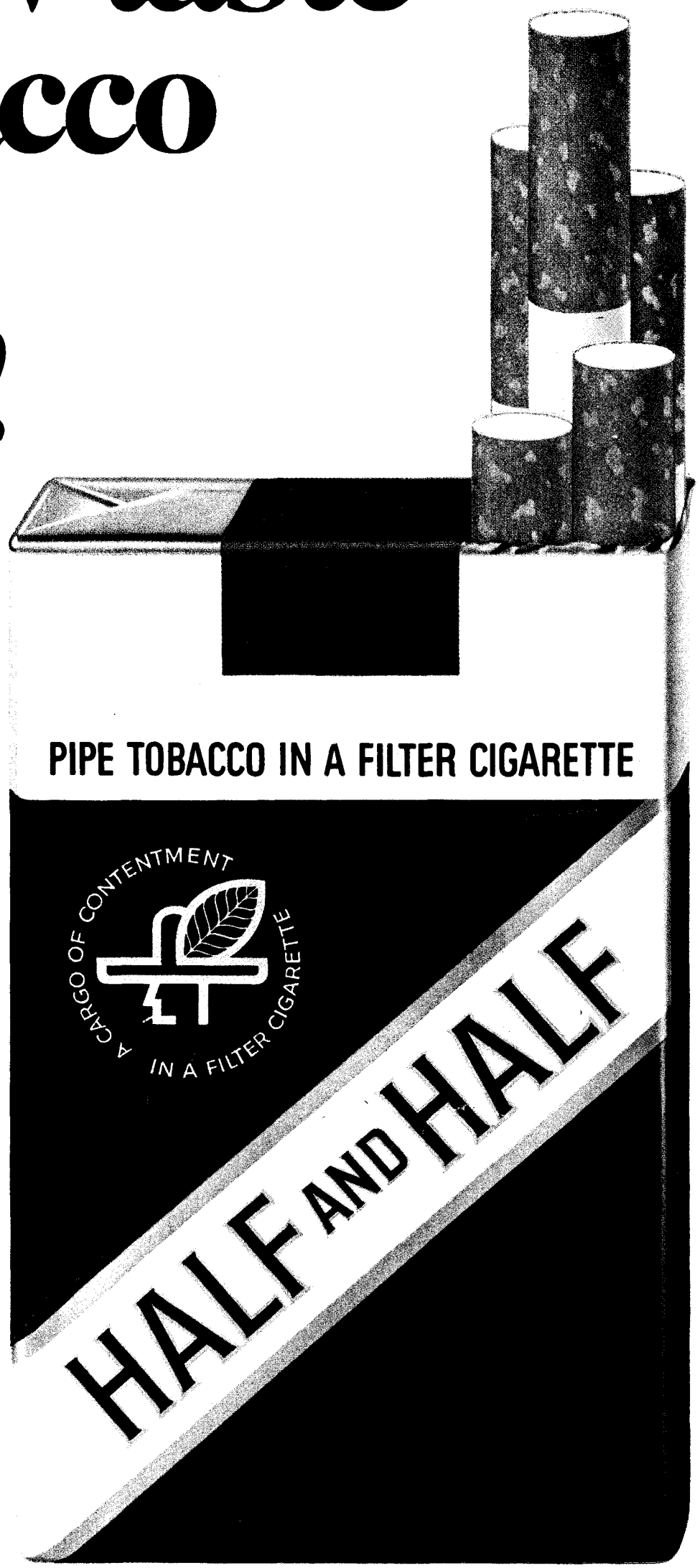

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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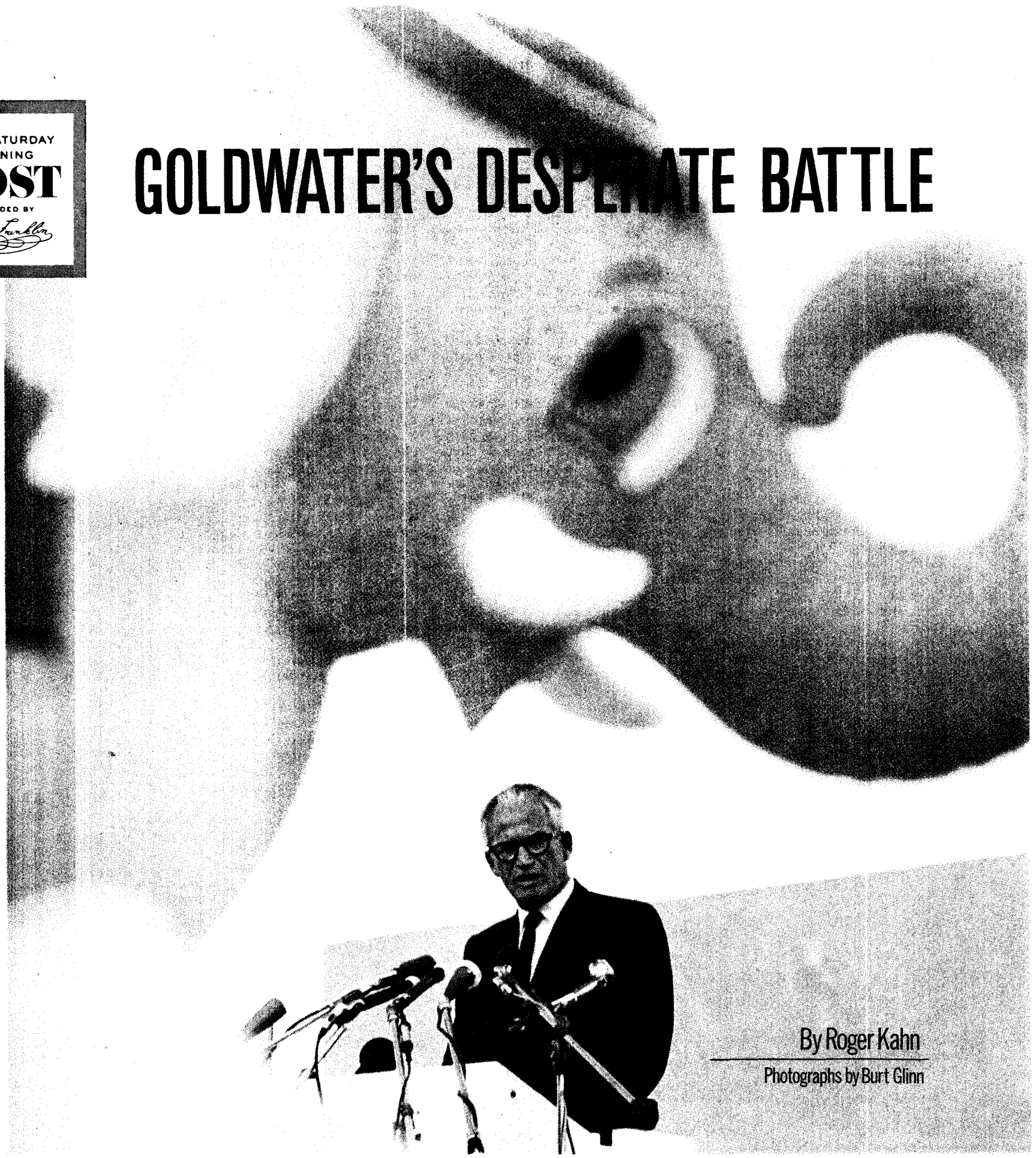
GOLDWATER'S DESPERATE BATTLE



By Roger Kahn

Photographs by Burt Glinn

His own personality the chief issue, the candidate churns emotions wherever he campaigns.

Barry Morris Goldwater does not seem to be a man of hatred, but hatred surrounds him this strident autumn. Wherever and however fast he travels, the hatred of both his opponents and his supporters travels with him.

"Hah," cries a skinny, bespectacled blond woman in Albuquerque as she waits in a group for the senator's jet to appear above the Santa Cruz Mountains. "He's better than Joe McCarthy. He'll kill those lousy Reds. He'll kill 'em, kill 'em."

The hatred at Madison, Wis., is different. Here a young woman with sunken cheeks and stringy black hair marches in arrogant silence. She is carrying a sign depicting a coffin, and above the coffin in large black letters is the hortatory message: BURY GOLDWATER!

In Charlotte, N.C., Sen. Strom Thurmond, who is to introduce Goldwater, storms to the podium and hears wild, exultant cheering. He does not smile or wave. Instead, Thurmond shouts bitterly at the cheerers, "My fellow extremists!"

The well-dressed Negro in Boston looks up at the cars in the Goldwater procession, says nothing, looks up and spits.

In Tulsa, the Negroes sing. They have crashed Assembly Hall and while Goldwater is decrying "the siren song of Austin, Texas, material

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'He can move men. Sometimes he approaches eloquence.'

Goldwater

welfare," they start to sing the Negro anthem, *We Shall Overcome*. A group of young whites trails behind them shouting, "C'mon. Git outa heah. Git." Goldwater continues speaking during the 15 minutes it takes to jostle the Negroes off the floor of the hall.

Up close, Barry Goldwater appears amiable although quick-tempered, outgoing, talkative and, in an unorthodox Western manner, slick. (He is every bit as much the simple Arizona cowpoke as Franklin Roosevelt was the simple New York apple farmer.) But before a raucous crowd of both kinds of haters, something sometimes happens to Goldwater. The good, square jaw shifts slightly. The mouth line becomes higher on the right side of his face. Then, with his jaw set and his mouth a slanting slash, he speaks intemperately.

"It is now safer," he says, "to be a criminal than a law-abiding citizen."

The Supreme Court, he says, "is nine men with pet peeves."

American businessmen are constantly hounded "by a multiplicity of government spies. Gestapo."

Hubert Horatio Humphrey is a "socialistic radical."

The intemperance may pass as quickly as it appears. Back aboard his chartered Boeing 727, he walks among the reporters, asking "How ya doin'?"

"Hey, Barry," someone calls. "What goes with you and Keating?"

"Yeah," shouts someone else, "and what about you and Romney?"

"Well, I can understand Ken Keating," says Goldwater, easy and amiable again, "but not George Romney." The candidate grins. "It's tough to figure out a Mormon preacher."

The reporters, mostly antagonistic to his candidacy, laugh. Goldwater retreats to his private section up front, having performed a pleasantry with seeming ease and enjoyment. Drinks are served and soon the reporters are smiling and telling one another, "You know, personally, he's not such a bad guy."

But at the next stop, there are CORE pickets, a newspaper editorial calling the senator irresponsible, and hecklers chanting "We want L.B.J."

"If you want Johnson," Goldwater says, harshly, "you're gonna have to haul him in, because he's not coming of his own accord." In his private code Goldwater is referring to the President's unwillingness to debate with him on television. He is angry at Johnson for not debating, angry generally as well. It is days before he again walks among reporters, even to say hello.

Occasionally and unpredictably, Goldwater transcends not only his private angers and his tendency to bicker but also his penchant for dullness. Suddenly he seems to remember what he has come to this hall and this campaign to say. That happened on a hot September night in Charlotte, where he addressed 17,000 southern Republicans in the Coliseum.

First, two young men called The Goldwaters sang folk songs, such as *This Land Is My Land*. Then Strom Thurmond charged, "I didn't leave the Democratic Party. It left me." Then Goldwater made a flat speech about the theory of checks and balances.

The applause that followed was dutiful, not impassioned. Goldwater silenced it by continuing beyond his prepared text. Hands resting on the lectern, body arched back, he said, a little hoarsely, "These things are fundamentals, yes, and you might like to have heard something closer to home. But what can be closer to home than freedom?" The hoarseness underscored his intensity.

"Freedom," he repeated. "Where is that word in the so-called Great Society?"

Silence.

"There have been wealthy *slaves*," Goldwater said. "You can find justice in a *prison*. And we can find peace any time we say to the Communists, 'All right. We quit. We'll lie down.' We can find peace that way, or in the grave.

"But," Goldwater went on, "I don't want my grandchildren asking me, 'Papa,' which is what they call me, 'what did you do when freedom was at stake?'" The crowd responded warmly—not with the rebel yells Southerners issue when fully aroused, but with strong applause.

He has it in him to move men. On some occasions he approaches eloquence. But most often, this tense autumn, the climate of hate chokes eloquence. He attacks, attacks, attacks, and around him black jostles white and hatred swirls.

It was so much more pleasant in the beginning. There was heady excitement that first day in Prescott. It was Thursday, September 3. The audience was western in the Arizona town, and Barry Goldwater spoke a westerner's rugged, prideful, independent creed.

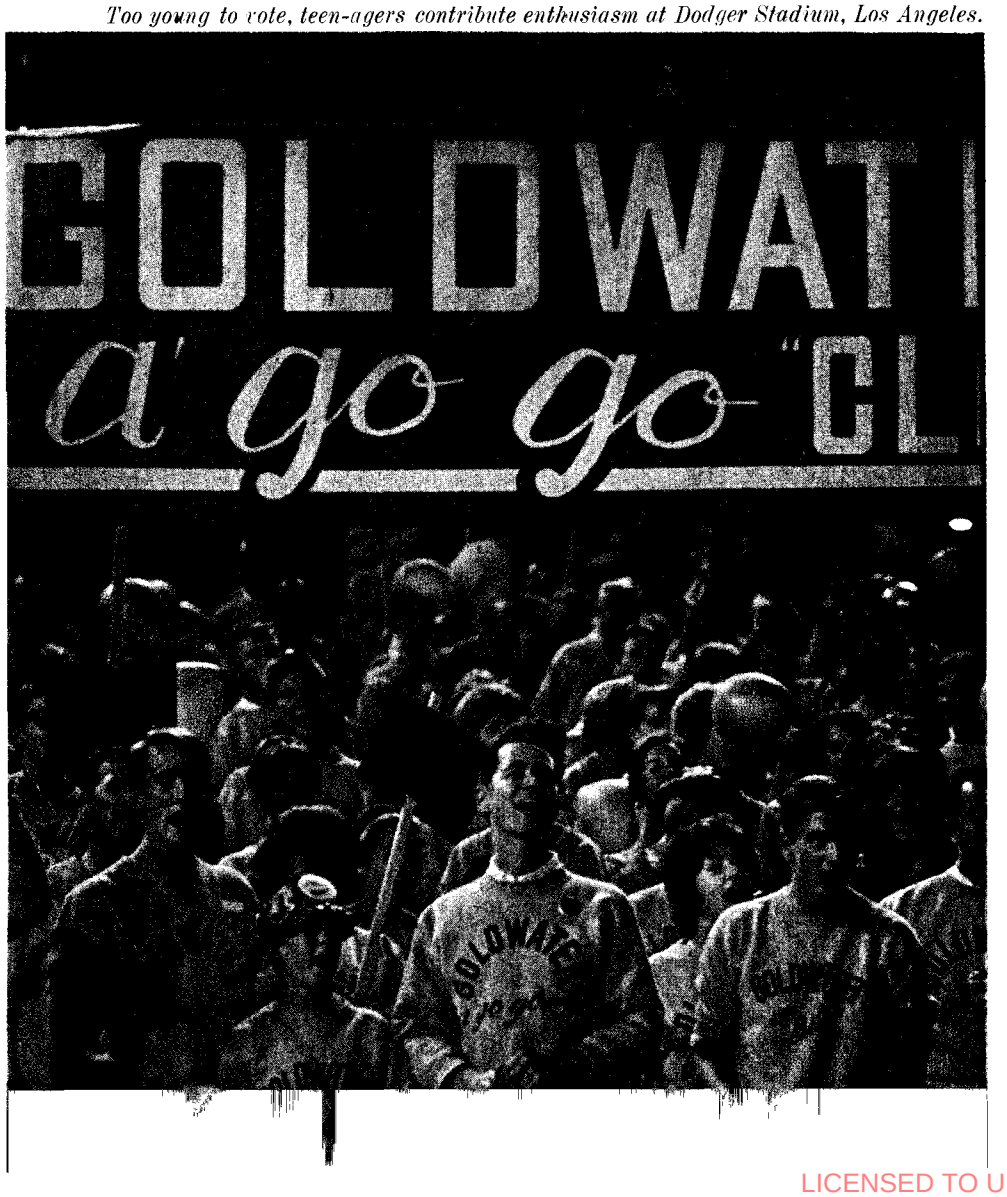
"I ask that you join me," he said, "in proving that every American can stand on his own, make up his own mind, chart his own future, keep and control his own family, asking for help and getting help only when truly overwhelming problems beyond his control, beset him. I ask you to join me," Barry Goldwater told the assembled Arizonans, "in finding twentieth-century answers to twentieth-century problems, rather than relying on the old, disproved doctrine of turning our problems, our lives and our liberties over to a supposed elite in an all-powerful central government."

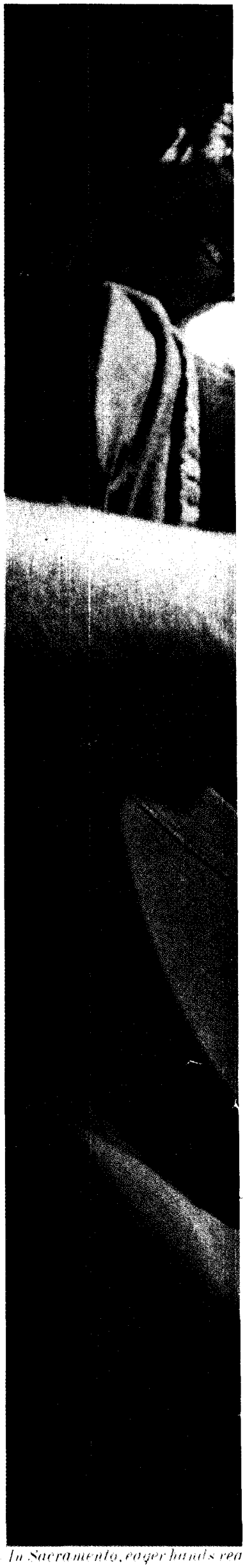
There was a grand design for victory then. He would win blocs of the Old Confederacy—because he stood with them for states' rights. Elsewhere he would scramble the old voting patterns. He was foursquare against big government, big labor, big business, big-city bosses and (in the White House) Big Brother. He was the anti-Establishment candidate, running on behalf of the unorganized, overtaxed, overregulated, unlobbied middle class. This strategy was unorthodox, to be sure, and a long shot, but unorthodoxy and long shots are in the Goldwater family tradition.

Prescott was the special lucky town. After years of wandering the West and finding frustration, Barry's grandfather, Big Mike Goldwater, who had escaped the ghetto of Konin, Poland, in 1848, established the first successful Goldwater store at Prescott.

That was in 1876. Later one of Big

Too young to vote, teen-agers contribute enthusiasm at Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles.





In Sacramento, eager hands rea

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out for the senator's touch. Cool [illegible] records that his Democratic foe, Goldwater nevertheless shocked his top aide, Denison Kitchel, by kissing a baby.

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'He is running on behalf of the overtaxed, overregulated middle class.'

Goldwater

Mike's sons, Baron, ran a bigger store in Phoenix, 100 miles south. But his other son, Morris, stayed in Prescott. Morris Goldwater was Barry's uncle and his boyhood idol.

Baron Goldwater, Barry's father, was reserved, but Uncle Morris wore a handlebar moustache and a gold-nugget stickpin, and carried a cane. He waved the cane like a baton during political arguments. Uncle Morris, a conservative states'-rights Democrat, was Prescott's mayor for 26 years. Recently, during the centennial celebration, he was named Prescott's "Man of the Century."

So Prescott was a good town for Goldwater. In 1952, running for the Senate against Ernest McFarland, the Senate's Democratic leader, Barry had begun with a speech there. In the Eisenhower landslide he upset McFarland. Amiably nodding toward the general, Goldwater described himself as "the greatest coattail rider in history."

Now, 12 years later, where but Prescott to start this new campaign for the Presidency? On the steps of Yavapai County courthouse, before the Doric pillars, looking out on elms and cypresses, Barry Goldwater began. The anticipated crowd was 20,000. Strangely, only 4,000 appeared. ("It's a Thursday," his aides reminded the press.)

To reporters, Goldwater "seemed not to notice the disappointing turnout." But right in front of him, where he had expected a crush of western mankind, there stood naked patches of lawn. His speech was excellent. He was champion of "lone . . . , private . . . , whole . . . , forgotten" men. Lyndon Baines Johnson was "the natural ally of all in our society who would monopolize power, centralize power, manipulate power and grow rich from power." In his own way, on his own home ground, Barry Goldwater was saying, "Let us begin."

Denison Kitchel, Goldwater's campaign manager, used to make a point of telling reporters that he would quit if he ever saw the Senator kiss a baby. A few days after Prescott, Goldwater moved on to San Diego, where someone thrust a three-year-old girl into his arms. The girl was called Julia Johnson and her mother announced, "I sure am proud to say we are no relation to the President." Julia was wearing a blue, white and gold "Junior-Miss Goldwater" outfit, and she looked adorable. Barry Goldwater unhesitatingly kissed three-year-old Julia on the left cheek.

Well, Kitchel told the press cheerfully, he hadn't actually seen the baby-kissing and couldn't actually believe that it had happened, so he was going to stay on the job anyway. Presently Goldwater charged for the first time that "the peculiar thing" about Lyndon Johnson's Great Society "was the absence from it of anything about freedom, [making] it pretty difficult to differentiate from a statement that might be made where a Communist country dominated." Reporters filed stories about Goldwater's attempt to link the President with Communist ideology and, despite pretty little Miss Julia Johnson, some of the pleasantness forever fled from the campaign.

Gen. James Doolittle, who led the first, heroic World War II bombing raid on Tokyo, introduced the Senator that night in Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles. "I give you the leader of the modern American revolution," General Doolittle said. Barry Goldwater, a mere ferry pilot during the war, beamed.

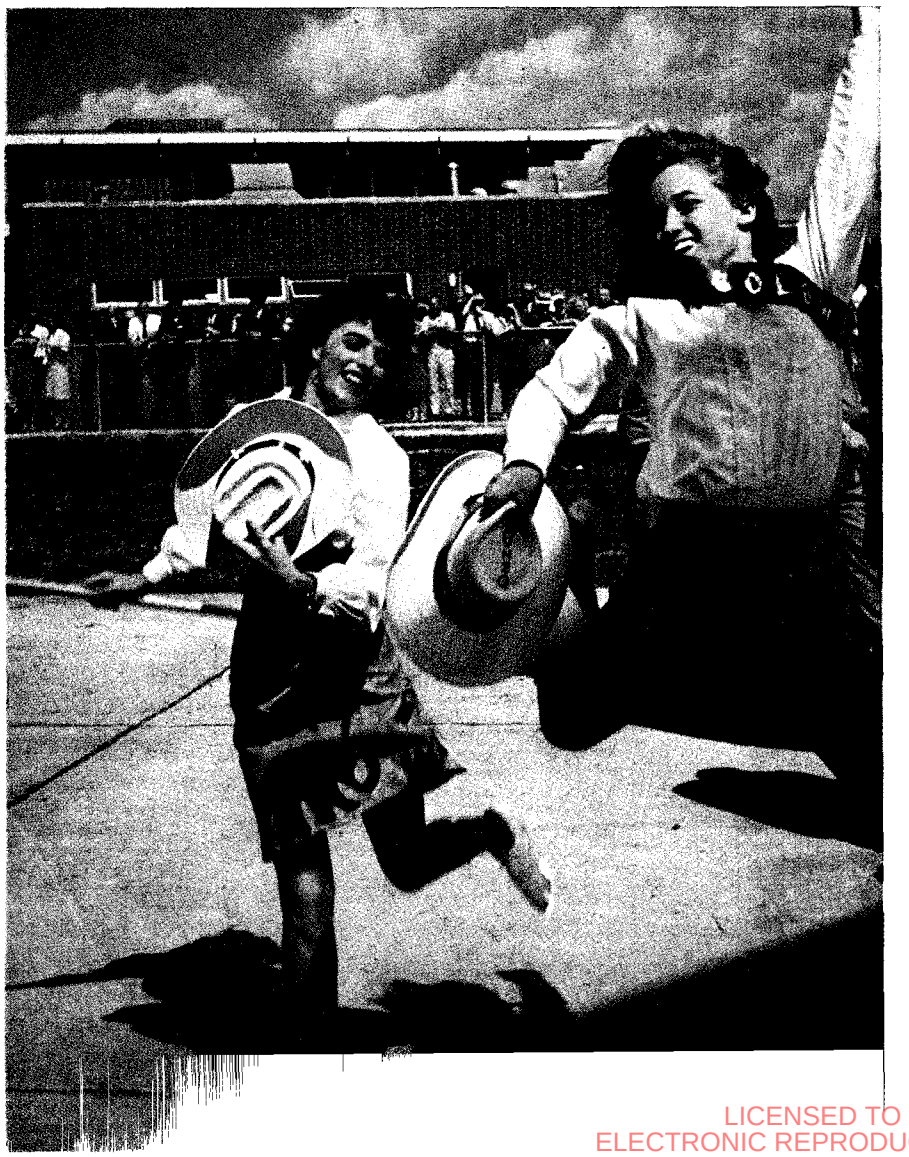
Political sophisticates attribute Goldwater's California primary victory to the work of "9,000 precinct people" around Los Angeles. The precinct people were still at work in September, and busload after busload of Republicans arrived to fill vast sections of Dodger Stadium, until a crowd of 53,000—as much as Sandy Koufax could draw—was on hand. They shouted, "We want Barry," and, prompted by the electric scoreboard, "Charge, charge, charge." Barry and Peggy Goldwater drove around the ball field in a blue convertible, acknowledging their ovation. Then Barry had to stand in front of the microphones for eight minutes before the cheering crowd would let him speak. In his talk he made a major campaign proposal—a gradual reduction of the income tax. The crowd, down to the last taxpayer, loved it. Walking out of Dodger Stadium, Goldwater confessed, "I'd like to have one like that every day. That was the best response I've ever had."

Although no one knew it at the time, he was not soon to get another, and next day, heading north along the Pacific, a little more of the pleasantness vanished. First there was an ugly sign in Sacramento. It proclaimed, FASCIST LIP IN THE WEST. AU H_2O. Then, at Klamath Falls, Oreg., when he went to shake hands with servicemen, two Negroes in the Air Force gave him limp, "wetfish" handshakes. That was, frankly, bad manners. Didn't the colored Air Force men know that in the words of his brother Bob, "Barry has always been very much *for* the Negro?" Didn't they know, as Bob explained, "He and I played baseball and football with them. We had a lot of Negro friends and hope we still do."

At Eugene, Oreg., Gov. Mark Hatfield, a fellow Republican who unaccountably kept discussing extremism, told reporters that, if the polls were right, Barry would have to climb a long way to win Oregon. Here, on the last stop of the long day, Goldwater made an awkward slip. Addressing a group of Boeing workers, Goldwater said that the planes they made had performed admirably on bombing raids in the past and "will be doing so again." He didn't mean that, really. What Barry meant was that a Goldwater victory would help Boeing, because he stood pledged to produce a whole new generation of manned bombers. He didn't mean he was looking forward to future bombing raids in another world war. Still Democrats everywhere quoted this as an example of Goldwater being "trigger-happy."

Obviously, it was getting rougher; the thing to do, the thing that had worked against Ernest McFarland in Arizona in 1952, was to outrough the roughers. In

Goldwater Girls, like these at Springfield, Mo., are always on hand to liven things up.



In lily white, 700 flowers of southern womanhood parade for Barry in Montgomery, Ala.

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Solidly for Goldwater, this couple waits for the senator's San Diego speech. Many of California's aged are transplanted midwestern conservatives.

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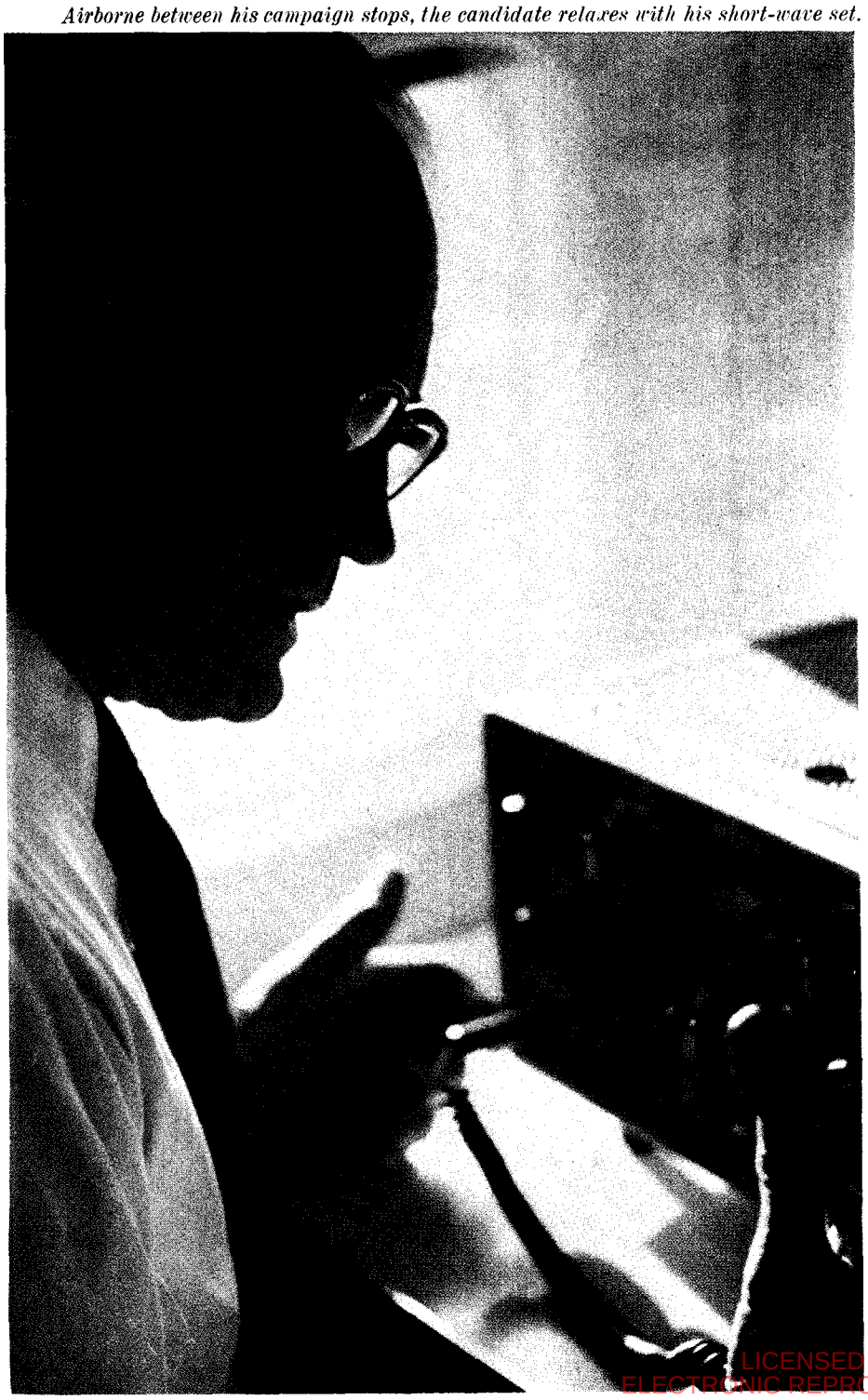
'What is Goldwater doing alongside Strom Thurmond? Trying to win an election.'

G.O.P. convert Sen. Strom Thurmond ushers his new leader through South Carolina.

Airborne between his campaign stops, the candidate relaxes with his short-wave set.



Goldwater

Seattle, a day later, Goldwater accused Lyndon Johnson and the late John F. Kennedy of timing foreign crises "for political advantage." In Boise, Idaho, he lashed at "the concentration of power in Washington" and the Supreme Court decision on legislative reapportionment. This equal-votes-everywhere doctrine, he said, was designed to place rural counties at the mercy of the big cities. Applied on a national basis, it would eventually put the small-population states such as Idaho at the mercy of the "degenerate" large cities of the East. A day later, in Chicago, he ran into outright ridicule.

Chicago, a large, unregenerate midwestern city, was host to 1,500 members of the American Political Science Association. Addressing them, Goldwater charged that the Supreme Court had resorted to "raw and naked power" in its reapportionment and school-prayer decisions. A majority of the court was basing decisions on what the justices thought was desirable, rather than what was *constitutional*. "I suppose," Goldwater said, "since I am not a lawyer, that I should leave analysis of the merits of the Court's decisions to the constitutional lawyers." Hundreds of members of the American Political Science Association shouted derisively that they agreed. When Goldwater, plunging onward, said that by the same token it could be argued "that war is too important a business to be left to the generals," the audience cheered sarcastically again, indicating that it considered Barry a captive of the generals.

First, Goldwater ignored their derision. Then he tried to accommodate them. "I wouldn't want conservatism to dominate the political scene completely," he said. "Real liberalism is as necessary, as important as real conservatism." He explained that there was no sense in getting worked up about extremists, since liberals have always had to contend with the extreme left and conservatives have always had to contend with the extreme right. "We've been doing this since the beginning of the country, so let's not get excited about it," he told the political scientists. They did not get excited, either about the speech or by the candidacy of Barry Goldwater.

The last stop of that first busy week was at the strongly conservative rural center of Oregon, Ill. Back among friends, Goldwater said, "Something is going on in the country that can bring us victory." People, he said, are not happy, even though the economy is good and incomes are high. "Something is wrong," Goldwater repeated to the audience. He went no further. This was a theme Goldwater was often to touch on. He was not sure, he said, precisely what was wrong. He hadn't been able to put his finger on it, really. But he was going to, it would certainly come to him, and as soon as it did he would let everyone know.

The reporters speculated that Goldwater was seeking a subtle and dignified way to capture white backlashers. This speculation infuriated the senator. He was trying, he told intimates, to get at something enormous—the roots of overall national dissatisfaction. He knew dissatisfaction was there, even though incomes were high and jobs more plentiful. He knew that many good Americans were dead set against their government.

Partly, Goldwater felt, the issue was corruption, as in the case of Bobby Baker. Partly, it was a matter of government bigness, and partly government power. He wanted to discover the complete picture. He hoped sometime before the November election he would.

That first week, reporters said long afterward, was the best week of his campaign. In it he assaulted the draft (end it), income tax (reduce it), and federal power (curtail it). He explained further that violence in the streets sprang from federal amorality, and that President Johnson was the symbol of that amorality. These themes, reporters said later, were the heart of his campaign, the best his crew back in the "think tank" in Washington could conceive.

The second week Barry rode, somewhat bumpily, around the South. He went to Winston-Salem, N.C., a tobacco town, and said, "Now they're even trying to tell you what you have to print on cigarette packs." Winston-Salem was one of the few times he tailored his views to his audience. In the next weeks he seemed to seek out the most unpalatable thing he could say and then say it.

In Atlanta he drew a crowd of 20,000 and he again denounced the reapportionment decision. The response was dull, possibly because Atlanta voters have been leaders in efforts to overcome the disproportionate influence of rural counties within the Georgia state legislature.

In Orlando, Fla., which is heavily populated by the elderly, he damned the idea of providing medical care for the aged under Social Security. He did not stoop to discuss civil rights. Rather he spoke on behalf of states' rights and attacked the Supreme Court decision favoring the rights of defendants. All-white Southern crowds cheered him.

The next day he went to Knoxville and Memphis, Tenn., the heart of the T.V.A. country, and talked about dismantling the T.V.A., then visited two shopping centers near Macon, Ga., then addressed a full house in the football stadium at Montgomery, Ala., on fiscal policy, and finally flew to Raleigh, N.C., for some sleep. But when he got to Raleigh, at 11:40 at night, bone tired, a crowd of 400 was waiting with placards at the ready. "Who the hell is responsible for this?" Goldwater demanded. It took all of Peggy Goldwater's charm to calm her husband and, when they got off the plane, she made a little speech of her own.

The campaigning was hard and sometimes unrewarding work. He stated the issues, stated his viewpoints again and again. He called Lyndon Johnson "the wildest spender of them all." In Charleston, W. Va., deep in depressed Appalachia, he said that Johnson's war on poverty was "phony." The Youth Corps program, he added, was nothing but a warmed-over and discredited depression gimmick. His listeners were sullen and unmoved. Johnson-Humphrey signs were everywhere. As he drove past lines of workmen, they shouted at him and turned thumbs down.

It had been more fun that day in Prescott. What was going wrong?

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The senator's family joins him on the platform after his address at Dodger Stadium. From left: Mrs. Goldwater and daughters Peggy and Joanne.

The thing about Goldwater that people forget is that he is a country-club man. His famous outrageous remarks, many of which he has recently disavowed, are the kind of strong talk that sounds grand back in the locker room at the Coyote Gulch Country Club after a rousing 18 holes of golf.

"Heck, I don't want to see my taxes pay for children born out of wedlock." (At Coyote Gulch they'd chuckle over that one, then, realizing that Ol' Barry was serious, they'd agree.)

"The United States should begin acting like a world power and quit groveling on its knees to inferior people who like to come to New York." (We all know about New York; full of inferior Jews, Puerto Ricans and Rockefellers.)

"Some day, I am convinced, there will either be a war or we'll be subjugated without a war. I think a general war is probable." (At Coyote Gulch the others nod bravely and somebody orders a double bourbon. Hell, you only live once.)

A determining factor in Goldwater's political career has been his inability to remember that he's not back at the club any more. Country-club talk isn't out of place in the Senate, itself a kind of club. But as candidate for President, Goldwater is in a different world.

Some people close to him have remarked that he seems frightened. They say that at times he seems to be wondering how he ever happened to become a presidential candidate. Whether he is motivated by fear or by resentment, Goldwater has barricaded himself from the press. (At this writing, he has not held a single on-the-record press conference all campaign.) Refusing to answer questions has helped Barry Goldwater stay out of trouble, but it has also left everyone wondering what he means.

Perhaps only his speech writer knows for sure. Karl Hess, a black-haired jowly man who was an editor at *Newsweek* during that magazine's era of conservatism, bustles about with briefcase, stays close to the senator and refuses to discuss how he and Goldwater function.

In Fort Worth, home of a vast branch of the General Dynamics Corporation, Goldwater startled everyone by denouncing the government's decision to award the TFX contract to General Dynamics. TFX, the all-purpose military airplane, should have gone to Boeing, he said. General Dynamics "made the highest bid and the second-best design."

Reporters wondered why Goldwater chose to criticize General Dynamics right there in Fort Worth. "Did he ad-lib?" someone asked Hess.

"Uh, partly," Hess said, and sprinted off as if the question were an electric prod.

Slugging with humor

The lid, in the argot, is on. Another reporter asked Paul Wagner, Goldwater's tight-lipped, crew-cut press secretary for an interview with the senator. "I'll let you know," Wagner said. The reporter repeated his request regularly for 10 days. Finally, Wagner said, "Look, there's no point in us granting interviews. What good would it do us?"

The good done, of course, would be that Goldwater could explain himself and perhaps reach uncommitted and confused voters. Through six weeks of campaigning, by jet and whistle-stopping train, Goldwater has forked no lightning. There is no sign that he has reversed any trends, won any new areas of the voting populace. Goldwater's forte has been, and remains, in developing interesting secondary issues. At these he can slug away in high good humor.

"As I was coming in here to talk to you tonight, somebody grabbed my hand and said, 'More power to you.' In Washington today that isn't a toast. It's a loyalty oath."

"You know we've got a new nursery rhyme in Washington these days—The butcher, the Baker and the stereo taker."

"There's something else new in Washington. A Bobby Baker dozen. You get thirteen, but you have to kick back two."

"With Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes and Matt McCloskey, the Democrats have so much under the rug that they have to walk uphill to get to their platform."

But the two great issues of 1964 do not lend themselves either to humor or to slugging. The first is the black revolution. The second is the danger of nuclear war.

Before the campaign Goldwater was able to make his position on the race issue comfortably clear. Personally he believed that Negro and white children should go to school together. Personally he believed that segregation was wrong. But this was not a federal matter; it was a matter of the individual heart. Thus, the Supreme Court was incorrect in ordering integration and Congress was incorrect in passing the Civil Rights Act.

As a candidate, Barry Goldwater has had to go further. To encourage Southern Democrats to join him, he has stood shoulder-to-shoulder with Strom Thurmond, a senator whose career has been based on apartheid. What is Barry Goldwater, man of good conscience, doing alongside Strom Thurmond, arch-segregationist? Trying to win an election, that's what. But moderates everywhere are resentful, and Negroes are furious. Thus in the Dayton courthouse Negroes would not shake his hand, and in Michigan a Negro chef would not give him a recipe for barbecue sauce. "I don't like to give it to nobody," the chef said, "but especially not to him."

The nuclear question has been still more vexing. As a senator, Goldwater proudly led America's nuclear musketeers. In February, 1963, he said using atomic bombs on Cuba "should be left up to the generals." That May he told a *Newsweek* reporter, "I'd drop a low-yield atomic bomb on Chinese supply lines in North Vietnam." The U.S.-Soviet test-ban treaty is, he said on the floor of the Senate, "a political ambush."

During this campaign Goldwater has decided that his one greatest handicap is the charge that he is "trigger happy." Angry advisers of Goldwater insist that his rivals in the G.O.P. primaries were responsible for the accusation. But the charge was inevitable in view of Goldwater's record in the Senate.

Now Goldwater has no choice but to run as the peace candidate. Now at best he can say, in effect, "I'm a darn sight more peaceable than you, Lyndon."

In his peace speech Goldwater stresses that the U.S. must maintain vast military strength to deter any Communist nation from attacking. His peace speech is somewhat warlike, and pickets march around with signs that say: HELP GOLDWATER STAMP OUT THE WORLD.

Speaking practically, someone close to Goldwater concedes, "We need a big, new attractive issue. If we don't get it, we may be dead." Speaking practically, someone else close to him has said, "The hell with this election. At least we (conservatives) have gotten control of a party. Whatever happens in November, we aren't letting go."

This campaign, then, is not solely for the Presidency in 1964. "We've taken a long view," one influential member of the John Birch Society says. "We're not happy with Goldwater. He's just the best we could do—this time."

What have these right-wing extremists planned for the U.S. in the years ahead when Negro demands continue, when new nations insist on exerting their independence, and when more and more countries learn to produce nuclear weapons? The plans, if they exist at all, are kept secret.

Meanwhile Barry Goldwater, a well-intentioned man, crisscrosses the country inadvertently reminding everyone of the strength and danger of the American discontent. THE END

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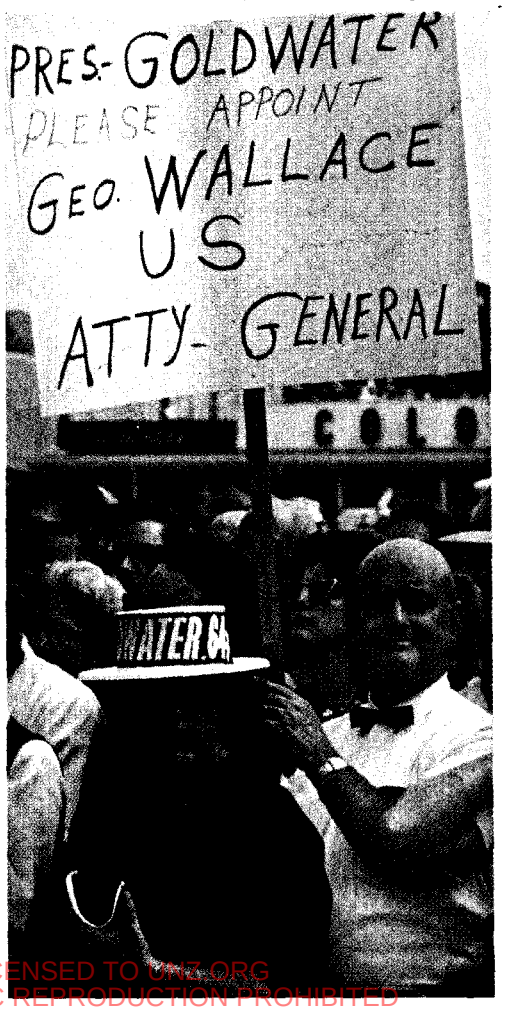
As Goldwaterites welcome their man to St. Louis, rivals Johnson and Humphrey smile calmly from poster held by a Democratic interloper.

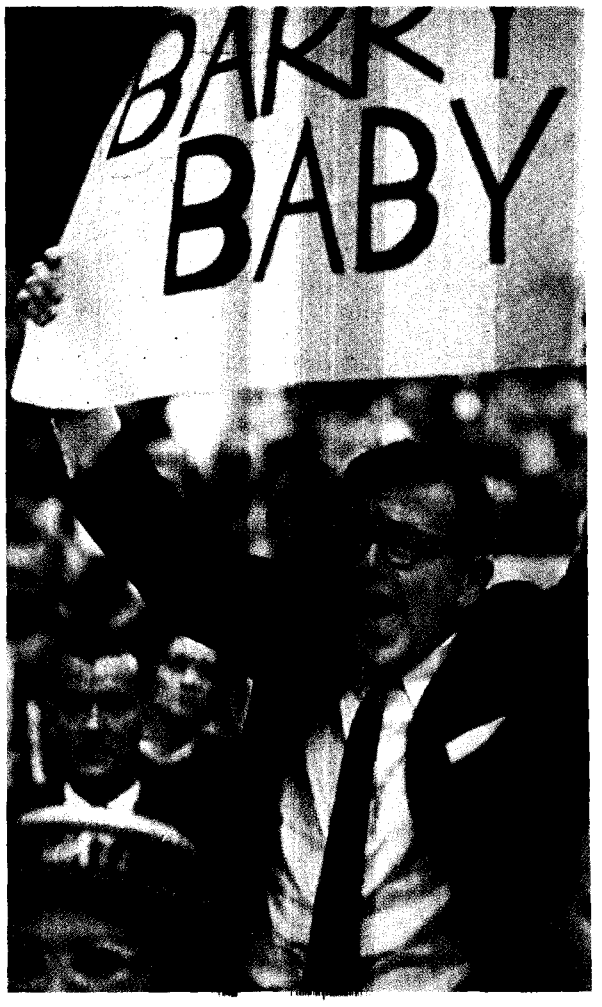
In the crowds drawn to Goldwater, the convinced greatly outnumber the uncommitted.

Only the sheriff is silent as Goldwater lands at Tampa, Fla.

Decatur, Ga.: a voter offers Barry a suggestion.



For Texan at Longview rally, two words say it all.



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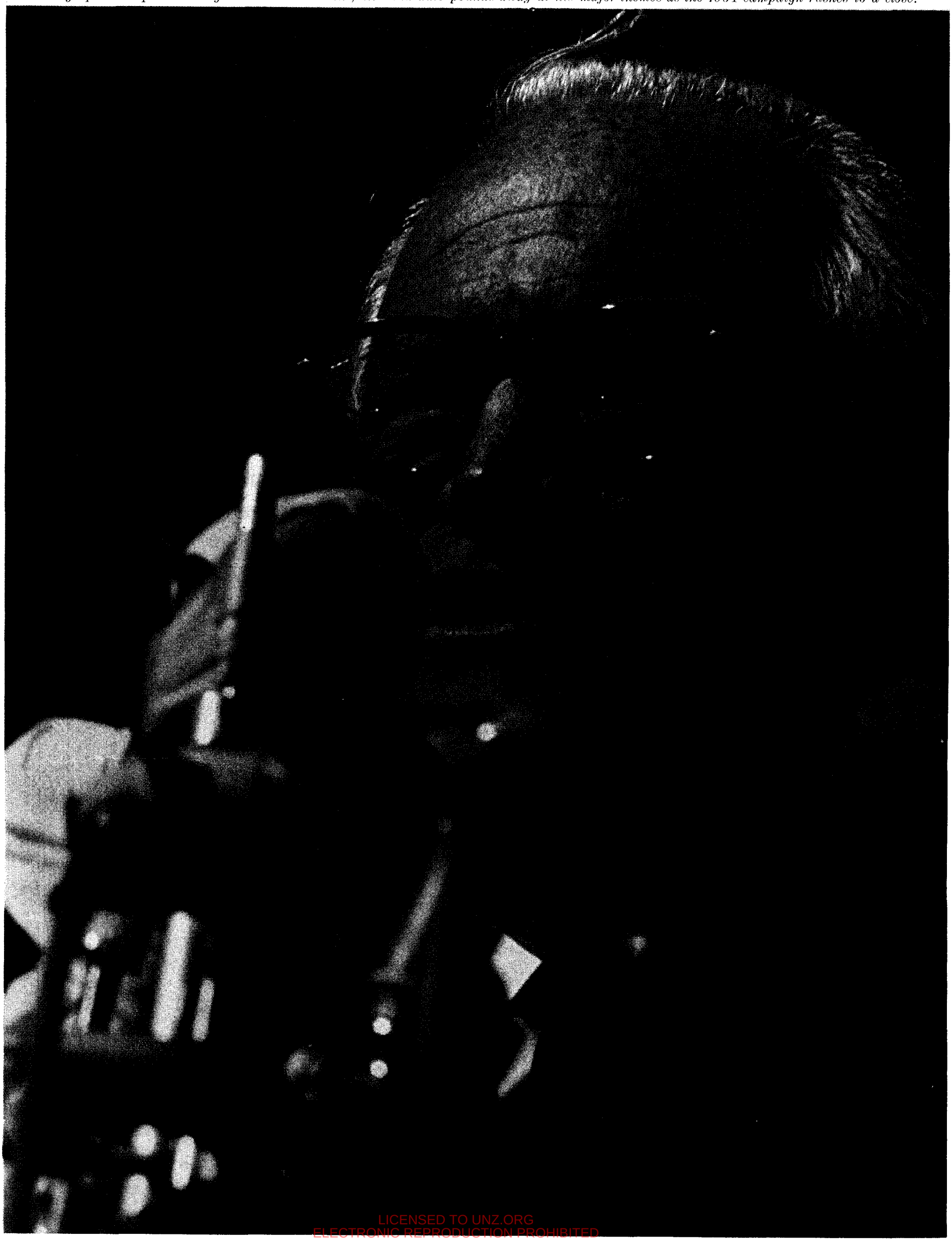
Tanned by open-air speechmaking across the continent, the candidate pounds away at his major themes as the 1964 campaign rushes to a close.



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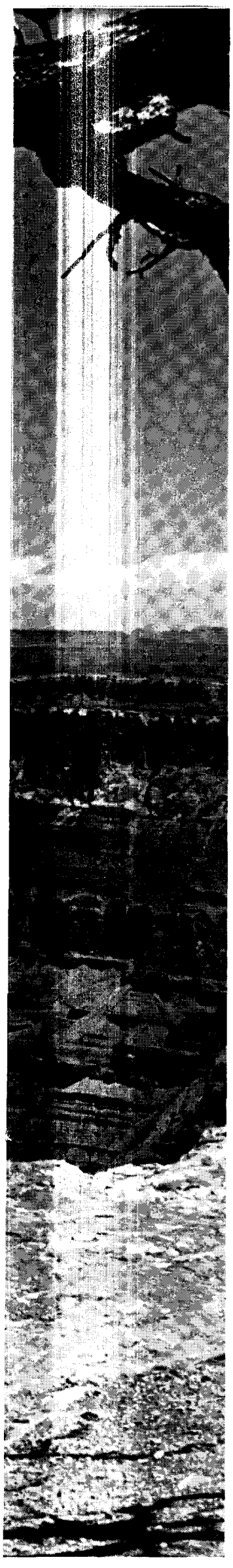
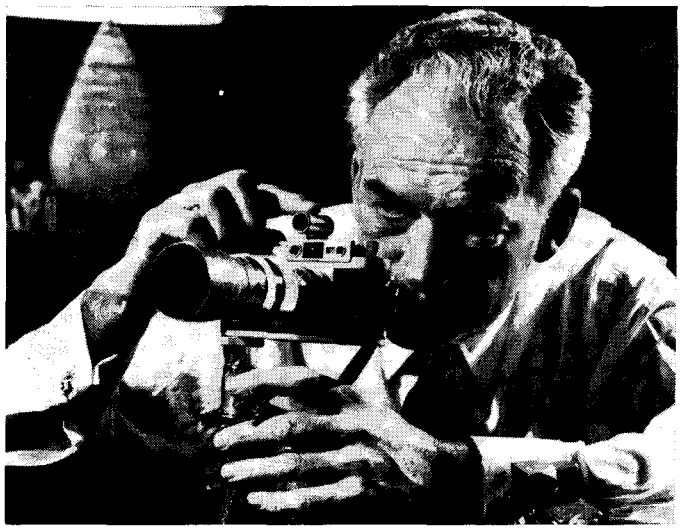


Senator Goldwater, a camera enthusiast long before he entered politics, took this picture of Arizona's Grand Canyon back in 1936. "I was standing on a tower," he says, "and it seemed that the whole canyon was spread out in front of me."



Goldwater looks over a new camera at his home in Phoenix, Ariz.

'THE COUNTRY I LOVE'

In an exclusive interview illustrated with pictures he took himself, Barry Goldwater talks about the land and people of his state, and how they have shaped his thinking.

By THOMAS MARTIN

"Gosh, I sure do remember these," Barry Goldwater said, looking at the pictures spread out before him. Goldwater has been a camera buff for years, and seeing again these pictures he had taken—some of them long ago—brought a flood of memories.

Brushing aside a swarm of aides with pressing political business, he closed the door of his Washington office, shucked his coat, loosened his tie and sank back into a chair. For the moment, the future gave way to the past.

"I took that one in 1936," he said, pointing to a panoramic view of the Grand Canyon. "I was standing on an Indian tower and it seemed to me that the whole damn canyon was spread out in front of me. This is supposed to be the widest part of the canyon, but I wouldn't swear to it."

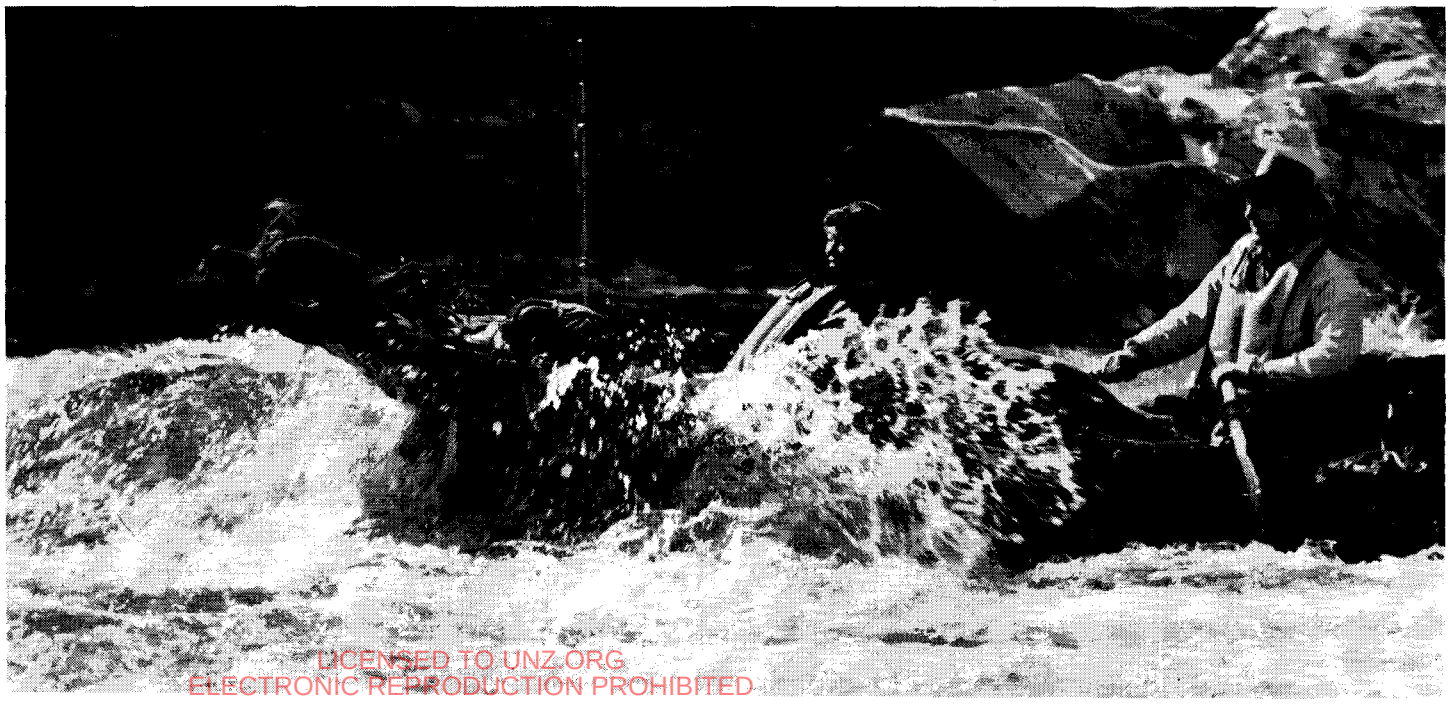
Some people have been calling this part of the nation Barry Goldwater Country, but the senator bridled at the phrase. "I don't call it that," he said. "It's just Arizona. In fact, if you want to look at it the right way, it's the whole of the U.S.A. I get a tremendous thrill out of the American countryside. You can't see this land without being inspired by it. To wonder about it. You wonder how it came to be. What grows on it. Who lived on it. No, it's too shortsighted to assign a man's title to it and say that this is Goldwater Country. It's much more than that. To me, it's America."

He picked up the layout again, and a picture of a gnarled old Indian woman caught his eye. "Now, this gal here," he said. "I don't know if she's alive or dead. But if she is alive, she's well over 100 years old. I forget what they called her, but she was the widow of Endishee, who was a Navajo chief. Have you ever seen a face like that in your life?"

Then he turned back to the picture of the Grand Canyon and grew thoughtful. He tilted his chair back on two legs, clamped his hands behind his head and gazed up at the ceiling. "Goldwater Country," he said, trying the phrase, and chuckled. "Maybe there's something to it. I *do* feel differently down there and I'll tell you why. Because it's home to me—where my family is, where my heart is, where I belong.

"Very few people my age have had the opportunity of seeing a country grow up and become transformed the way I've seen Arizona transformed. Once it was wild land and desert and open spaces—and there's still plenty of that. But I've seen this land transformed into productive land, with great industry and great people and great promise of a great future. Take Phoenix. I get the greatest thrill thinking that in a small way I helped it grow, that I had something to do with its growth. And yet I can go home, get away from the city itself and get out where there's plenty of space and sunshine and great, fresh, pure air. I love walking in the desert, especially at night. Out there at night, the stars just saturate the sky. You feel close to God.

On 1949 camping trip, Goldwater—in second boat—shot this picture of his wife Peggy running rapids in Idaho's Salmon River.



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'YOU CAN'T SEE THIS LAND WITHOUT WONDERING HOW IT CAME TO BE.'

Like this picture of a dead cedar, many of Goldwater's photographs are still-life studies emphasizing form and texture.

Prowling the vast open spaces of his rugged native state, Goldwater came across this pair of crumbling old wagon wheels.

'The Country I Love'

"People are always asking me how this place, Arizona, has shaped my thinking. I don't see how the place you were born in and raised in and loved all your life can help but shape your thinking. This whole country, especially out there in Arizona and the West, is growing. And it's because people are willing to work and exert effort and they're willing to work together for their own good and for the good of the country as a whole. I've seen what people standing on their own two feet and working for themselves can do when they've a mind to do it—one case after another of personal success through personal effort. And there's the lesson for the American people as a whole. They—anybody in America—can do these things if they want to do them badly enough. To that extent, I suppose, Arizona and that part of the country have had a distinct effect on my thinking."

Goldwater's chair came forward with a thud and, elbows on knees, he leaned across the table to emphasize his points.

"But don't get me wrong," he said. "Sometime, on certain occasions, people *do* need help. Nobody's saying that you just automatically forget the guy next door, say the hell with your neighbor.

"Take the Indians out there. I grew up with those people. I went to school with some of them and I used to visit the trading posts on the Navajo Reservation. Those people had no breaks at all. Everything they ever had was taken away from them at one time or another. But they weren't running around asking for handouts. It wouldn't have occurred to them.

"But they did need help. I used to go up to the Navajo Mountain Day School and talk with Elizabeth Bonnell, who taught the Indian children, and her husband, John. They told me that the Indian children were very deficient in vitamins A and C. So whenever I flew up that way or drove up there I always made it a point to take along boxes and boxes of vitamin tablets. I'd take them to Elizabeth and she'd feed them to the kids. That's one kind of help and maybe it wasn't much, but it was something, and it wasn't a government handout, and I'll bet there would be thousands of people willing to do the same thing."

Inevitably, the talk of government handouts brought Senator Goldwater's mind back to the political campaign—and to his own immediate future. "I've often thought," he said, "that if I don't make it in November, I'll just go home and sort of settle down in my house and do some writing and some reading and studying. You know, I never finished college. I had one year at Arizona State and then I dropped out, and I've often thought I'd like to go back and finish.

"I have no desire to get back into politics if I don't make it this time. Still, you know how these things work out. Often enough, it's not what you really want to be doing; it's what you feel you have to be doing unless you want to let a lot of people down who believe in you

"I'll never stop working for the country I love, but if I don't make it in November, I'll be out of a job come January and I'll just go home and think about things." THE END

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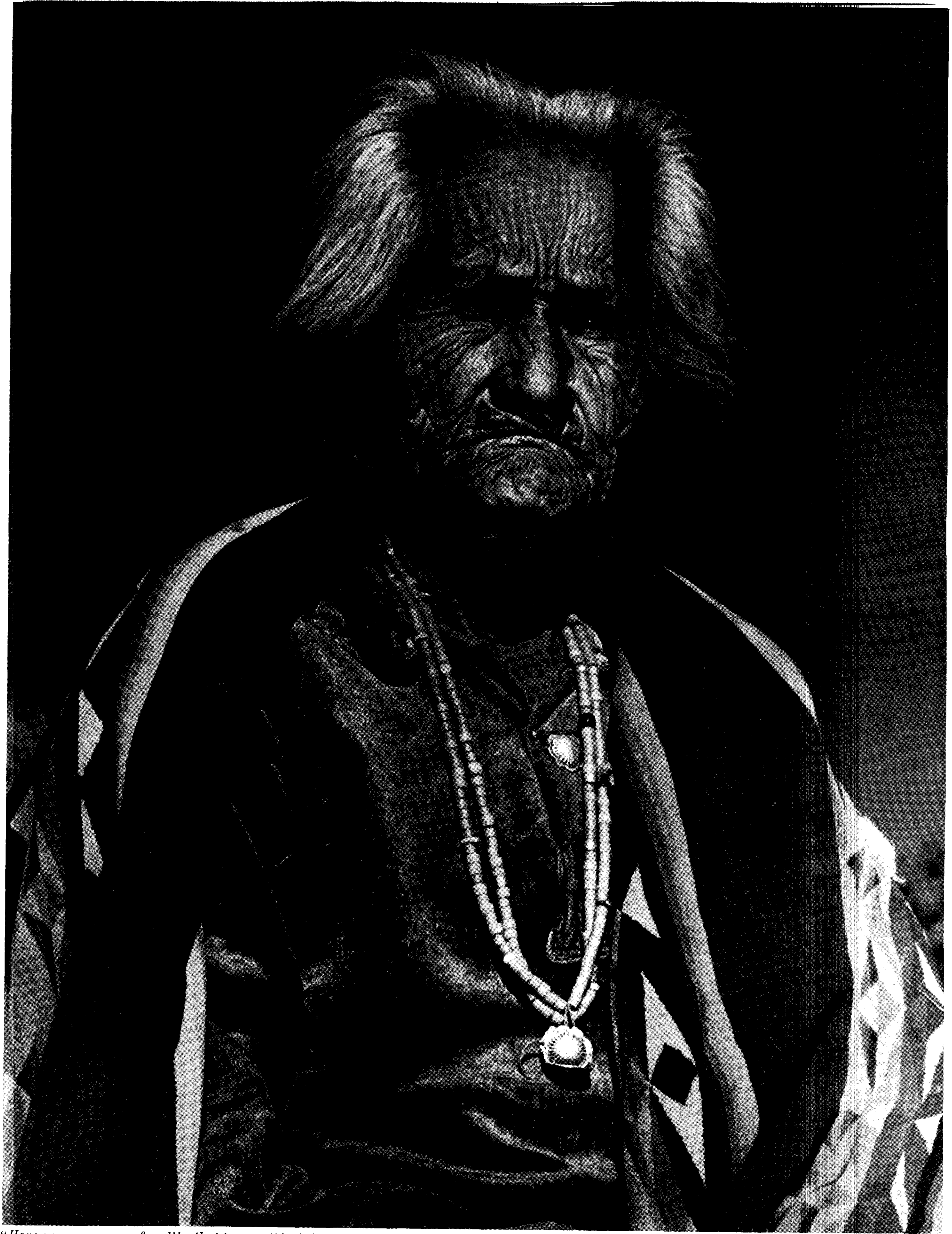

"Have you ever seen a face like that in your life?" the senator asks. "I forget what they called her, but she was the widow of Endishee, a Navajo chief."

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By ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK

A superorganized and rigidly disciplined army of dedicated conservatives—that i:

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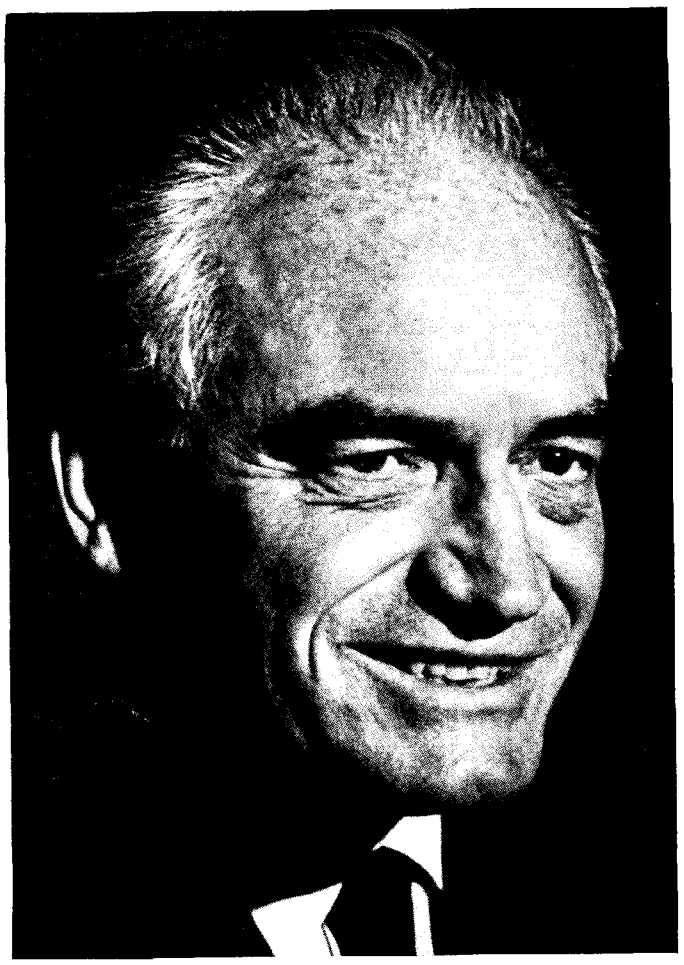
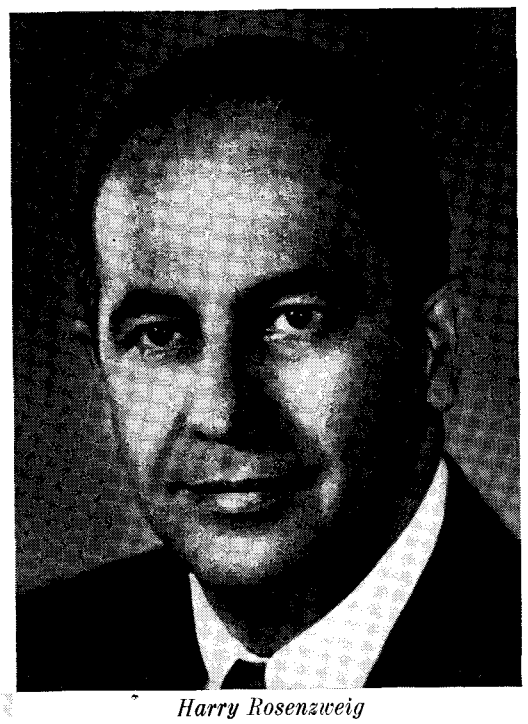
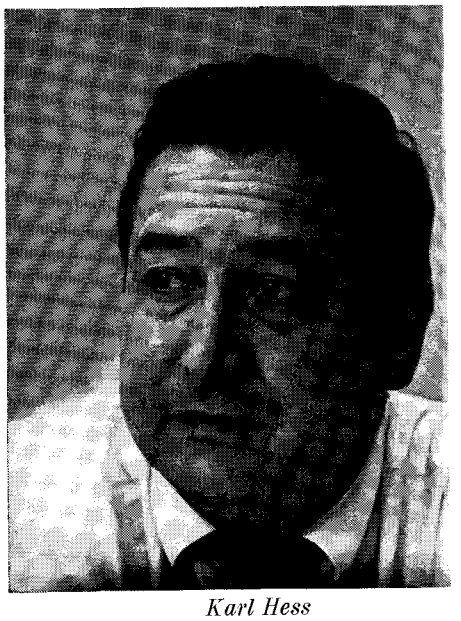


Sen. Barry M. Goldwater

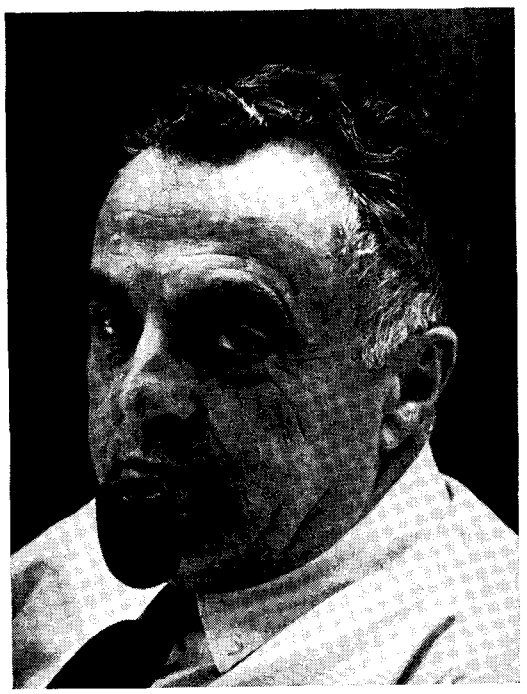


Harry Rosenzweig



Karl Hess

Denison Kitchel



Stephen Shadegg

William J. Baroody

Dean Burch

F. Clifton White

Edward A. McCabe

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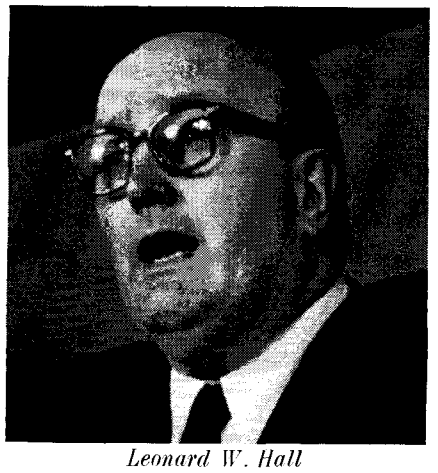
he picture many people have of the Republican candidate's political apparatus. But it's a myth. Here is the real truth about

MEN AROUND GOLDWATER

William F. Knowland

Everett M. Dirksen

Ray Bliss



Leonard W. Hall

"The one thing that worries me," a scowling White House aide confided, "is that the Goldwater operation is organized. It marches as one man."

Similar visions of a monolithic right-wing apparatus have troubled a lot of Americans lately. Ever since Barry Goldwater seized control of the G.O.P. at San Francisco in July, panicky liberals of both parties have been subject to nightmares in which battalions of militant young conservatives march inexorably on Washington, in lockstep with still more ominous figures from the John Birch Society or the Ku Klux Klan.

The nightmares have been reinforced by the Goldwater camp's mania for elaborate tables of organization, its automated communications systems and its attempts to impose a rigid discipline on the Republican National Committee. But a politician high in the Arizona senator's councils, asked about this concept of his candidate's organization, broke into guffaws. "If they only knew the truth," he said. "If they only knew."

The truth is that Barry Goldwater's political apparatus is perhaps the *least* disciplined and *least* monolithic put together by any presidential nominee in this century. A shifting and uneasy alliance of Arizona cronies, egghead conservatives, "new-breed" right-wing politicians and staunch old guardsmen, it is not a group that fits easily into the slots of a conventional staff chart. In fact, the men around Goldwater do not really belong on a chart at all, but in a series of concentric circles revolving about the candidate, each circle having less influence with him than the one inside it.

Notably excluded from these circles are two other groups of Goldwater supporters who are really not part of Goldwater's world at all. One is composed of liberal and moderate Republicans who fought Goldwater before his nomination but have offered him their support during the campaign. While willing enough to put such non-Goldwater Republicans to work, the senator's lieutenants keep a suspicious eye on them. For example, Craig Truax, Pennsylvania state party chairman and one of Gov. William Scranton's top political aides, was assigned the postconvention chore of telephoning scores of other state chairmen in Goldwater's behalf. But a top Goldwater man later confided, "To tell the truth, I wish I could have listened in on those conversations. I can't forget that Truax is a Scranton man, not a Goldwater man."

Most remote of all from the candidate are the inhabitants of the far right—the John Birchers, the K.K.K. white supremacists, the Minutemen. Their help may be accepted at the grass-roots level, but the doors are barred to any leaders who try to enter the Goldwater inner circles.

Of these circles, the innermost is composed of The Arizona Mafia. In the shifting lineup of Goldwater's political team, this is the one permanent, nondetachable ring of influence around the candidate. Its members are a handful of Arizona businessmen and lawyers—both inside and outside the senator's official staff—on whom he depends for friendship, advice and help.

From the moment last January when Goldwater named an all-new, all-Arizona cast to run his campaign for the nomination, it was clear that he planned to rely on the friends and advisers of a lifetime in his try for the Presidency. Party professionals were shocked, but, says one Arizonan, "People in Phoenix weren't surprised. Barry never really trusts anybody he hasn't known at least twenty years."

What Goldwater cherishes in his fellow Arizonans is not so much political astuteness as unquestioned loyalty. Even among members of The Arizona Mafia, moreover, he is hypersensitive to anything that might be regarded as disloyalty. Until three years ago, for example, swarthy, shrewd and aggressive Stephen Shadegg was the Arizona politician considered to be Goldwater's chief lieutenant. Manager of both his 1952 and 1958 Senate campaigns, Shadegg seemed an obvious choice to manage the 1964 campaign. But Shadegg first irritated Goldwater by throwing off his cloak of anonymity and crowing about his ghostwriting chores for Goldwater (including the senator's syndicated newspaper column). He then committed the unforgivable act when, against Goldwater's wishes, he ran for the Senate seat held by octogenarian Democratic Sen. Carl Hayden in 1962. Shadegg lost the primary, and found himself relegated to the Mafia's second echelon.

The first echelon is composed of Arizonans far less known nationally even than Steve Shadegg. High among them is Harry Rosenzweig, a Phoenix jeweler whom Goldwater describes simply as "my best friend." Short, bouncy and the possessor of a glistening smile, Rosenzweig was Goldwater's running mate in 1949 when the senator made his political debut in a Phoenix City Council election. Though not really a politician, he has been at Goldwater's elbow at all the critical times—last December, for example, when Goldwater was deciding whether to run for President.

Harry Rosenzweig and other old cronies from Arizona are always available for comforting conversation and advice. But the Mafia member who spends the most time with Goldwater these days is Denison Kitchel. Crew-cut and boyish-looking, Kitchel holds the ambiguous title of "general director" of the Goldwater campaign, and for the past year he has been by far the most important figure in the world of Barry Goldwater.

Ironically, Kitchel was born into the old-school-tie Eastern Establishment that has been Goldwater's principal antagonist in battling for control of the Republican Party. But in 1929, during the summer after his junior year at Yale, Kitchel visited a friend's ranch in Arizona and fell in love with the desert country. After graduating from Harvard Law School, he informed his father—senior partner in the prestigious Manhattan law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft—that he was going West to practice law in Arizona. "What are you going to practice on out there, cows?" exploded the elder Kitchel.

Kitchel's old friends from Yale and St. Paul's School can't quite picture him as the great political manager. "Denny was smart but he wasn't a pusher," a classmate recalls. "I would never have thought he'd go into politics this way." Indeed, when Kitchel made his first shy and slightly bewildered appearance in Washington as Goldwater's campaign manager in the fall of 1963, tough old Republican professionals found it hard to consider him much more than a social companion for Goldwater. Slightly hard-of-hearing, Kitchel found it necessary for the first time in his life to get a hearing aid ("I told the doctor I had entered a line of work where everybody whispers").

The hearing aid did not help him much with the circumlocuted conversation of politicians. Reserved and short on small talk, Kitchel was annoyed by their gregarious ramblings; they in turn sometimes considered him rude and arrogant. There was one disastrous luncheon meeting in the Mayflower Hotel late last year between the small, compact Kitchel (who was captain and coxswain of the St. Paul's crew) and big, beefy Leonard W. Hall, former G.O.P. National Chairman (whose father was coachman of the Oyster Bay Roosevelts). The meeting had been arranged for the express purpose of enrolling Hall in the Goldwater campaign, but Kitchel managed to alienate the old pro right at the start. When Hall opened the door of his suite for him, Kitchel walked in and, intending only to make it clear that Goldwater was not begging any favors, said, "I want you to understand, Mr. Hall, that we're not *asking* you to work for us."

Politicians soon came to see, however, that Kitchel was one aide—perhaps the only aide—who could deliver a Dutch-uncle's lecture to Barry Goldwater. It was mainly Kitchel, a first-rate lawyer, who talked Goldwater into acknowledging the legality of the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decisions and strongly supporting the N.A.T.O. alliance. Furthermore Kitchel has pulled no punches in persuading Goldwater to act more like a presidential candidate, accepting all a candidate's burdens. During the California primary, for example, Goldwater was about to dress down a press aide for making public the ingredients of his breakfast that morning, when Kitchel

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'IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF BAROODY AND HIS BRAIN TRUST TELLING GOLDWATER HOW HIGH TO JUMP. HE'LL JUMP IF THEY TELL HIM TO.'

Men Around Goldwater

intervened. "They expect this sort of information, Barry," he said. "You're a presidential candidate now."

Another important—although still junior—member of The Arizona Mafia is Dean Burch, administrative chief of the preconvention campaign and now Republican National Chairman. Burch does not have Kitchel's easy intimacy with Goldwater and wouldn't dream of dropping in at the senator's Washington apartment for a drink or to pass the time, as older members of the inner circle do.

Darkly handsome, Burch looks like a younger version of Arkansas' Sen. John McClellan—and a good deal older than his 37 years. Both his manner and his clothes tend to be somber. A recent visitor to his office noticed Burch's jet-black tie and started to say a few words of condolence, but Burch stopped him in midsentence. "I always wear black ties," he smiled. "I like them."

Burch first met Goldwater at an Arizona luncheon in 1954 and later went to Washington as the senator's administrative assistant. He went back to Arizona in 1959 to become a lawyer-lobbyist in Tucson, but returned to service with Goldwater when the senator asked his help last January. His absolute loyalty to Goldwater and his devoted acceptance of all the senator's views are unquestioned, which may explain why Goldwater has been giving him increasingly larger political assignments. When Goldwater's California campaign was bogging down, it was Burch—not some experienced professional—whom the senator dispatched to Los Angeles to take personal command. And Goldwater passed over a half dozen more experienced men to put someone he could trust absolutely in the Republican National Chairman's office.

Most Republican politicians have learned to take The Arizona Mafia in their stride. Their real concern in recent months has come to be the second circle of supporters. This circle is composed of The American Enterprisers, from whose ranks Goldwater has increasingly recruited his closest policy advisers. Once manned by Ivy League conservatives of the *National Review* crowd in New York City, the senator's brain trust is now dominated by a group of little-known academicians and publicists loosely allied with an obscure tax-exempt educational foundation in Washington, D.C., called the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research. Revolving around Goldwater under the leadership of the institute's president, a dim but fascinating figure named William Joseph Baroody, The American Enterprise group is the only real rival to The Arizona Mafia in influencing Goldwater.

Baroody, a 48-year-old ex-civil servant (Social Security Administration), is a dark, stout, suave little man who expresses surprise that anyone would think him at all interested in partisan politics. "I really can't say whether I am a liberal or a conservative," he says blandly. Baroody describes himself as a social, not a political, friend of Goldwater.

The relationship is not, of course, really all that casual. Old Goldwater staffers remember Baroody as a frequent visitor to the senator's offices in the 1950's, and by 1961 he had become Goldwater's chief unofficial adviser on domestic affairs. By early 1964 Baroody was probably the non-Arizonan closest to him.

"I'd say Baroody could best be described as a combination of Svengali and Dave Powers (companion and storyteller for John F. Kennedy) as far as the senator is concerned," asserts one rival Goldwater adviser. There is no doubt that Baroody had a major hand in the big personnel shakeups in the Goldwater camp after the San Francisco convention.

His greatest influence on Goldwater, however, has been in the realm of ideas, an area where The Arizona Mafia fades into the background. Goldwater's consuming interest in a tough military response to Communism, and in nuclear preparedness, is generously fed by Baroody—to the despair of politicians who want the senator to push a more conventional brand of conservatism.

Second only to Baroody himself among members of the brain trust is moon-faced Karl Hess, whom Baroody detached from the American Enterprise staff and sent to serve as Goldwater's chief speech writer after the debacle in the New Hampshire primary last March. A professional writer and militant anti-Communist, Hess was new to politics. But his relaxed manner, his wit and his ribald stories quickly won him a favored place in the senator's political household.

Goldwater, who dropped out of the University of Arizona after his freshman year, has found it far easier to converse with Hess (whom he affectionately calls "the Brain"—Burch calls him "Dr. Karl Strangehess") than with the American Enterprise academicians who make up most of his brain trust. One reason may be that Hess, who quit high school at the age of 15 before graduation, is self-educated. Another is that, unlike other Goldwater speech writers in the past, Hess never lectures his boss. "I think the senator's a political genius," Hess says in private conversation. "I think he's just about perfect." He means it.

The friendly relationship between the two men has put Hess in a strong position to influence Goldwater, and there is no doubt that he has done so. The increased emphasis on nuclear preparedness, just before and just after the San Francisco convention, came from Hess as much as from Baroody. And the candidate's controversial acceptance speech ("extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice") was primarily a Hess product.

Led by Baroody and Hess, The American Enterprise group has the second (or policy-making) circle of Goldwater's world all to itself—except for a shy, soft-spoken Washington lawyer named Edward McCabe.

Nobody paid much attention when McCabe, a wispy six-footer who had been a middle-echelon White House aide in the Eisenhower days, joined the Goldwater team late in 1963 as Kitchel's research chief. "We all assumed he was there to hold Ike's hand," recalls one old Goldwater man. At the San Francisco convention, however, McCabe began moving in as a policy adviser. It was his idea to return to Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania the insulting letter Scranton sent Goldwater at the convention—a nonreply in the grand diplomatic manner. Later McCabe was architect of the Hershey, Pa., Republican summit meeting. After that he used his new job as director of research for the Republican National Committee to push Goldwater toward more moderate positions, in an effort to win back the frightened Republican liberals and moderates.

Who calls the tune?

The man who calls the tune in Goldwater's research operation—whether Baroody or McCabe—is far more important to candidate Goldwater than he would probably be to most other presidential candidates. Goldwater's lack of formal education, which sometimes causes him to be uneasy with intellectuals, perhaps also tends to make him accept their ideas without question. "It's just a matter of Baroody and his brain trust telling Goldwater how high to jump," says an aide from another circle. "He'll jump if they say so."

Far less influential than either The Arizona Mafia or The American Enterprisers is the third circle of Goldwater's organization. This is made up of The New-Breed Politicians. These are the tough political operatives whose precinct-level work won Goldwater the nomination and who still provide most of his foot soldiers and dig up most of the money. Yet they are far from the power center of Goldwater's world.

Perhaps most representative of this group's relative obscurity is the fate of F. Clifton White, a tall, well-groomed New Yorker of 45 who, more than anyone else, deserves to be called the leader of The New Breed. A protégé of Thomas E. Dewey and a former Cornell University instructor, professional politician White decided at the age of 41, soon after the Nixon campaign, that it was high time to draw a clear line of ideological demarcation between the two parties. The Republican Party, he believed, had better become a genuine conservative party if it was to survive. That meant it must nominate Barry Goldwater. Under White's leadership, politicians and businessmen who felt the same way started to give their time and money to the Draft Goldwater movement—despite Goldwater's candid disinterest. And when Goldwater finally announced his candidacy, the organization that White had built began the most effective delegate-hunt ever seen in American politics.

Yet, after masterminding the delegate roundup—and the convention itself—White was given not the chairmanship of the National Committee, as most New-Breed leaders had hoped, but the depressing chore of running Citizens for Goldwater-Miller. Still more revealing of the New Breed's low status is the fact that, after his nomination, Goldwater could not find time for a personal chat with White for more than two weeks.

Even more remote from the candidate and even less influential upon him are the men who comprise the last circle in Goldwater's political establishment—The Old-Guard Politicians. These are the orthodox conservatives, many of them former supporters of the late Robert A. Taft.

Prominent among them is Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen, the golden-throated Old Guardsman from Illinois. Dirksen delivered the nominating speech for Goldwater this summer, as he had done for Taft in 1952, but there was a difference. A dedicated Taft lieutenant a dozen years earlier, Dirksen came to Goldwater late in the game, only when it was clear that the Illinois delegation—and the presidential nomination—were Goldwater's anyway. Goldwater was never under any illusions about the depth of Dirksen's feelings. "That old boy's got an antenna three feet long," Goldwater told friends with a smile. "He knows where the winner is." Not surprisingly, Dirksen's role in the Goldwater campaign all but ended with his nominating speech.

Old Guardsman William F. Knowland has been the nominal leader of Goldwater forces in California, but his relationship with the senator has never been close. Indeed, Knowland was on the point of quitting more than once during the California-primary campaign. And the presence in Goldwater's ranks of old pros like Ray Bliss (Ohio state Republican chairman) is largely window dressing.

There is, in sum, no such thing as a tightly disciplined, monolithic Goldwater apparatus. And the fundamental lack of cohesiveness in his political establishment could prove a crucial obstacle to the senator's future aspirations, should he lose badly in November. If that happens, the Republican liberals and moderates will plot and battle as never before to keep the senator off the ticket in 1968. Having failed to take to his bosom so many of the Old-Guard Taft men and so many of the New-Breed conservatives, Senator Goldwater might then find himself virtually alone in a turbulent, tormented Republican Party. THE END

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'She hates the political life,' says a friend, but Peggy Goldwater does all she can to help win.

THE LONELY LADY BEHIND BARRY

By
NAN ROBERTSON

Sharing the campaign limelight, Mrs. Goldwater smiles and waves, but seldom speaks

Until the Republican National Convention in San Francisco last summer, Peggy Goldwater seemed as elusive and insubstantial as smoke. Appearing occasionally at her husband's side during the primaries, she then would vanish into total seclusion at the Goldwaters' Washington apartment, their hilltop home outside Phoenix or their beach cabin in Southern California. She refused to grant interviews. Old-timers in the Washington press corps agreed that she was the most inaccessible political wife in recent American history. At the G.O.P. convention last July she was guarded by three Pinkerton men in mufti who kept strangers at bay. Since that time, Mrs. Goldwater has ventured timidly toward the limelight's edge. As a result, it is increasingly clear that the wife of the Republican candidate for President is a poignant figure.

She is an exemplary mother. Her four relaxed children speak of her far more often than of their father when asked who guided them as they grew up. "She talked to us as though we were adults," says her son Mike. "I have never received a spanking," recalls Peggy Jr. "Every once in a while if mother were really aggravated at something I shouldn't have been doing, she came along and tapped me on the behind."

Mrs. Goldwater is also an exemplary wife—and a political martyr because of it. She is, in the words of a man who has observed her almost daily during the last six months, "absolutely determined to be completely subjugated to her husband's interests. She is sorry her husband is running for President. Deep down she hates political life but she is willing to give up everything she values—her privacy, her family, her home—for her husband's ambitions."

Mrs. Goldwater is a short woman, five feet three, almost plump. Despite her size and her unease with strangers and the press, she bears herself with dignity. She is deaf in her right ear, which may heighten her tension with strangers. She smokes constantly, despite the senator's efforts to make her quit. Everyone around her is strongly protective. The senator himself screens all requests for interviews with her and turns down most of them. He pampers her with impromptu gifts and treats her with boisterous affection. Yet, Peggy projects an image of a woman often overwhelmingly lonely, robbed of her husband by a demanding political world. She says Barry "seems to be swallowed up by people at times . . . and every once in a while you feel kind of left out."

Nothing in Mrs. Goldwater's temperament or background made her ready for the shocks of public life. Margaret (always "Peggy") Johnson Goldwater was born 55 years ago in Muncie, Ind., into a well-heeled, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, business family. Her mother's brother, C. S. Davis, married the sister of Peggy's father, Ray Prescott Johnson. The two men, thus doubly bound, founded the vast Borg-Warner Corporation, manufacturers of automotive parts. Mrs. Goldwater is now worth slightly more than one million dollars. About half of this is inherited wealth. The rest is the result of stock investments since her marriage.

The chubby little girl spent her winters in the 15-room brick mansion in Muncie and her summers at the family cottage in Charlevoix, Mich. At 16, she was sent to Mount Vernon Junior College and Seminary in Washington, D.C. Even as a senior she was inconspicuous. Her 1929 class yearbook reveals almost nothing about her. Her "charm" was "rhythm," her pet expression, "Vo-de-o-do." She sculpted, dabbled in dramatics, played basketball, and led the choir.

Breaking out of her lifetime cocoon, Peggy went on to New York. There she studied painting for three years. Then, for about a year she drew the first and only salary of her life—about $35 a week as an apprentice fashion designer. She lived quietly at a hotel for women.

In the winter of 1932, while vacationing with her family in Phoenix, Peggy met Barry Goldwater. There had been no man like him in her experience. "He stormed into her life," a relative says: this son of a Conservative Jew and an Episcopalian, heir to a department-store fortune, a turbulent man of the Southwest, aggressively male and contemptuous of parlor talk. After a dogged, two-year courtship, during which he trailed her from Phoenix to Michigan, to New York City and back to Muncie, he finally shoved into a Muncie telephone booth with her while she was telephoning her mother on New Year's Eve. He was running out of time and money to spend on her, he said. Peggy capitulated. They were married on September 22, 1934.

The Goldwaters have two sons and two daughters. They are Joanne Ross, 28, who is married to Dr. Thomas Ross of Torrance, Calif., (they have four children); Barry Jr., unmarried, 26, a Los Angeles stockbroker; Michael, also unmarried, 24, who works for a Phoenix bank; and Peggy Jr., 20, recently wedded to Richard Arlen Holt of Los Angeles, a businessman. Not one of them shows the circumspection, passivity and reticence of their mother.

To picture Peggy Goldwater in the midst of the rambunctious Goldwater tribe, imagine a Junior League matron at an American Legion convention. The Goldwaters are practical jokers. They fire toilet paper out of cannons on New Year's Eve. They like to stuff Peggy's peasant blouses with monster grapefruits and photograph the result. On birthdays they present each other with 200-pound pigs or antique fire engines that do not run. Mrs. Goldwater moves calmly through the din, picking up after her husband's zany relatives.

To questions about what her marriage is like, she has a well-prepared reply: "I have often said living with Barry Goldwater has been the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. He's full of surprises. He's generous. He is truthful, and when he doesn't like a thing, he'll certainly tell you. He'll get mad at times, but gets over it very quickly."

In one of her less guarded statements, Mrs. Goldwater sheds far more light on what life is like with the senator from Arizona: "I try to calm him down at times and try to support him as much as I can. I go along with his ideas and sometimes I don't always agree, but we sort of have an understanding that I will do the things he wants to do, whether I want to do them or not. On the other hand, he compensates by doing some of the things that I want to do.

"For example, before we became involved in politics, we used to take turns choosing a vacation. One year I selected a Caribbean cruise, which was beautiful as far as I was concerned. It was a little miserable for Barry, but he enjoyed it. The next year he selected a vacation site, and I found myself going down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, in Idaho, in a rubber boat, shooting the rapids in a blizzard." It is obvious in revelations such as this, and in all the evidence from friends and relatives, that Peggy is a self-abnegating woman.

The senator from Arizona often strikes outsiders as an impetuous child—"He's a nut on gadgets," says Peggy succinctly. He "plays" (the verb is his wife's) with his ham radio first thing in the morning. He grabs jewelry by the fistful from the cases of Harry Rosenzweig, a Phoenix gem merchant, and then goes home to hand it to his wife. In the headboard behind their king-sized bed is a gadget that pipes in the sound of the Goldwaters' artificial brook. It lulls the senator to sleep and keeps his wife awake.

When he blows his top, this exuberant but moody man frightens everyone in the family but Peggy. When she forgot her purse in a campaign motorcade this fall, and her husband and staff were already buckled in the seats of their departing airplane, the senator told her off in blistering terms before the group. "Now Barry," she said mildly, "don't talk to me that way."

Peggy Goldwater has spent 30 years with Barry, and yet the past few months of campaigning may have been the most difficult of her career. Asked what she wanted to do when the election of 1964 was over, she said, "I hope we can take a vacation, just to be away from people, to a very quiet place." THE END

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Darrell Bates, born in England in 1913, has spent
most of his life as an official in Britain's overseas territories
in the Mediterranean and in Africa. His experiences as a colonial administrator
on small islands provided the background for this story.
He is now colonial secretary of Gibraltar.

The quiet island

The simpler and more rigid the culture,

the more violent the upheaval

when it comes.

By DARRELL BATES

From the top of the hill you could see the whole of the island: and round it on every side as far as the horizon was the sea.

The slopes at first were steep and sparsely covered with hard, wiry tufts of grass. On three sides of the island the slopes went down in smooth, outward-curving concave sweeps until they ended abruptly in cliffs that dropped sheer into the sea. Nothing grew on these slopes except the tufted grass, but here and there were outcrops of rock that looked like goats, and herds of goats that looked like rocks.

On the other side of the island the rain and the wind and the sun had eroded the slope into gullies and cracks, and taken the rock and the soil down toward the shore to form a ledge of land. Here there were trees and palms twisted by the wind, and a small bouldery stream, and huts and hovels made of boards and packing cases and sheets of tin, thatched with the reeds that grew along the sides of the stream.

It was a quiet-looking island, shaped like a cone.

At the top of the hill a man sat on a flat lichened slab of stone. His skin was black, but so worn and lined and roughened that it looked like a walnut that had been left on the autumn ground. His skull was dotted with tufts of gray tightly coiled hair. He was looking out toward the sea and he shaded his eyes against the evening sun with a crippled twisted hand.

He was watching the birds that were coming in now over the water. The fragile-boned terns and the noisy quarreling gulls and the sleek streamlined boobies, and above them, waiting and watching, the frigate birds.

Once a week, on Fridays, Rew and the dog climbed up the hill and sat on the stone and watched the birds coming in from the sea. They watched all the birds, but it was boobies that the man especially liked to see. They came in fast in ones and twos well above the surface of the water, carrying in their beaks fish and scraps of fish for the females and the fledglings in their nests. And every time there was tension and drama and tragedy. It was this that he really came to see.

"Ho!" The man spoke to the dog suddenly but softly, "Ho! Ho! Ho! You see that now? It is very strange. Very, very strange."

Every evening the frigate birds would be waiting for the boobies. They would hover in the sky with wide sharply angled wings poised and downward-pointed eyes and beaks and claws. When they dived the boobies would twist and turn, diving and soaring and diving again to evade the pursuit. Every evening some got home with their burdens of fish, and every evening, too, there were those that failed. Harassed and battered and torn they would let the fish drop and so escape, and turn their heads in flight perhaps to watch the frigate birds follow the falling fish and snatch them from the air or scoop them up when they fell with a splash into the sea.

But this time there was no pursuit. There was no drama and no tragedy. The frigate birds were there as usual hovering in the sky, but they didn't swoop. The boobies flew on and took the fish to their nests. And soon, Rew saw, the frigate birds moved higher and turned and flew out away from the island over the open sea.

It was for Rew almost as if the sun had failed to rise. He had never known the frigate birds not to swoop. Never in all his life. He rubbed the heel of his hand over his face as if to try to wipe away the image of what his eyes had seemed to see. He

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still couldn't believe what his eyes had told him. But the birds were still there flying out to sea.

"Tomo! Tomo!"

The dog came to his hand, disturbed by the tone of the voice. The touch reassured him, as the touch of the dog reassured the man.

"What is this, Tomo?" Rew said. "What is this? Why did they not swoop tonight? Why have they gone out to sea? Where are they going now?"

There was no other island, the man knew, or other land for a thousand miles on any side. The island was a lonely thing standing by itself, a cone of rock and tufted grass in an empty sea.

The sun was beginning to set, and Rew called to the dog and started to walk down the slope of the hill. He walked slowly, not because his legs were tired or stiff with age, but because he was deep in thought. He was trying to measure out against his memory and his experience the meaning of what he had seen. The dog went on ahead.

When he heard the dog's excited barking the man quickened his pace. Tomo was standing by an exposed face of stone, where a gully washed out by centuries of rain had exposed the rock. There were small cracks in the stone, and from the cracks, Rew saw when he was close, was spilling out a stream of ants.

Rew knew about ants. He had often watched them and seen the fixed, ordered purpose of their ways. Each part of the community had its task, and each single ant seemed to know the rules. The workers and the males and the soldiers and the queens. It was like the small community of people, he always thought, that lived down there below on the ledge of land. Each had his task, or hers, and each knew the rules, and followed them. Only he was the odd man out. He had a crippled arm. There was no rule for him, and no set task.

He had never seen ants behave like this. They came out of the cracks and crannies in a tumbling headlong rush and when they emerged they didn't know where to go or what to do. Soon the face of the rock and the bed of the gully was a writhing criss-cross moving mass of ants, and the man and the dog had to edge away.

"Come," said Rew suddenly. He turned and started to run, the dog now no longer foraging ahead but close behind him at his heels.

Rew ran down the side of the hill, picking his line through the gullies and rocks and trees like a goat which follows a familiar path. He stopped for a moment on a ledge of rock to look down at the village. It was as quiet and ordered as it always was. The people were in the places where they always were at this time and at this season of the year, and each was doing the thing he always did. Some men were hoeing in the fields, and there were women taking in the washing from the prickly bushes after the day's sun. Others were mending nets or feeding the chickens with scraps of food. Even those who did nothing did it in an ordered predetermined way. Rew was relieved and glad, and again he wiped his hand across his face to erase his solitary unease.

A girl bringing home a herd of goats from the hills for milking called out to him.

"Why were you running, sweet Rew?"

"Mind your own business, girl!" But he smiled and came down from the ledge and walked with her a little way. She was a gay laughing girl with smooth chestnut-colored skin and slim boneless-seeming arms. Some white ancestor of long ago had given her dark blue eyes, and yet another a sweep of jet-black hair, that moved like a horse's mane on her shoulders as she

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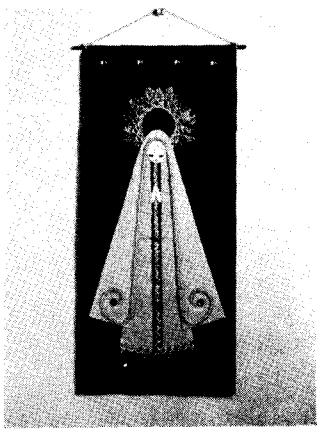

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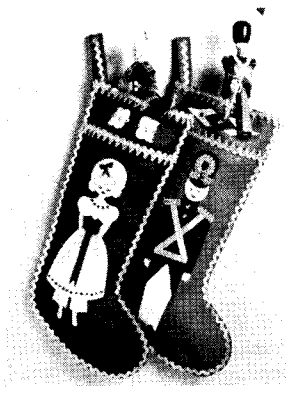

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The Quiet Island

walked. Her name was Lou. All the island people had Christian names of one syllable, or two sometimes, but never more.

"How are your goats?" he asked. He didn't look at her when he asked the question.

"As they always are," she said. "They chew, and make love."

"Nothing else?"

"No." The girl looked at him, sensing the guile in his questions but not knowing the purpose of it. "Nothing else. What else is there for a goat to do on this island, Uncle Rew?"

"I just wondered," he said. "I just wondered. That's all."

The girl put out her hand and laid it on his arm. It was lightly and quickly done but there was an element of love in the touch. There were few girls of her age on the island who were not somehow related to Rew.

There was only one street in the village. The street itself was sand-rutted and pockmarked from the wheels of carts and the hooves of goats. At one end there was a shop that sold matches and soap and cheap cigarettes and reels of brightly colored thread. There was an urn on the counter from which when the tap was turned there dripped a bitter, sugarless tea. The shop opened every morning at half past five when the men went out for the early-morning fishing, or to the fields, and its doors were still open and its oil lamps still glowed until after ten o'clock at night.

It was much more than a shop. It was a club, and a meeting place. It was a magnet that drew and a sieve that sifted all the gossip and the news and the laughter and the malice of the small community. It was open every day except on Sunday.

At the other end of the street there was a church. It was the only building in the place that was made of brick and it had a sharp ugly roof of corrugated iron. By a custom of the island the church was only opened on Sundays. All the rest of the week its door was shut and the shutters were drawn. If at one time there was any special reason for this custom there was no one now who could remember it. Perhaps, the people said, if they were asked about it, it was to avoid competition. In a settlement as small and as isolated one had to use one's resources with care and thought, and with an economy that could not allow an overlap. Once a parson newly posted to the island from the outside world had opened the church on other days like Christmas Day and on Good Friday. No one went, and he didn't try again. Church was for Sunday, the people said, and not for any other day

When he reached the street Rew stopped for a moment outside the church and looked up at the cross of iron that was fixed to the top of the roof. It was a weekday, and the door was closed and the windows shuttered. He stayed there for a moment, and then he went on until he reached the shop.

He asked for a mug of the bitter sugarless tea and sat at a wooden table drinking it. There were about a dozen men in the place talking and drinking tea. From time to time a woman would come in, or a child on an errand, but they didn't stay once they had got what they had come for. At this time in the evening the shop was only a meeting place for men.

"The onions are thin and knobbly this year," one man said. "They are like the knees of a sickly goat."

"The reeds need cutting," another said. "They are stopping the flow of water to my field."

It was man's talk, of small grievances and of upsets that were always someone else's fault. There was no formal government or authority on the island, so that when the men were together they blamed the weather or the women for what went wrong. On weekdays they blamed God, too, but concealed it for politeness with the use of words like chance or fate. On Sundays they didn't use such words at all. They took the blame on themselves for a day, and then shifted it again and smiled for six days more.

"Sam is giving himself airs these days," a tall thin man said, his elbows on the counter of the shop.

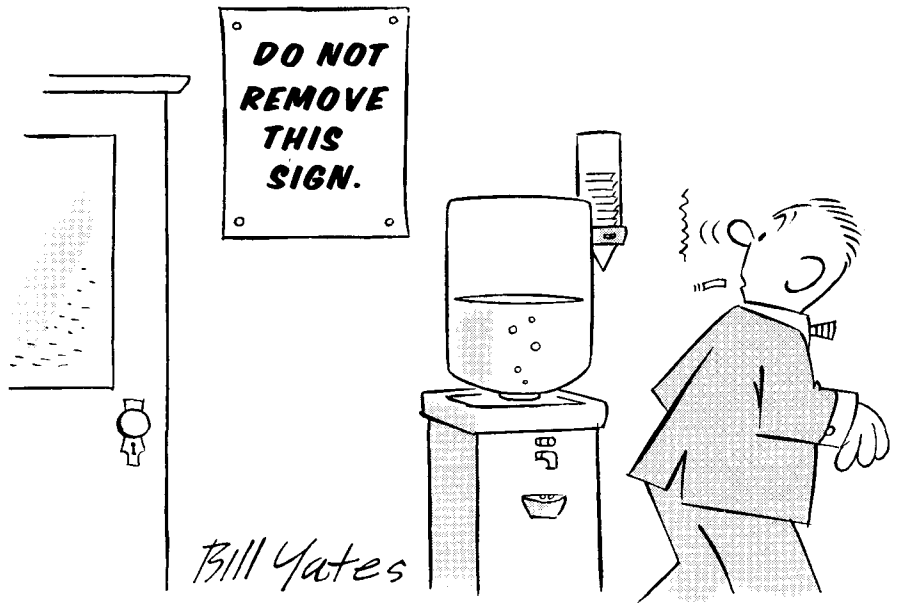
"How so?"

"He wears a hat, have you not seen, on ordinary days?"

"Hats are for Sunday." It was something that everyone knew, but it had to be repeated from time to time to emphasize the rule and to reestablish it if need be against any trace of nonconformity.

"He wears it to cover a baldness perhaps. . . ."

Everyone laughed, glad to have a reason for the oddness and pleased to end the argument in good nature and good temper. They were kind people and the community was too small and too dependent on each other to seek out or sustain discords and differences among themselves.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Rew listened carefully to everything that was said by the other people there, but he himself said nothing.

"You are quiet tonight."

The owner of the shop was a short fat man called Greg. The small fraction of Chinese blood that made up a vein or two of his complex, many-nationed ancestry was dominant in him still, and the eyes and the cheekbones ruled the whole face and the whole persistent placid character of the man. As the owner of the shop he never asked questions out of curiosity, or questions that expected any reply, and he only spoke now out of politeness and because of the particular affection that he had for Uncle Rew.

Rew nodded his head and said nothing. Later he would talk to Greg about it, but he wasn't ready yet. Soon afterward, having satisfied himself from the talk that there was no unusual news or incident to match or confirm what he himself had seen, he finished his tea and left the shop.

Rew lived with his dog Tomo in a small single-roomed hut at the end of a track that went beyond the village along the line of the coast. On the way he passed a building of mud and sticks with an open veranda that faced the sea. At a table in the veranda three men were sitting, their dark faces lit by the light of an oil lamp held on a hook above their heads. On the table there was a bottle of cheap colorless rum.

It was a place that was only used by the fishermen and no woman or child ever went in there. It was the only place on the island where liquor was sold. The church said liquor was a sin. The fishermen's wives went to church, and their children, but once they reached manhood at sixteen none of the fishermen's boys went to church anymore. No one knew, with this too, how the custom had started or when, but the general opinion, when the matter was discussed in Greg's shop, was that it was because of the liquor. A fisherman's life was hard and long and sad and he needed the liquor whether the church liked it or not. When a fisherman died his body was thrown into the sea. The church wouldn't have him when he was alive and they wouldn't have him when he was dead.

In his young days Rew had been a fisherman. But one day when he was still a young man his hand had been caught in rough weather between two of the boats and crushed. After that he couldn't fish anymore. Because of this he was accepted in the drinking house but although he drank the rum as often as he or someone else could afford, because he was no longer an active fisherman, he was allowed to go to church: And when he died his body would be buried in the churchyard. As time went by, as happens with other customs, things somehow became confused, and now it was the fishing and not the drinking that had become the bar. In this way Rew became a link and a bridge between the fishermen and the other people on the island.

He went in now and sat at the table. He spread his hands to show that he had no money, and the owner of the place, a tall thin man with a mournful Asiatic face, went into a back room and brought out a bottle and poured him a drink. It was a bottle, as Rew knew, of what the owner of the place called his remnants. When drink was spilled on a table it would be mopped up and squeezed into this special bottle to be added to the sludge in the eight-gallon barrels and the wetnesses that were sometimes left by a customer in the bottom of his glass.

"You look as if you had troubles on your mind, Uncle Rew," the owner said.

Rew shook his head.

"No," he said, "it is nothing."

"Was the fishing good?" he asked the men at the table. It was an accepted politeness to ask, but no one expected anything except the purely formal and completely uninformative reply. It was not even expressed in words, just a turning of the palms of the hands upward and then down again. They always implied that the fishing was poor. Two of the men at the table, the two older men, did this now. But the third, a young man, whose name was Adam, did not move his hands. He sat with them cupped round his mug staring out to sea.

Rew saw this, and held his mug more firmly in his hands to quiet the shaking that he felt was coming into them. The silence of the third man disturbed him greatly.

When the two other men got up to go he caught the eye of the younger man and held him in his chair. It was quite dark now.

"Will you walk with me," he asked, "to my hut along the shore?"

"Yes," said Adam.

Nothing was said during the walk, but when they reached the hut Rew started to tell Adam about the frigate birds and the ants.

"Did you ask me to walk with you so that you could tell me this secretly? So that no one else could hear?"

Rew nodded.

"Yes," he said.

"Why? Why do you want this kept a secret?"

"Because I do not yet know the meaning of it. And if I tell others they will imagine reasons for it, which may not be the real reasons, and people will become disturbed as they become disturbed at anything that is new and unfamiliar. . . . They will get frightened and then they will come to the older men, like me, and if they get no answer or if they get an answer that does not please them they will get angry, and others will start to think how they can use this thing and profit by it, and they will start to twist and turn first the explanation of the facts and then the facts themselves. . . ."

His voice tailed off. "I talk too much," he said.

"Then why," Adam said after a long pause, "did you tell me?"

"Because you too have seen something. . . ."

Adam did not dispute it, or ask how the other knew. His father had been a friend of Rew's.

"Yes," he said. "I saw something today that was very strange. I was fishing this morning, and in a special place where for as long as I have fished, the bonito run and take a certain bait at a certain depth at this time of the year. My father taught me this, and for twenty years, since I was six, I have fished for them. And this morning they were not there. . . ."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Then it is true."

"What is true?"

"I do not know. But whatever it is, it is true. The birds, and the ants, and now the fish."

They stood there together, the aging man with the gray, grizzled hair and the twisted, useless hand, and the young man, tall and lean, the brown skin stretched taut over the bone and the muscle with the stresses and anxieties of the sea and poverty and youth. They stood there and looked at the sea.

They looked at the sea because it was from the sea that all the strange things, all the bad things, all the disasters known to them came. The island itself was quiet and predictable and safe. But with the sea you never knew. The sea brought without warning cyclones and sudden tumultuous storms that smashed the boats and held the fishermen captive on the land for days and weeks on end. From the sea came waterspouts and whales and the tentacles of giant unseen squid that could reach up and take a lovely leaping boat suddenly and silently.

They looked at the sea, trying to fit the facts they knew into a pattern of logic or memory. The ants and the birds and the fish. They made no pattern at all, either to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Rew or to the other man. And at last and in a curious disturbing unison they took their eyes from the sea and looked now for the first time up at the hill that rose behind them. At the quiet, smooth, sloping hill that sheltered them from the wind, and caught the rain and sent it down to them in a gentle bubbling stream and provided pasture for their goats.

"It looks like the fin of a shark," said Adam.

"Yes," said Rew, after a pause. "But I had never noticed the resemblance before. . . ."

Rew did not think of himself as an old man. There were some things he knew that he could not do as well or as often as he did before, but now at least there was the excuse of his years for the things he could not do and for the things that he forgot. If, when he was young he failed to gaff a fish, or pulled the oar too late as the boat went through the surf, or disappointed a girl in love, there was no excuse. It was failure and there was no escape from it. Now if he succeeded there was applause. And if he failed there was sympathy.

He lay on his bed in the early hours of the morning thinking about these things and smiling to himself. He knew from the angle of the Southern Cross which he could see through the open door that the time was between three and four o'clock. Soon, he knew too, his dog Tomo would wake and scratch and go to sleep again. He always slept with his door open, unless there was rain or a gale of wind. He had no possessions. And who in any case would harm him? A few perhaps in days gone by whom he had cursed in liquor, or struck in anger or crossed in love—but not many now. And he no longer feared death. When he was younger he feared it, and clung to life fiercely and jealously because of all the things that his manhood had still to do, but now what did it matter? The only one who would miss him and suffer would be his dog.

He patted the dog's head, and felt the answering thud of Tomo's tail. He lay there on the bed, and again he felt the motion of the dog's tail. It moved his hand and the bed and suddenly it seemed that it moved the whole room. He looked down at the dog and saw that he was asleep and that there was no movement in its tail. No movement at all. And still the thudding and the movement went on. . . .

Rew sat up, and the dog woke, and pricked his ears and whined. He went out of the hut and he could feel the throbbing under his feet as if a herd of goats were running along the path. But the path was empty, as it always was. And suddenly the noise and the thudding were gone, and Rew began to doubt whether it had ever been there.

"Perhaps," he said, "I really am getting old."

The dog had moved close to his master. He shivered under the man's touch and the hair of his head and his back was taut and tense.

At half past six in the morning Rew walked back along the sandy path and then up the street to Greg's shop. It was time, he thought, to tell Greg. Greg was a wise man. He could read and write and add the figures up that he wrote in chalk on the wooden counter when someone came to buy. Apart from that Greg was a man of authority. There was no government on the island, but Greg was one of the men whose authority was accepted by everyone, except the parson, who regarded himself as different and separate from the others and outside the island's law. They took their quarrels to these men, and their grievances, and if anyone did anything really bad, like stealing or striking one who was too old or too frail or too young to return the blow, then these men would hold a court under an old baobab tree and hear the case and pass a judgment on it. It didn't happen often, but it was a useful thing to have.

Rew pushed open the door of the shop. The door was ajar but the room was empty, or at least that was how it seemed to Rew in the early morning light.

"You are up early, Rew."

Rew turned in the direction of the voice but he knew the sound of it too well to be mistaken.

"What are you doing here at this hour?"

The widow Hannah was a woman with a quiet, oval face, colored and smoothed like a dark hen's egg. She and Rew knew one another very well. But they only admitted to the fact when no one else was there to see or hear.

Widows on the island were free to go with any man they wished. But they had to do so in a quiet, unobtrusive way. So, if one met a widow walking in the night, one always asked what her purpose was. "I am collecting frogs," she would always say, and it was accepted without question or any doubting smile. In older times the people of the island had in fact collected frogs and eaten them. The habit had died but the phrase still lingered on.

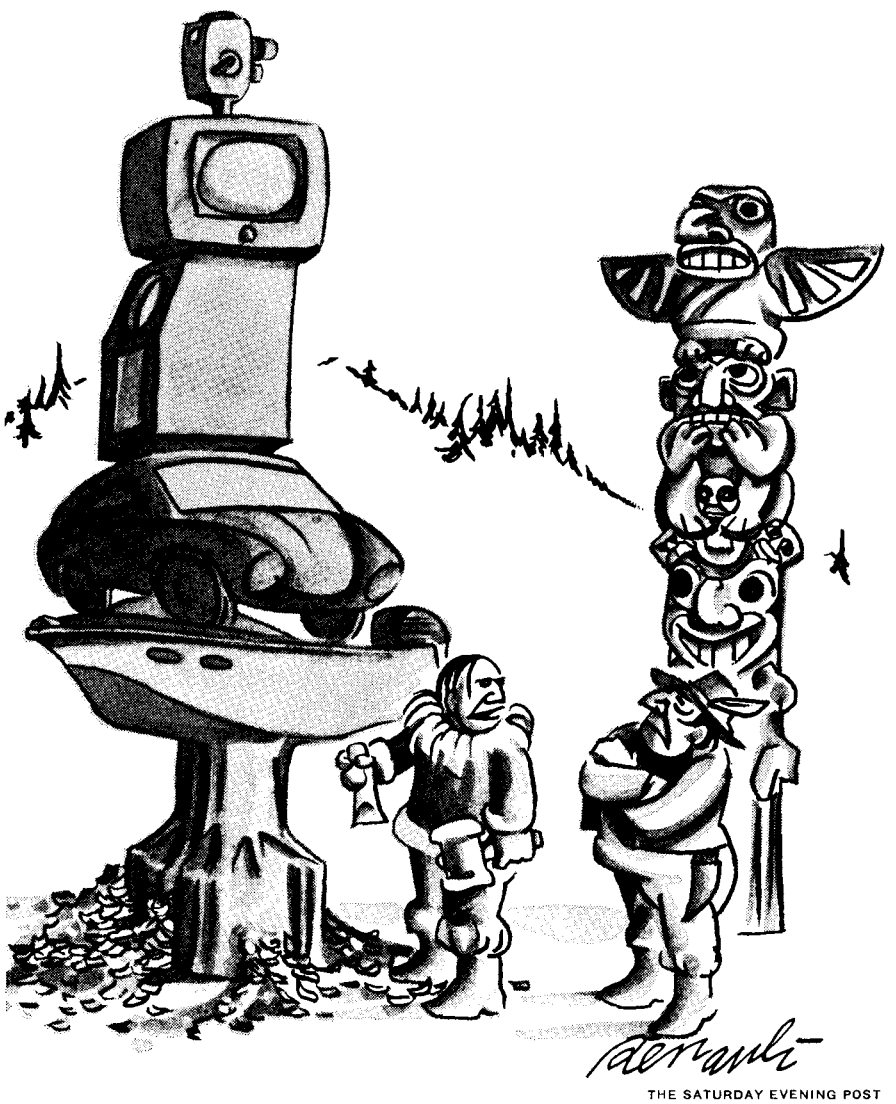
A widow did not just mean, on the island, a woman whose husband had died. It was a term that was applied as a politeness to any woman who hadn't got a man. Ordinary widows there were, of course, from time to time, but usually they had children to care for them and no special custom was needed to cover their needs. Most of the widows were of quite a different kind. Some were women whose husbands had gone to the mainland to seek a better living or a change and had not returned. And some were women who had never been married at all.

There had always been more women than men on the island, and men had always gone to the mainland to look for work. Few of them came back. So gradually the custom had grown up. A woman was entitled to have a man, the argument ran, and, if she wished, a child. It was her right. And if there were not enough men to go round for each woman to have a man to herself, then it was the duty of the men who were there to meet her needs.

It was not that the people of the island were loose or casual in their morals or their way of life. It was just that they had to adapt themselves to circumstances. The church, with rules that had been made elsewhere in different circumstances, preached against the custom and threatened penalties, both now and afterward, but the custom, all the same, went on.

In other ways the customs were very strict. Once married a woman never went with other men, and the husband himself never sought other girls. But if a widow went to him rather than to a bachelor it was his duty to satisfy her want. The wives accepted it provided it was done secretly and not in their own beds. Every wife knew that on the island every wife could easily become a widow.

Hannah moved across the room and put her hands up against the ragged shirt that he wore.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You have your totems. I have mine."

"The earth moved, sweet, strong Rew. It moved in the night and frightened me."

Rew took her hands and looked at them and then put them back on his shirt.

"Are you sure, are you sure beyond doubt?"

"Yes," she said. "I am sure."

"How did it move?"

"It moved," she went on, "as the earth moves sometimes in making love. When the sound of the sea stops, and the wind in the trees. But I was alone and there was no love."

"Or thought of love, Hannah?"

"No," she smiled. "No. I was awake, and thinking about the onions that I had to pickle in the morning."

"Ah!" said Rew. "Then perhaps it was true."

"Did you feel it?"

"Yes. And for me too there was no love."

"Or thought of love?" she teased.

"No. I was thinking of death."

"What is it, Rew? What is it, then?"

Greg came into the shop and saw them talking close together and went out again. Later he returned with a large tin pot and poured some tea.

"I cannot pay you, Greg," said the widow. "I have no money today."

"No?" He went on pouring the tea.

"I will pay," Rew said.

Greg looked at him and knew that he too had no money.

"Yes," he said. "I know."

"And," he added, "as it happens I have some work for you, if you have the time to spare This morning when I opened the shop I noticed a curious thing. See, I will show you."

He pointed to the shelves behind the counter where he kept reels of cotton and boxes of pills and jars of jam. The neat piles were in a state of confusion and disorder.

"What caused it?" they asked.

"I do not know."

"A cat, perhaps. . . ."

"No. I shut the room myself and it was empty. And it was empty when I opened it."

"You heard nothing in the night?"

"No. I was asleep, and heard nothing. And felt nothing."

"We felt something," Rew said. "We both felt the earth move in the night. That is why we both came here early in the morning, from fear of it, and to hear if others had felt it too."

Greg said nothing.

"We came separately," Rew said. "Each from our own house."

"Ah!" said Greg. "Would you like more tea?"

There were fifty-seven men and eighty-one women on the island all together, and fifty-two children. By ten o'clock that morning everyone knew about the movement of the earth. Some who had felt something in the night and had said nothing of it for fear of laughter or contradiction now claimed that they had been the first to speak of it. Others who had slept the night through and felt nothing began to talk of strange terrible noises that they had heard and of objects moved in the most mysterious ways.

No one on the island had ever felt the earth move before nor had they heard any stories of any such happening from their parents or their grandparents. Without history to help or console them they started soon on explanations of their own.

"It is the sea," some said. "It is burrowing underneath the island."

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"It is your fault," a sister said to a wide-eyed brother of seven, "for spitting in grandmother's soup."

"It is the end of the world," a tall, thin man said, who had been twice to the mainland, "because of all the wicked and unnatural things that men do."

"What sort of things?" people asked him.

"Ah," he said, to keep the mystery and the power of his opinion intact.

"You had better sell me that black goat," another said to his neighbor, "before it is too late." Though he spoke with a smile as if in jest he, like almost everyone else, had already begun to calculate whether any advantage could be acquired for himself in the margins of disaster.

And yet in the clear, untroubled day, the sea unrestless and the earth back to its usual calm immobility, it was difficult for them to sustain the mood and the uncertainty.

"It was an oddity. It won't happen again."

"Nevertheless," said Greg in the quiet flat voice that one always heard whatever other noise there was, "we will send the news. And we will ask if there was a movement of the earth on the mainland too."

There was a wireless post on the island that sent messages to a town on the mainland and received them for a short period every day. The time when the messages were sent was four o'clock. So the wireless man was called and told what he had to say and what he had to ask.

"I have big news," he began when the time came. He was proud to have something to say and determined to make the most of it. He was an island man.

"Yes?" The reply was brief and flat. The man at the other end on the mainland was on duty for eight hours a day dealing with messages from ships and other larger islands away to the east. Nothing came ever from this small island, he knew, except orders for potatoes or small personal messages for aunts.

"Yes, indeed. Important news. You must write it down, and send it to the newspapers."

"OK. OK. What is it, man?"

The island wireless operator took a deep breath. An opportunity like this came only once in a lifetime.

"We had a movement of the earth," he started, "during the night."

"Any damage? Anyone killed?" The laconic questions made the island man frown.

"Well . . . No. Not exactly. But," he went on quickly, "a teapot fell and was broken. And in Greg's shop all the things were ——"

"OK. OK. Let us know tomorrow if you get another one." There was nothing in this for the papers, nothing even that he need report. He crumpled up the piece of paper on which he had started to write. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes. Yes. Don't break off. . . . They want to know here. Did you have a movement too over there?"

"Sure," came the reply. "We get movements like that every day. Every time a bus goes by. Any messages?"

"No. No messages." The frown was deeper now. Somehow the thing that had seemed so full of a rich harvest of disaster had come to nothing but a few measly stalks of ordinary fact. He switched off the contact. Then he went down to the shop and told Greg.

In the afternoon there were two more movements of the earth. They were not severe. They disarranged a cup here and a picture there, and once again they upset the neat order of the articles in the shop. But everyone felt them, and there was no room left now either for doubt or for exaggeration. The movement was slight, as it had been during the night, but this time there had also been the noise. Those who had seen trains on the mainland said it was like that. The majority, who had never left the island, said it was as if the island had a disorder in the stomach.

The next day was Sunday. On ordinary Sundays about three quarters of the women, a third of the men and all the children, went to church. But on this Sunday almost everybody went. They wanted to hear what the parson had to say.

Even the fishermen would have liked to have gone. They couldn't, of course, as a matter of principle, and though they could hear about it afterward from their wives and children it wouldn't be the same. So they stood in a group outside their bar and sent the young man Adam to ask Rew if he would go and hold so to speak a watching brief on their behalf.

"Yes," he said, "I will go." He went on an average one Sunday in five, out of curiosity partly, and partly perhaps to preserve his singular position in the matter.

The Reverend Christian Addy was not an island man. For one thing he was white, and though the variety of his origins was in fact just as wide and as complex as those of the islanders, who were a mixture of almost every race that

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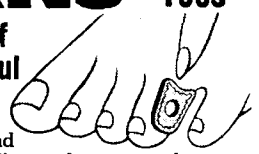

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The Quiet Island

had been to sea and to jail, because it contained no elements of color it passed as purity. His mother had been an Afrikaner woman and his father part Welsh and part American. Beyond that he didn't go.

When he climbed slowly onto the box tacked over with black cloth and leaned on the ship's rail that did duty as a pulpit he was fully aware of the importance of the occasion. He was an educated, intelligent man. He knew about earthquakes. He knew what they had done in other places, and what they could do here. He knew too that it was within his power to give comfort, or to instill fear: to relieve the anxiety or to increase the tension.

The Reverend Christian Addy had once been an honest man. It showed still on his quiet, handsome face, and most people at any rate thought that it was humility that led him, when he spoke and answered, to keep his eyes averted or downcast. In fact he had long ago ceased to believe in what he said and preached, but he had said the words too often and for too long now for there to be any going back.

"We cannot tell what His reasons are. But we can be sure that they are good." The parson had a fluid, fruity voice like warm raspberry jam. "Let us therefore look, each one of us, into our own hearts and actions to see if we have done any act or thought any thought which might have displeased the Lord."

The congregation shifted in their seats and altered the tempo of their breathing. There was no one of course who hadn't in the last twenty-four hours done some act that was sinful or stupid or selfish, but nothing so big or so bad, each thought, that any fair person would regard as justifying an earthquake in return. Acts were all right, but thoughts were a more difficult matter. When the people began to think about their thoughts a sound went through the church like a small wind through a field of corn. Each had during the preceding week had thoughts that if translated into acts would have reduced the tablet of the Ten Commandments to a pile of rubble. But, one man reasoned to himself, I have coveted my brother's wife for months and months, and the earth has never moved before. This week I have desired her no more, and no less than before, so the earthquake cannot really be my fault.

". . . Think well, my friends. For you can be sure that this thing, this shaking of the earth, has been sent to us to remind us of His presence here among us, to reveal His anger, and to warn us of His power."

If he had left it at that he might have offered, if not comfort, at least an explanation. But he still had to make his point in terms that would keep the church full for many Sundays more, and the collection bags full too. So he went on and on about penance, and restitution and recompense. And while he spoke and while the people fidgeted in their seats and began to yawn, up at the summit of the hill above the settlement a fissure opened up quietly and softly, like the opening of a pod of seed and the lava began to emerge and roll down the slope, slowly and heavily like molasses on a winter day. . . .

Rew came out of the gloom of the church and blinked in the sun. At once he felt that something was different. He looked instinctively first at the sea: And then, when he saw nothing new there, up at the hill. He couldn't see any change in color or shape, or detect any movement but he knew there was something. He called Tomo, who was waiting outside the church, and started to walk up the slope.

It took him about an hour and a half to get to the top. One side of the hill, he saw, had split for about a hundred feet. The lava oozed out of it slowly like blood from a dying animal. In one place there was already a continuous stream. On the side where the settlement was the lava came out only in drips and drops. The earth trembled and shuddered like a frightened horse and a thin spiral of smoke rose from the deep, mysterious rent in its thin surface of skin. He picked Tomo up and carried him away from the summit of the hill.

On the way down, running, he again met the goatgirl Lou. She was kneeling up against a flat face of rock. Rew could tell from a distance that she was crying into the bare arm that was crooked up in an angle above her head.

When he was closer she turned her head. She wiped tears from her eyes.

"What has happened, Uncle Rew?" she said. "What has happened?"

"Where are your goats?" he asked.

"They are gone. Suddenly, for no reason at all, they went together in a run. They wouldn't answer my call. Look!"

When she pointed he could see the goats huddled together on the edge of a cliff. There was a clear drop there of 200 feet into the sea.

"I have been to them, but each time they go away from me, nearer the edge."

"There is trouble, Lou," he said. "Bad trouble. Strange stuff is coming out of the hill Hot black stuff that will choke all it touches."

"What shall I do? Today is Sunday and by two o'clock I must have the goats home for milking." Her immediate problem blotted out any future thoughts or fears.

"You must leave the goats. Get down the hill. Now, quickly." He held out his hand to pull the girl up.

"But ——"

"There is no but. You must come."

She got up.

"Will it reach the houses?"

"I don't know. But come."

When they reached the settlement Rew released the girl's hand.

"If it comes here will we die?"

The old man looked at the girl.

"No," he said. "We will get away."

"But how? We have nothing but a few fishing boats."

"I know. But help will come. . . ."

"I must go now," he went on. "I have things to do."

"Uncle Rew? Sweet Uncle Rew?"

"Yes." He was impatient now to go.

"Have we got today?"

"Yes."

"And tomorrow?"

He nodded.

"And the next day?"

"I do not know."

The tears had come again into the girl's eyes. She made no attempt now to wipe them away.

"But I am so young. There is still so much for me to do. . . ."

Rew walked on. It would do the girl no good, he thought, to let her see his grief for her.

Almost all the people of the settlement were gathered in the street outside Greg's shop. Greg had not opened the shop because it was a Sunday but he himself was there, standing in front of his door.

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Soon after Rew had started on his journey up the hill the thin spiral of smoke had become visible to the people down below. They knew that he had gone to the summit of the hill and they were waiting for him to return. They all noticed that gradually the faces and the hands and the Sunday clothes of their neighbors were being flecked with something like gray-colored ash. But no one spoke of it.

"What is it?" they asked, when at last they saw him. "What is happening up there?"

For a long time, when he had told them, no one spoke. Then Greg came away from the door of his shop.

"What time is it?"

Few people on the island wore watches on working days but on Sundays there were several who wore them to show that they were men of property.

"It is ten to three," one man said.

"I make it twenty to," said another.

"Where is the wireless man?" asked Greg.

"I am here," said the wireless man. His face, that usually was a glossy black like a starling's wing, was a pallid gray. It was fear and not the falling flecks of ash that had made it so.

"What exactly is the time?" Greg asked him.

He looked at his watch. "It is sixteen minutes to the hour."

"How long will it take you to get to your post?"

The wireless post, as everybody knew, was on the other side of the island high on the slope where it faced in the direction of the mainland.

"Three quarters of an hour."

"And if you run?"

"Less. But what is the use? There is no one to hear at the other end until four o'clock."

"Is there nothing you can do until then?"

"No. There is nothing I can do."

"Go now, all the same. And when the time comes, at four o'clock tell them our news. Say that we must have help, quickly. Say that they must. . . ."

His voice suddenly stopped. He sensed the unease that was rustling and stirring the crowd. They were not ready yet he saw to understand or accept the implications of the lava flow. He turned to the wireless man.

"I will come with you."

"Yes," said the man. "It is better so. If you say it yourself they will take more notice."

"Come, then," said Greg. "Let us go."

They walked steadily, following a zigzag path that went up the side of the hill and over a shoulder of slope that cut them off from the eyes of the people watching in the settlement below. At last they came to the point of another shoulder and saw about a mile away the mast and structure of the wireless post.

"Oh, Jesus!" said the wireless man. His feet froze in the middle of his step.

Greg's eyes were not as sharp as the other man's and he did not know this stretch of hill so well. It wasn't until he followed the line of the outstretched pointing arm and narrowed his eyes that he saw it too.

"We must go back!" the wireless man said. He had already started to turn.

"No," said Greg. "We must go on."

The lava, he saw, was about fifty yards or so from the wireless post. It covered the upper part of the slope like a scab and from it came a steady, swirling mist of steam.

"We shall be killed," the wireless man said.

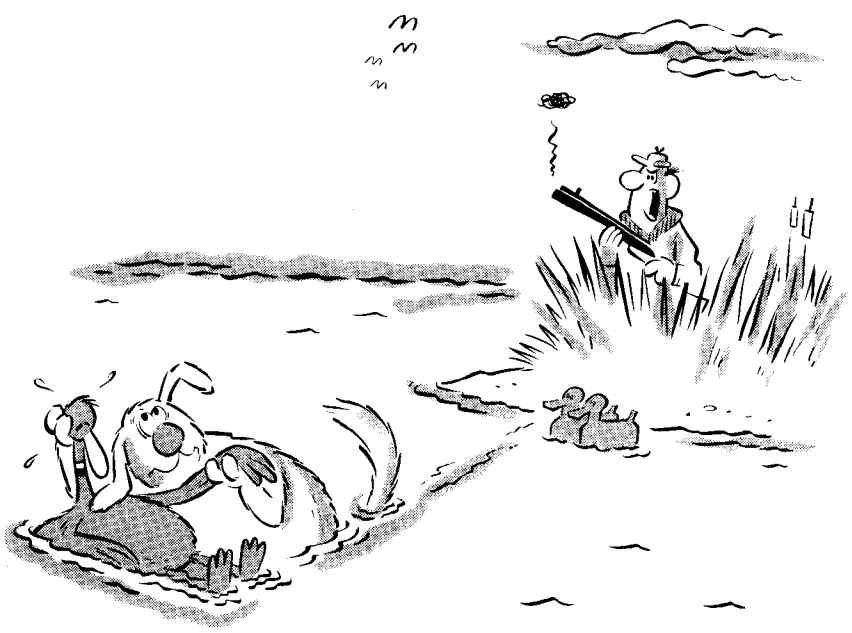
"We must go on."

Greg knew about the wireless man. He had when he was a boy been a fisherman until he discovered, and the other men discovered, that he had not got the gift of courage. He had left the island then and gone to the mainland. He had swept the floors of the wireless station there and polished the brass. Later, many years later, when he had learned the work, he had been sent back to the island as the wireless man.

"We must go on," Greg said. He didn't raise his voice or try to hold the other man's arm. "See," he went on. "It doesn't move, or if it moves it moves too slowly for the eye to see. We have time. We have time enough."

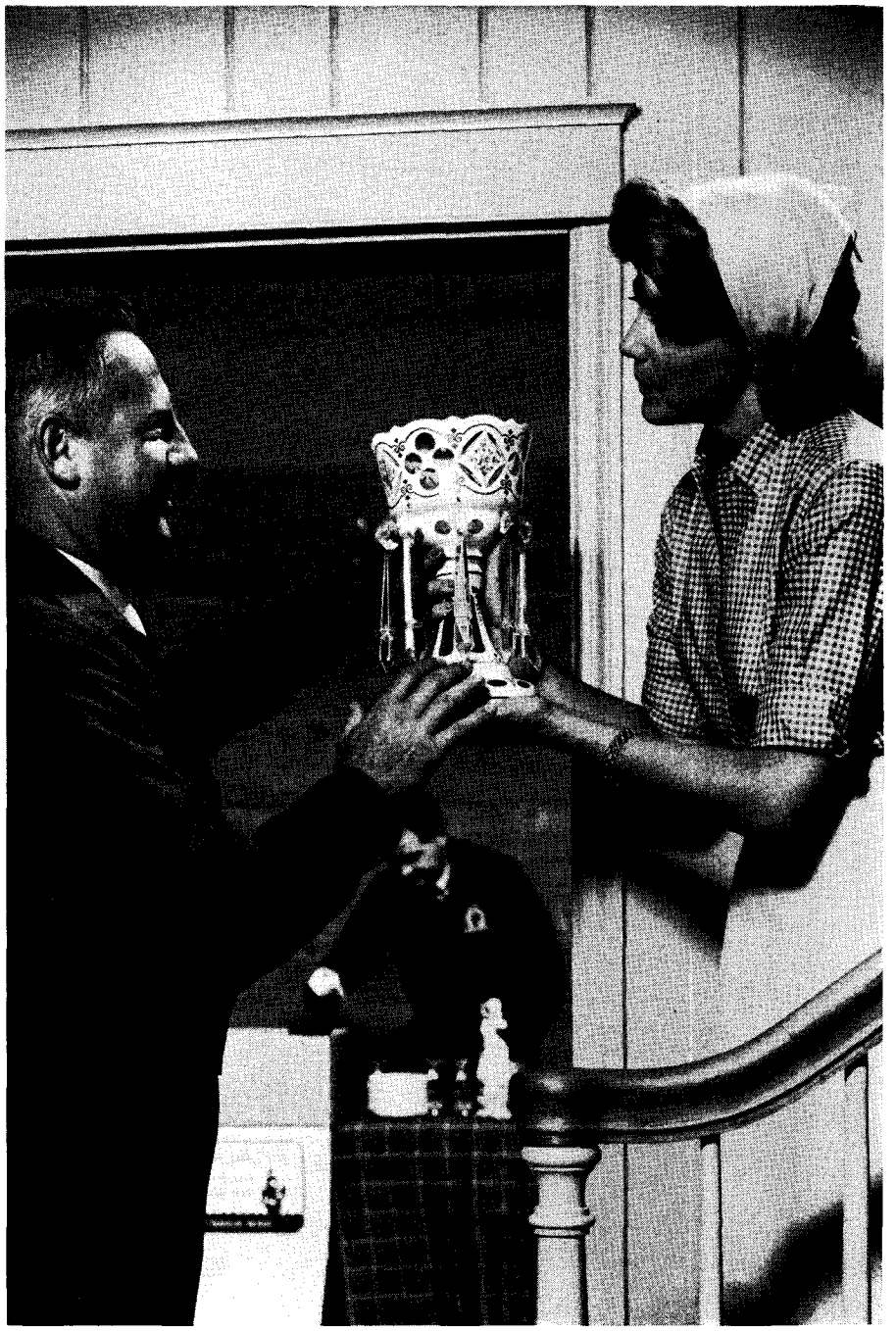
Greg walked on alone and soon he heard behind him the steps of the wireless man. When they reached the wireless post the lava was forty yards away. The time was half-past three.

The wireless post was a small, square building made of corrugated asbestos sheeting. There was a window that faced



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Will you please just bring me the duck?"



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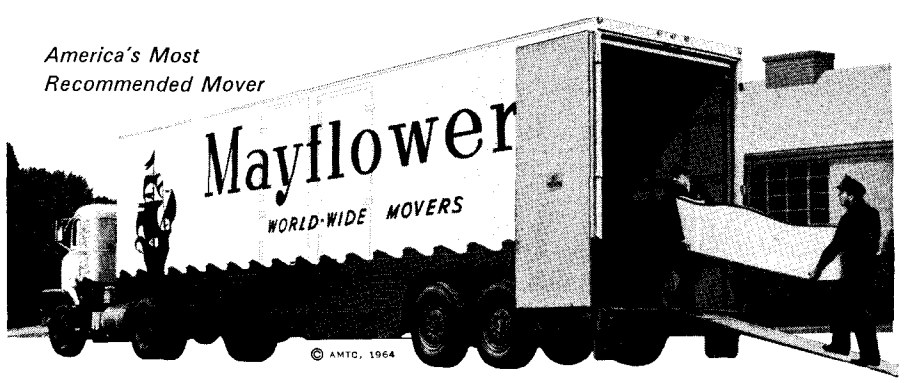

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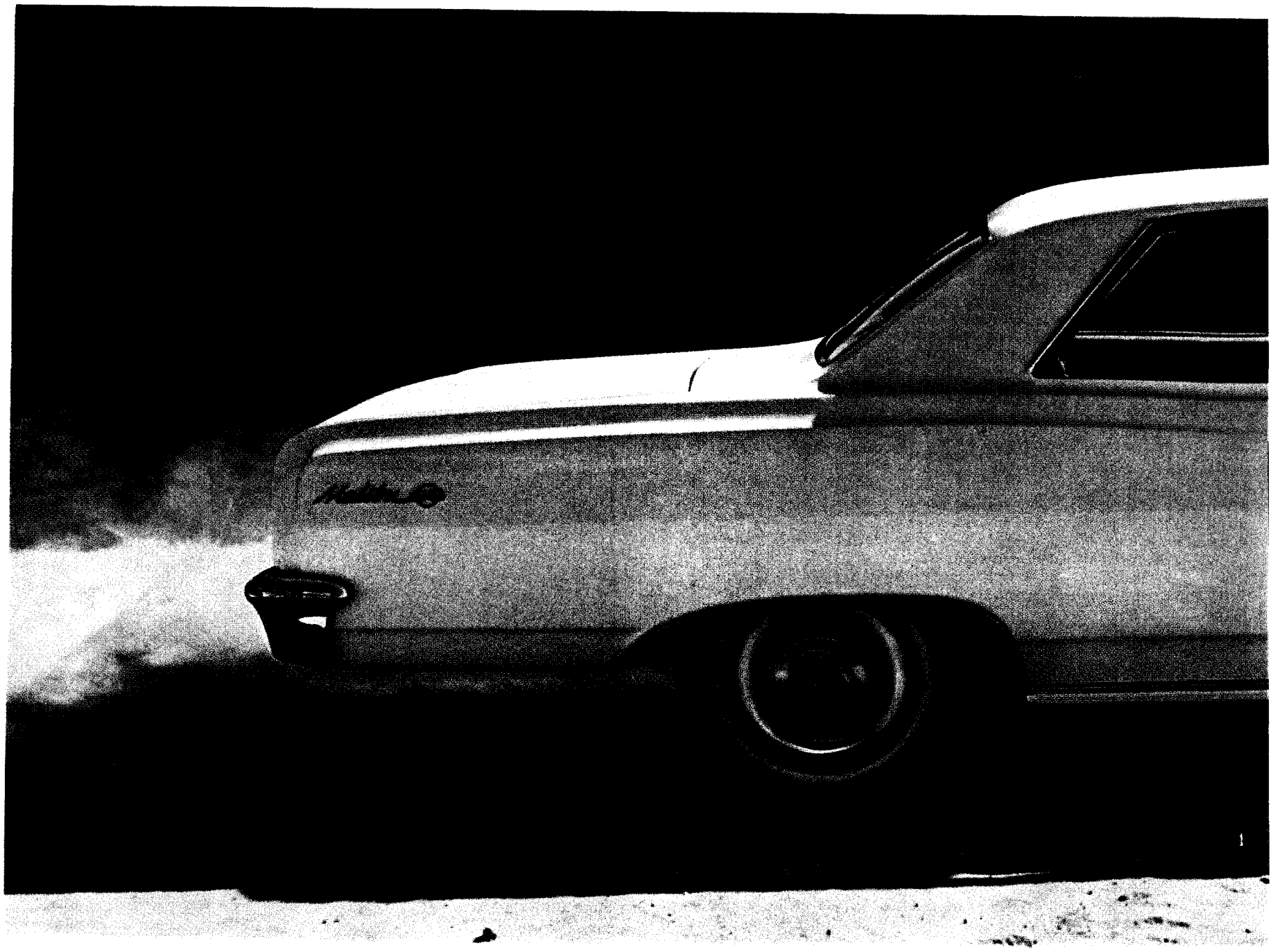

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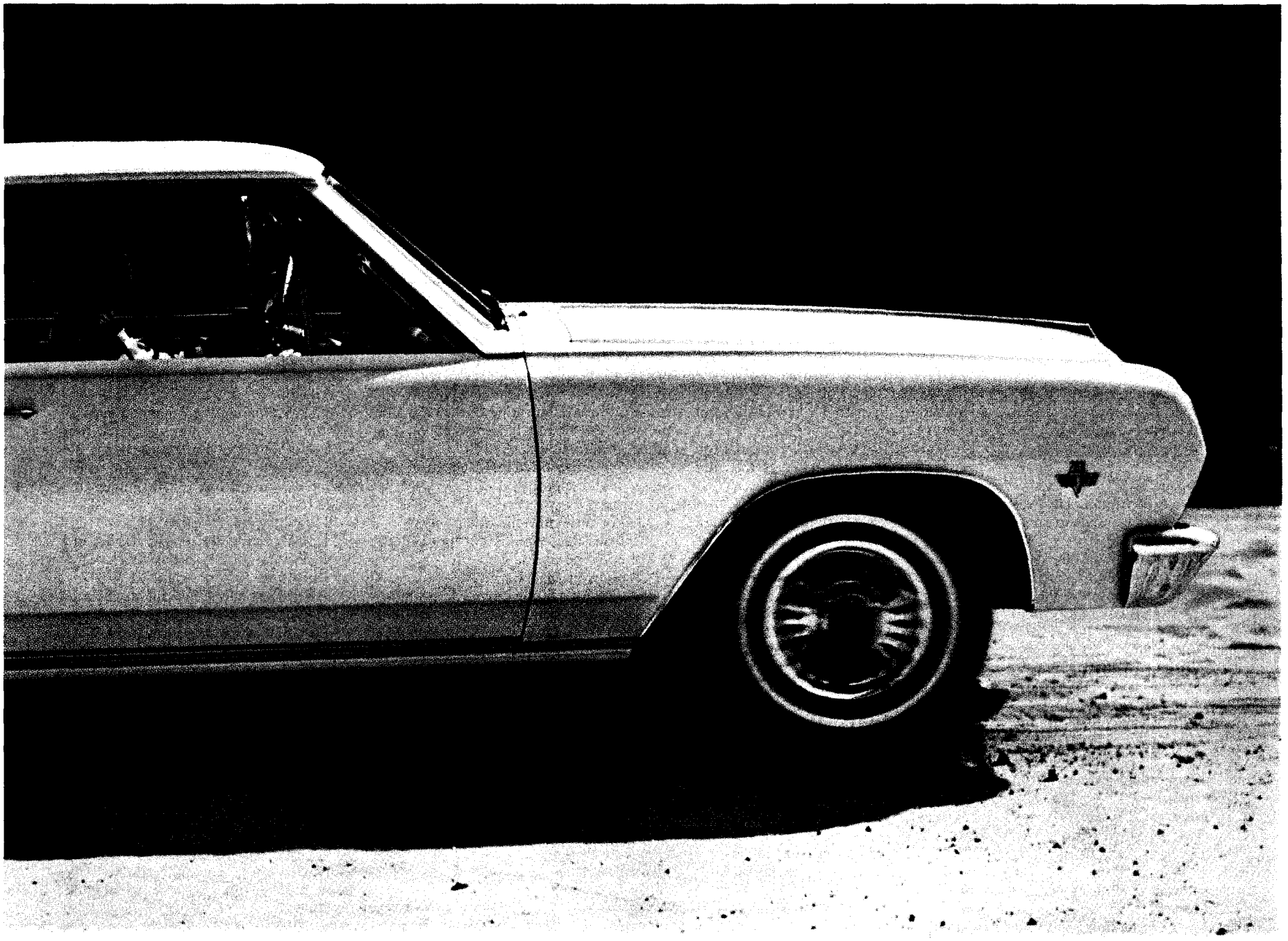

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the sea and a door of deal planks that faced the slope of the hill.

Greg stood in the doorway, his bulk blocking the view.

"Try them, man," he said. "Keep on trying. They may come on early today. I will watch the hill."

The wireless man did as he was told. He got no answer from the other end. After ten minutes of trying he looked over his shoulder. All he could see was Greg's bulk.

"How is it? Has it moved?"

"Yes. But only a little. We have plenty of time." The Chinese elements in his face, and many years in the retail business, enabled Greg to lie without detection. "Go on trying, all the same. The sooner we get through to them the better."

"Yes, Greg," the man said.

"Are you going to ask them to send a boat?" he asked later. He still hadn't got an answer.

"Yes."

"To take everyone off?"

Greg didn't say anything. He was watching the lava. It was now no more than ten feet from the door.

At two minutes to four he shut the door and came into the room. He was in tune with the other man's fear. He too lacked the gift of bodily courage, but he had resolution. "Try again now," he said.

It was nearly a minute after the hour before the man on the mainland replied.

"Hullo, there," he said. "Everything OK?"

"No. It is bad. It is very bad. Can you hear me? Now listen."

"Get on with it man," said Greg. For the first time his voice had departed from its quiet, level tone.

"There is someone else here to speak to you, Greg. The man of the shop. Yes. Greg. . . . Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ!"

The wireless man had felt a movement at his feet and looked down and saw the black stuff oozing over his shoes and then a moment later he began to feel the heat of it.

"Oh, Christ!" he went on. "Oh, Christ!"

"For God's sake keep the channel open," Greg said. He took the receiver and spoke into it.

"Yes," the man at the other end said, jotting down the message on the pad. "Yes."

The wireless man was screaming now as the lava reached and seared his ankles. But he kept the contact open and Greg, kneeling on the other chair, went on with his news, and his demands.

Suddenly the door burst open and a wall of lava four feet high rolled slowly and heavily into the room. Greg lifted his knees off the chair and lay on the table, and still the wireless man, screaming, kept the contact open.

"Have you got that?" Greg said. "Is it clear?"

"Yes," said the voice at the other end. "Go on."

"When can we expect . . .?"

Suddenly the contact was lost. Greg put out his hand to try to reach the wireless man as he floundered in the black treacly mass. He couldn't reach him, and a moment later the table collapsed and Greg too was floundering and reaching out his hands for help. But all he grasped was the heavy steamy air.

Down below in the settlement the time was half past five.

"Where can they be?" someone said to no one in particular. "They should be back by now."

"Perhaps they have gone to look at the hill." But Rew knew that the slope on that side was steep and that there was no path that led to the top of the hill.

Soon afterward he said that he would go and look for them. He started up the zigzag path with Tomo, and Adam followed.

"What has happened to them?" he asked.

"I do not know," said Rew. Already in his heart he knew.

The wireless mast was still there they saw when they reached the shoulder of the hill, but of the small square building and of Greg and the wireless man there was no sign at all. The sheet of lava rolled slowly and remorselessly down the slope toward the sea.

"I wonder," Rew said, as they ran back down the zigzag path, "whether they got a message through?"

"I wonder," said Adam. "I wonder too if we shall ever know whether they did or no."

Greg's wife was a slim, slight woman with a pale, slightly freckled skin and green eyes and long sandy-colored hair.

"He was very brave," Rew said. "He must have seen the lava there."

"Yes," said the wife, whose name was Gay. She alone perhaps of all the people there knew her husband's sense of fear. "Yes. I know."

She said nothing after that for some time, and all the men there outside the shop looked down at their feet and waited on her silence.

"I think," she said at last, "that I will open the shop. I think that is what he would have done."

"Today? On a Sunday?" someone asked.

"Yes. It is a Sunday. But today you all have need of the shop and I will open it."

When it was opened, and the men, uncertainly at first, and some of the women even, went inside and asked for, and were given mugs of tea, then everybody knew at last, with a kind of certainty, that this really was the threshold of disaster. Nothing that had happened up to then, neither the movements of the earth, nor the news of the lava, nor the smoke or the falling dust, not even the disappearance of Greg and the wireless man, convinced them as much as this opening of the shop on a Sunday.

It was in Greg's shop soon after this that the people held their first council of war.

Rew had said, when he saw the fissure and the flows of lava at midday, that if nothing new happened they would have the rest of the day and the night and probably another day before there was any danger to the settlement. Others had been to see and this too was their opinion: because of the configuration of the land and the way the fissure had opened on the other western side of the hill.

"Perhaps the flow of black stuff will cease," the hopeful said.

"Perhaps."

". . . or flow only the other way."

"It is possible," said Rew, "but I think it will come here too."

"Then what shall we do?"

They decided in the end to do nothing. It was already evening and soon it would be dark. The island people had courage at sea and in pain and in adversity, but they were frightened of the night.

"We will look again in the morning," they said, "and then we will decide what to do."

"Yes," said the others. "Yes." Death in the close familiar comfort of their cottages seemed better to most of them than wandering among the dark spirits and hobgoblins of the night. As they walked home each one calculated in his mind. "If Greg and the wireless man had got a message through to the mainland and there was a boat there and the boat was ready and if it was sent without any delay, then, if the weather was good it could reach them in three days. Not tomorrow or the next day but on the evening of the day after that. That meant a night, if Rew was right, and a day, and then another night and still most of another day that they would have to spend in some other place.

The dogs whined and barked all through the night, and the goats bleated on the hill. The Reverend Christian Addy knelt at his altar rail and some of the women joined him there. In the hut by the sea the fishermen got drunk. Some others, men who were not fishermen, came to the door and were, after an interval, invited in.

All through the night the ash fell, and next day, when it was light enough to see, the settlement was covered in a dust of it that deadened sound and made it look like a strange new place that no one knew or recognized.

When Rew and other men had been up the hill and looked and came back they held another council of war.

"We must move. The lava still flows, and it has found one of the gullies that leads to our watercourse."

"How long have we got?"

"It will come, we think, during the night. We must move today."

"But where? Where shall we go?"

During the night's thinking all the men had come to the same answer. They knew now where they had to go, and each knew by looking at his neighbor's face that the other knew. They had known in fact, most of them, the evening before, but none was yet ready to admit to it. The only place to go was Carey's Hump, and Carey's Hump was a place above all others on the island that they feared.

At the northern end of the island there was a fault. Many, many years ago a chunk of cliff had broken away and fallen into the lagoon that encircled the island between the shore and the reef. Between this fallen chunk of cliff and the main body of the island there was a divide like a saddle. The lava coming down the slope would flow into this, and then when it reached the bulk of the fallen cliff it would part and flow into the sea on either side. On this chunk of fallen cliff and on the beach below they would be safe, for a little while at least.

Few people went to Carey's Hump. It had a bad name. No one alive had been harmed there or come to actual grief but it had all the same a very bad name. No one had ever slept there the night.

When everything had been arranged the Reverend Christian Addy had something to say.

"Before we do anything, before we leave our town, let us go into the church and pray."

"There is no time, padre." It was one of the fishermen who spoke.

"There is always time for God "

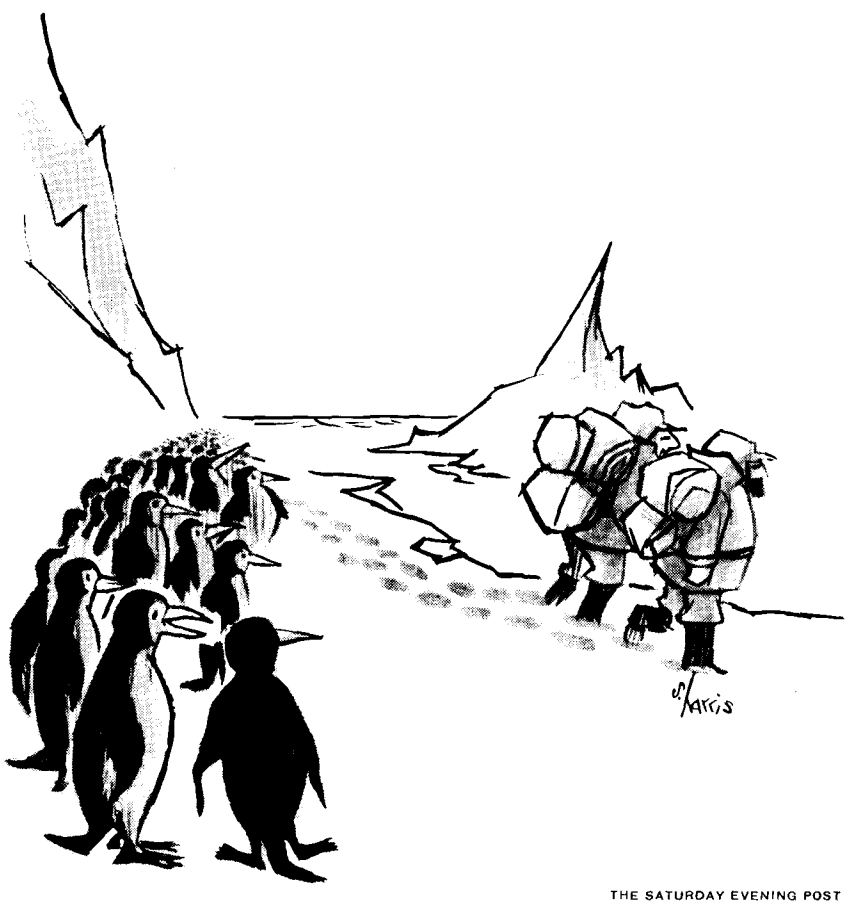
The parson walked up the road toward the church and some of the people followed him.

"There is no time for it."

The people who were walking toward the church and the others who had stayed turned to see who the speaker was. It was Rew. "Many of you will have to make the journey several times. And the path is difficult and steep. Collect your things now. There is no time to spare."

The parson stopped in his tracks to listen to what Rew said. His eyes as he listened were hard and angry. Then he turned again, and walked on alone toward the church.

Then Rew did a very unusual thing.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You see fewer and fewer of them these days. They're probably becoming extinct."

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"Hannah," he called.

She came out of the crowd and stood there near him but still a little apart.

"Go to my hut and take what you need. And take enough for the two of us."

It was very quiet in the street and no one said a word. Never in all their lives had any one of them heard a man call so to a widow openly.

Then Hannah too did a very unusual thing. She made a curtsy, a slow, old-fashioned curtsy to the man.

"Master," she said, using the slave's old words, "I go now."

Rew frowned. He knew he had made a mistake. He had called out to Hannah, in front of all the people, to emphasize and make a show of his new authority. He knew that he was right about the praying. There was no time for it. The important thing now at this moment was to get the people to pack up their things and to start on the journey to Carey's Hump. The packing and the walking must be done not only before the lava reached the settlement but while the path over the cliff was still clear. Once the lava reached the path they would be trapped. Their only means of escape would be the six small fishing boats.

And yet Rew knew that to impose his will on the people and to assert his persuasion against the parson's he had chosen a means that might in the end destroy them all. He had broken a custom. He had deliberately undone one of the well-worn strings that held the community together. First Greg's wife had done it when she opened the shop on a Sunday. Then the fishermen had invited men who were not fishermen to drink with them. Now Rew himself had done it when he called to Hannah in front of everyone.

The people were moving away now toward their huts to collect the things they needed. They buzzed with muted talk like flies on a summer window frame. Rew could guess the nature and the texture of their talk. He frowned again.

"You have taken much upon yourself, Uncle Rew. You are right, but you have taken much upon yourself."

It was Adam who had stayed behind to talk to him.

"Yes," said Rew. "I know."

"There will be trouble on Carey's Hump."

"Yes," said Rew again. "I know."

"It is like a boat. It all hangs together. If you disturb a nail or a board the balance is upset. Other nails will work loose, and other boards."

"Yes," said Rew. "It was a foolish thing I did."

"And yet," Adam conceded, "it had to be done."

When the dawn came next morning on Carey's Hump most of the people were awake. They had been awake all through the night. When they took a tally they were surprised and disappointed in a way that everyone was there. Even Carey's Hump had not lived up to its reputation. Again they felt disturbed at yet another upset to their well-worn customs and beliefs. Many had heard strange noises, or imagined them, but now in the morning no one was actually dead or demented or diseased.

Between where they were and the settlement there was a stretch of cliff which blocked their view. But they could see the path they had used the day before. The lava was coming down the hill now toward the path but the path itself was still clear. Some of them decided to take the boats round to see what had happened at the settlement. The fishermen had brought the boats round inside the shelter of the reef from the settlement anchorage, and secured them beside the beach at Carey's Hump.

There were six fishing boats in all with room enough, if need be, for five or six in each.

The padre went in one of the boats to see if the church still stood. They came back in the middle of the day. It was the padre who was first ashore to tell the news.

"The settlement is untouched," he said. "The lava flows but the settlement is untouched." They could all sense the satisfaction in his voice, and the bitterness.

"So," he went on, "there would have been time to pray. There is always time for God. But you listened to foolish men. You would not heed my words."

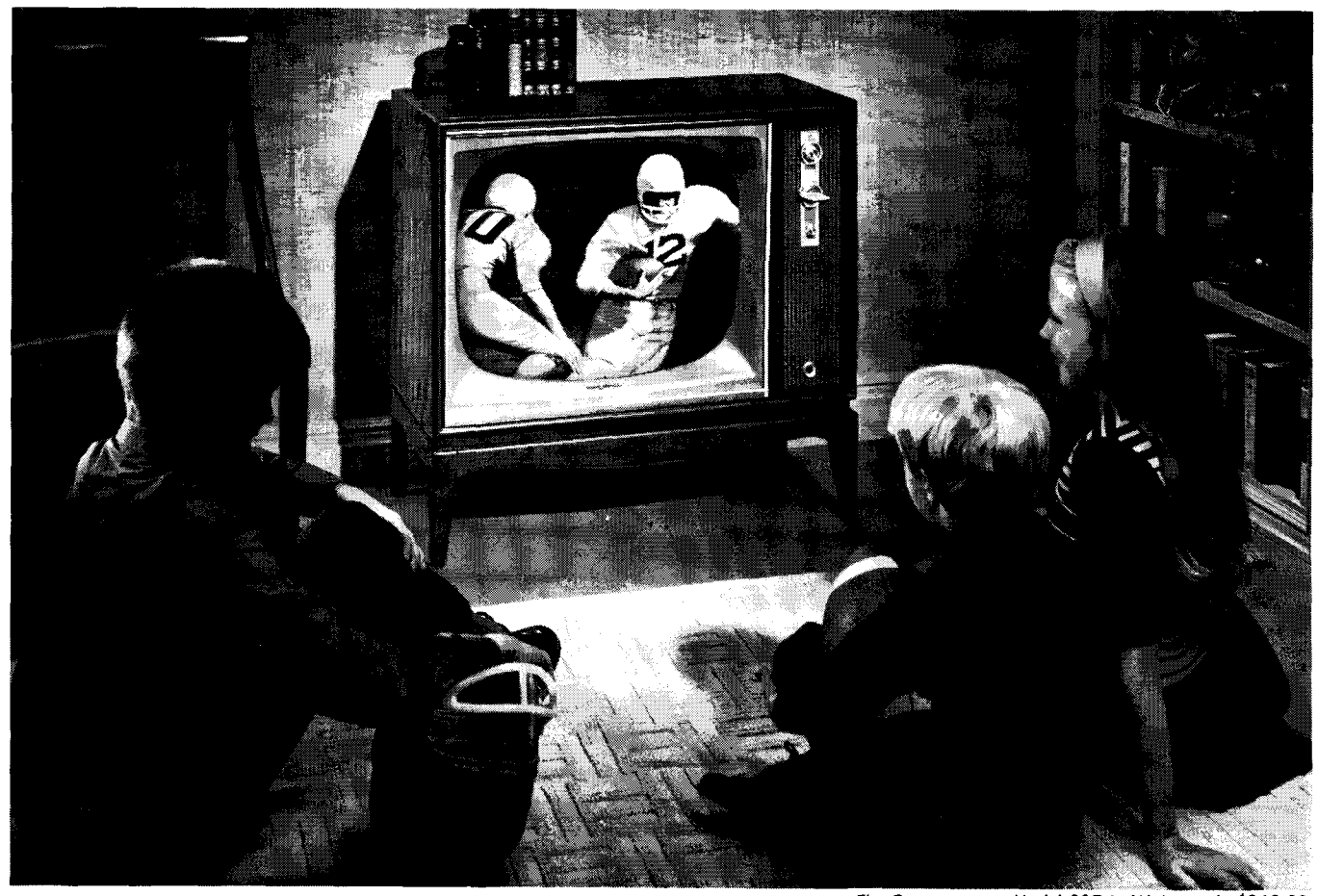
His voice had risen in pitch and he was quivering with the tension of his anger.

"Now you have lost your chance. Now God will have no mercy on you. And you will die . . . here on this hump like fish caught on the sand that breathe and yet cannot take in life."

Rew got up from where he was sitting and walked down toward the beach where the padre was and stood there near him. In his hand was a stick.

"I do not believe," the Reverend Christian Addy went on, "that Greg got any message through. No ship will come! No ship will come!"

He was hysterical now in his anger, and his voice was high-pitched like that of a woman.



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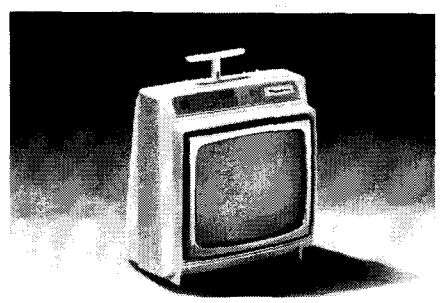

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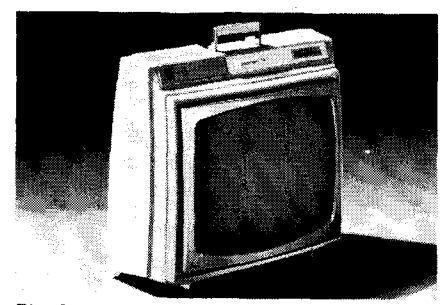

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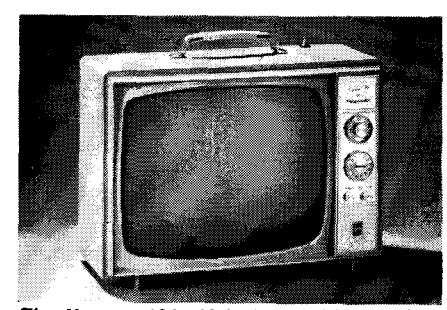

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The Quiet Island

"Do not destroy their hope," Rew said, quietly so that no one else could hear. "It is the only thing they have. It is the only thing that holds them together."

For a moment the Reverend Christian Addy paused and looked at Rew. There was a moment of absolute silence, and in the silence a baby cried and a dog barked.

Suddenly the earth trembled. The movement and the noise were greater than anything that had happened before. A great mass of smoke rose from the hill, and reflected in the lower part of the cloud the people saw for the first time the glow of fire.

"No!" the parson shouted. "No!" The sight of the group of people huddled together on the hump of hill and on the narrow stretch of sand, and the trembling of the earth, the dark cloud and the glow of fire gave him a tremendous sense of power. He was Moses in the Wilderness; he was the prophet Isaiah. The harsh authoritarian simplicities of the Old Testament drove out the subtle subversive compassions of the New.

"No," he said again. "There is no hope. This is the end. Now at last God will punish you . . ." He paused, stretching out his arms in drama as he had seen them do in the film of *The Ten Commandments*. ". . . punish, and destroy you all."

He had never felt so moved, nor so full of power.

"Be quiet, man," said Rew. "Be quiet." He spoke softly still but his words were clear now to everyone.

"Who are you to quiet me? You, Rew! I speak for God and I will not be quieted by you, nor by any man. Get down on your knees, people. Nothing can save you now. but pray, before it is too late for His forgiveness. Pray, pray you miserable sinners, before you die. . . ."

Rew went up to the padre and hit him with the stick. The stick caught him across the head and the noise of the impact was like it is when a boat strikes a reef.

That night, just before twelve, the padre died. At three o'clock in the morning it started to rain.

Next day when they went to look they saw that the settlement had disappeared. The lava stretched in an unbroken flow from the summit of the hill to the sea. It hissed when it met the water, and slowed in pace, but it still flowed on.

The débris of the settlement was in the lava, and on the shore and in the sea. But there was nothing standing on the land. Except one thing. The church was the only building of brick on the island, and rising above the level of the lava the watchers in the boats saw the cross of metal still untouched and unmoved by the lava's weight and flow.

The people were disturbed when they heard this news. They looked at the body of the padre, and moved their lips in prayer. They felt a sense of guilt and looked for someone else to blame. They looked at Rew. Their faces and hands and clothes and hair were covered now with the falling ash, smeared into gray streaks and patches by the rain. They looked like witches and lepers and corpses washed up by the sea.

"When will the boat be here?" they asked. They had asked the question many times. Now it was an accusation and no longer a question.

"This evening," Rew said again, "if Greg got the message through, and if . . . ."

"If what?" It was like a derisive chorus in a tragedy.

". . . if there is no delay."

A man got up, and spat at Rew's feet. He was a thick-set powerful man with a very black and shining skin, and a cast in his eye.

"If there is no delay." He imitated Rew's level voice, making it sound an indecisive, ineffective thing. He hunched his shoulders until Rew's quiet diffidence seemed to hang from them like a cloak. He snapped his fingers and a black and white dog came to him, cringing under his snapping fingers.

"If there is no delay Tomo, sweet Tomo." The dog licked his hands.

Suddenly he kicked the dog, and stood up to his full commanding height, and used his own deep voice, thrusting the parody of Rew away from him as if it were some useless discarded thing.

"Man," he said, addressing no particular one, "I'll tell you. I'll tell you who knows whether a ship will come. The only one who knows. He lives up there, man."

The people followed the line of his pointing hand and looked into the hard, blue bowl of the sky and the harsh merciless sun.

"Get down on your knees, like the parson said, and ask Him!"

Some of the women moved and put their faces into the sand or the tufted grass.

"*O God,*" the thick-set man started, "*our help in ages past!*"

He had a fine deep voice, dark and satanic and full of strength. Others took up the lead of the voice, and soon they were all singing the hymn.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The words, lengthened by the accent of the island people and strengthened by the natural richness of their voices, went out over the sea and reached up hopefully into the sky.

They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

At the end of the verse the earth started to tremble again. The voices faded away and soon the only sound was the whimpering of the dog that the man had kicked. The trembling of the earth went on for a long time.

The thick-set man saw that no one was looking at him. He had lost his command of them. The people sat or stood or knelt, looking down at their passive, folded hands and their bare, dusty toes, but the ashes of the emotion generated by the hymn were still warm in them and could, he knew, be fanned into another kind of fire.

"Hannah." The quiet, imitating voice mocked again into the silence. "Hannah. Come here."

The thick-set man clicked his fingers and a thin brown girl took a pace forward, watching him out of the whites of her eyes. He commanded her with a movement of his head. She took another reluctant compulsive step.

"Come here, sweet Hannah." The thin girl had shut her eyes. Her head was thrown back and her arms outstretched on either side of her like wings. She moved a step at a time toward the voice. When her outstretched arms touched the thick-set man she started to scream.

No one moved. Some turned their heads aside, not wanting to see, but no one moved. Not even Rew. He knew that the mockery had destroyed him, and he knew too that if he moved now the people would kill him.

"What are you?" The man's voice was back now to its normal depth of tone. The mockery of Rew was ended and something else had begun. Something that all the people knew would destroy them as surely and as finally as the mockery had destroyed Rew. Yet they could not resist it. They were tired, and without direction, and without hope.

"What are you?" the man said again.

"I am a woman."

The girl's voice was now a deep, a throaty, carefully simulated provocation. The voice, like the question and the answer, was part of an inheritance with roots that went deep like an ancient tree.

"Ah!" said the man. "A woman. And what am I?"

"You are a man."

He had started to circle slowly round the girl, and she, though her eyes were shut, turned as he moved, following him as the face of a flower follows the movement of the sun.

"Death has come to us, woman."

"Death! Death! Death!" The crowd repeated the words in a whispered sing-song chorus.

The man's voice was like an incantation and a ritual. This was what his forebears had said, and this was the way they had said it, in a dark forest or in some reedy swamp over the corpses of a tribal war, or a famine or a disease.

The singing and the circling and the clapping and the ritual went on all through the afternoon. The bodies gleamed and ran with sweat.

Rew stood apart with Hannah and watched the sea. There was nothing else that he could do.

Later, in the evening, the goatgirl Lou came to the place where Rew and Hannah were.

"Let me stay with you."

"Yes," they said.

"The men are looking now all the time at my legs and thighs, and reaching out their hands for me."

"Is it not truly," Hannah said quietly, "what you want?"

Lou picked at her toes. Hannah turned the girl's face with her hand and looked into it and then turned it away.

"Stay then," said Rew, "and when you want to, go." The sun was near the horizon and there was no sign of any ship.

The lava covered all the slope behind them now. It covered even the saddle that connected the fallen cliff with the land, and oozed and sucked at the flank of it a dozen feet or so below the top of Carey's Hump. The people who had put their blankets near the top had moved down toward the beach. On both sides of the Hump the lava flowed slowly across the sand and gave a hissing sound when it reached the sea.

Darkness fell, and still there was no sign of a ship.

There were many fights during the night, and screams and shouts and wild laughter. Tomo crouched shivering in the hollow where Rew and Hannah lay, and Rew reached out and put his hand on the dog's head. Once when they sat up to look once more toward the sea they saw that Lou had gone.

At five past two in the morning the master of the ship sent for Andrews. Andrews had been searching into the night glasses for a sight of the island.

"You've been to this place before, Andrews, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I did the trip once with the supply boat that goes to the island once a quarter."

"What's it like?"

"Well, sir. It's . . . it's small."

The ship's captain started to fill a pipe.

"We should be off the anchorage by the settlement in an hour. Will the people be under control? Do you think they will do what they are told quietly and without too much fuss?"

"Yes, sir," said Andrews, "unless. . . ."

"Unless what?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey—people are trying to sleep!"

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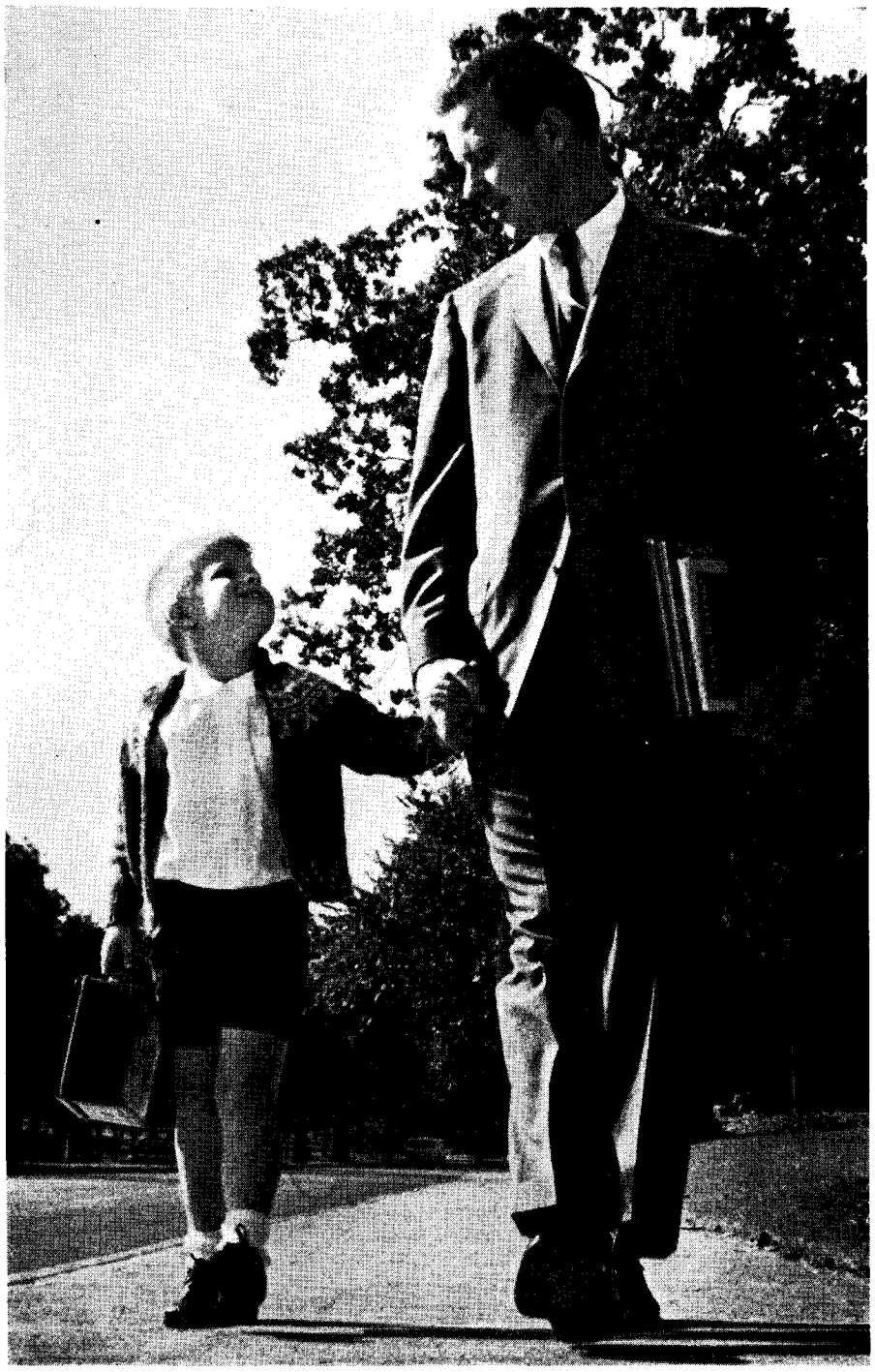

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The Quiet Island

"Well, we don't know what's happened to them really, do we?"

"No." The older man lit his pipe. "I see what you mean."

"Shall we have to take them off, sir?" Andrews asked. He had a boyish ruddy face with straight fair hair and gray-blue eyes. He was only twenty-three.

"I don't know yet. We shall have to see."

"They are funny people," Andrews said. "A bit out of this world—if you know what I mean. A bit cut off. . . ."

"Are they all colored people?"

"I reckon so, sir. A bit of this and a bit of that. It used to be a sort of penal settlement, they say, and then later they dumped slaves on it who were taken off American and Spanish slaving ships and freed, poor devils, years ago."

"And no doubt," the captain said, "since then various ships have called there from time to time and added their quota to the mixture of race and blood and color. What about the parson?"

"He's different. He's white. He's . . ."

A man came up to the bridge.

"Something to report, sir," he said.

"Yes?"

"There's a sort of ash falling on the ship. Greasy gray stuff."

"Oh," said the captain. "I see."

Long before they got to the anchorage they saw the smoke rising and curling and drifting from the top of the hill, and they saw too that there were no lights of any kind in the settlement.

"Looks bad, sir," said Andrews.

"Perhaps they've had it." The captain lit his pipe again. "But we'd better go round the island just in case."

The ship lay in the deep water beyond the reef at Carey's Hump and waited for the dawn. The Captain didn't like it at all. To start with there was no passage through the reef on this side of the island: it was going to be difficult to get the people onto the ship. But what worried him even more was the belching smoke from the hill and the continual trembling of the land. He could see it reflected in ripples and waves and eddies in the sea.

He had never seen a volcano in action before. But he had heard and read enough about them to know that at any minute the whole thing might blow up and bring half the hill down on top of his ship. He didn't, however, say anything about this to Andrews.

"They've got some boats there, I see. Do you think that they could get them round to the other side? To the passage in the reef where the settlement . . . was?"

"No, sir," said Andrews.

"I see," said the captain, when he had looked through the glasses. The lava was still flowing into the sea, and there were lumps and bumps of it in places right across the lagoon.

"Then we'll have to send our boats to the edge of the reef and take the people on from there. Thank God the sea is still fairly calm."

Already, they saw, one of the fishing boats had put out from the shore and was making its way across the shallow lagoon toward the reef.

Andrews went in the ship's boat and jumped onto the reef. The surface broke under his feet but lower down it held. When he drew his leg out of the coral it had already started to bleed.

"Cripes!" he said. Not because of the blood. It was because when he drew his leg up out of the broken coral he had turned his head, and he had seen the first boatload of people from the shore.

Their faces were smeared still with the ash and the rain, and their hands and their hair and their clothes and their feet. They looked like people who had been in an explosion in the boiler room. But it wasn't this so much that shocked Andrews. It was because none of the people smiled or cheered or even looked at him. No greetings were said, or thanks. They didn't even talk among themselves or look at one another. They stared silently down into the well of the boat, or out to sea. They climbed out of the fishing boat and onto the reef, and clutched their small possessions, and jumped when they were told into the boat on the seaward side. No one said a word even when one of the women missed her footing and fell into the sea. They said nothing still when the sailors pulled her out. It was the silence of a deep, collective shame.

All the people in the first boat were women. Some were young and some were old, but in every case their clothes were ripped and torn.

In the second boat there was a dog.

"Sorry," said Andrews to the man who held the animal, "we can't take them."

For a moment a pair of eyes looked at him, challenging his word.

"Sorry," said Andrews again. He turned his head away.

There was no spirit left in them he saw, or self-respect. Quickly the eyes were low-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You won't believe it, but my measurements are the same as Jayne Mansfield's."

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ered and the challenge given up. The dog went back in the boat alone with the fisherman. It whined, and once it barked.

Andrews spoke to one of the sailors in the ship's boat.

"Bring it with you on the next trip," he said.

When about half the people had been taken off, Andrews went back to the beach with one of the fishermen. He had seen the inert figure on the sand and wondered what it was.

"What happened?" he asked.

"It's the padre," a man explained. "He died."

"How?"

"He fell from the path when we came here. He fell and his head hit a rock. We carried him here."

At the end of each sentence the man looked for support from the others. They nodded their heads and chorused their assent. Rew stood apart from the others. Beside him Hannah was the only woman left on the shore.

"Put him in the boat," Andrews said. They carried the corpse and put it in the fishing boat.

When the fishing boat came back for the last time there was one of the ship's men in it. He had a rifle in each hand. On the shore there were now only four people left. Rew and Hannah, and another man and Andrews. And the dogs. In all there were about thirty dogs. Most of the island families had dogs, and they had come with the people when they went to Carey's Hump.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rew.

Andrews looked at his feet, and then at the sea. He didn't look at Rew.

"We must shoot the dogs," he said.

Rew didn't question it. He had seen the dog that was sent back the first time, and he knew that the dogs would be left behind. He knew too that in a few days they would all be at one another's throats from loneliness and lack of food. Tomo lay quietly at his feet.

"Go now, Hannah," he said.

"And you?" she said. She had her bundle ready in her hand.

"No," he said.

She put her bundle down. "Then I will stay."

Andrews moved away with the man who had brought the rifles. They began to drive the dogs up toward the far end of the beach. The other man from the island climbed into the waiting boat, and sat in the stern.

"You must go, Hannah," Rew said.

"Why will you not come?" she asked. "Because of the killing? You heard what the others said."

Rew shook his head.

She saw that he wouldn't be moved by argument, and she started to weep. Quietly and without tears.

"Then let me stay. We can catch fish and perhaps the black stuff will go. . . ."

Rew picked up her bundle and walked to the boat and put it there. Tomo followed at his heels and then followed him again when he returned to where the woman stood.

The first shot came from the other end of the beach: and then quickly another, and several more. The other dogs barked and one snapped at Andrews' legs.

"Get into the boat," Rew said. But she didn't move. After a long pause one of her feet moved in a small movement on the sand. They waited there until there were no more shots, and they saw that Andrews and the other man were walking back toward the boat.

Hannah climbed into the boat and sat in the prow looking outward at the sea. Rew stood on the beach. He held Tomo in his arms across his chest.

"Get into the boat, man," Andrews said. "We must go." His face was streaked and blotched with tears.

"No," said Rew.

Andrews stood there facing him. He still had the rifle in his hands.

"For the last time, get in."

"No," said Rew again. "I stay."

"You are crazy, man," said Andrews. "You don't stand a chance."

"Go," said Rew. "You can shoot me, and my dog if you will and take our bodies. But otherwise we stay." He started to walk away, his back to them, up toward the topmost part of Carey's Hump.

As the ship's boat drew away from the reef it started to rain. Hannah looked back once as they neared the ship, and saw the blurred fading image of the man standing on the hill, still holding the dog across his chest. The next time she looked the rain had blotted out her view.

"Why did he stay?" the captain asked.

There was no one to answer him. No one knew whether it was the killing, or the dog that had made him stay. No one knew. Neither Hannah, nor even Rew.

THE END

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The road to Hell is lined with those who say, "Well, go ahead if you really want to."

THE CLEAR TRACK

By JOHN O'HARA

Mr. Loxley hung his dinner jacket on the valet stand, undid his tie, took off his shirt and began to remove the studs and links. His wife, already in her bed, was lying with her head propped up, partly by her hand, partly by pillows. "I'm not a bit tired, and I thought I would be," said Nan Loxley.

"Then get dressed again and we'll go to El Morocco," said Joe Loxley.

"Are you out of your mind? El Morocco?" she said.

"Are *you* out of *your* mind? I was kidding. Nothing could make me leave this house."

"But it wasn't a bad party," said Nan. "I can't get over how well Amy looks. The operation slowed her down and made her take it easy. Which she wouldn't have done otherwise."

"Yes, but she's building up a full head of steam."

"Well, more power to her. Think of what it must be like to go on living with George Brown."

"We don't know anything about that. Personally, I don't imagine living with Amy would be any great treat." He tossed his shirt in the laundry hamper.

"Probably not, but she saved that marriage."

"I suppose she did. But then George was there to help her through the operation."

"Yes. But when it comes his turn, she'll be there, too. He looks seventy."

"Oh, the hell he does."

"He looks sixty-five," she said.

"Well, he damn near is. Three classes ahead of me," he said. "But he doesn't look seventy."

"I hope all our friends stay married, the rest of their lives. There isn't anything worth getting a divorce over, at our time of life."

"Unless two people hate each other," he said.

"No, not even that. Two years ago George and Amy hated each other. George with his damn little movie actress."

"And Amy," he said.

"And Amy, with her ambassador. But she was the one that made sense, and now I think they'll stick it out together. I hope so. They were very nice to each other tonight."

"You didn't expect them to be at each other's throat, did you?"

"No, but a couple of times I thought I detected real tenderness. They look after each other now, and they never used to."

"Don't count on it," he said. "You were in the other room, so you didn't see what I saw."

"What?"

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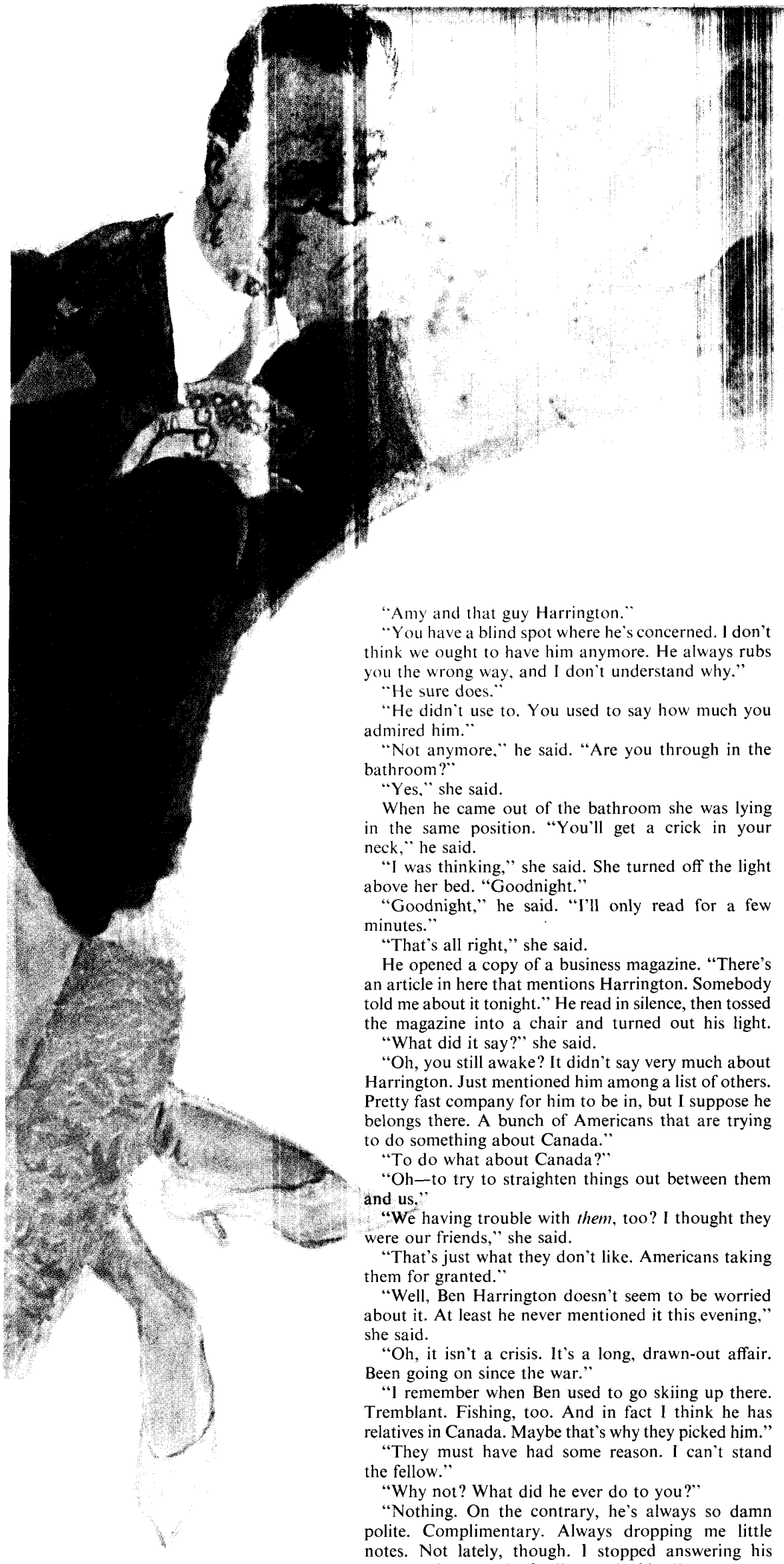

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PEPPER

"Amy and that guy Harrington."

"You have a blind spot where he's concerned. I don't think we ought to have him anymore. He always rubs you the wrong way, and I don't understand why."

"He sure does."

"He didn't use to. You used to say how much you admired him."

"Not anymore," he said. "Are you through in the bathroom?"

"Yes," she said.

When he came out of the bathroom she was lying in the same position. "You'll get a crick in your neck," he said.

"I was thinking," she said. She turned off the light above her bed. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight," he said. "I'll only read for a few minutes."

"That's all right," she said.

He opened a copy of a business magazine. "There's an article in here that mentions Harrington. Somebody told me about it tonight." He read in silence, then tossed the magazine into a chair and turned out his light.

"What did it say?" she said.

"Oh, you still awake? It didn't say very much about Harrington. Just mentioned him among a list of others. Pretty fast company for him to be in, but I suppose he belongs there. A bunch of Americans that are trying to do something about Canada."

"To do what about Canada?"

"Oh—to try to straighten things out between them and us."

"We having trouble with *them*, too? I thought they were our friends," she said.

"That's just what they don't like. Americans taking them for granted."

"Well, Ben Harrington doesn't seem to be worried about it. At least he never mentioned it this evening," she said.

"Oh, it isn't a crisis. It's a long, drawn-out affair. Been going on since the war."

"I remember when Ben used to go skiing up there. Tremblant. Fishing, too. And in fact I think he has relatives in Canada. Maybe that's why they picked him."

"They must have had some reason. I can't stand the fellow."

"Why not? What did he ever do to you?"

"Nothing. On the contrary, he's always so damn polite. Complimentary. Always dropping me little notes. Not lately, though. I stopped answering his notes, and I guess he finally got the hint."

"Bad manners are a pretty strong hint. I'm surprised he came tonight."

"He wants something," said Loxley.

"So must you, or you wouldn't have let me ask him."

"Me? What can he do for me? What has he got that I want?" said Loxley.

"I don't know. Maybe I could find out what he wants from you," she said.

"Oh, go to hell."

"*You* go to hell," she said.

He wanted to be gone before she sent for her breakfast, but she was awake before he was. "You're up early," he said.

"I have to be. I have some ladies coming for breakfast."

"Ladies coming for breakfast?"

"At ten o'clock. A committee meeting, and it was the only time we could all agree on. Will you have some of my coffee?"

"Is there anything in it—like arsenic?"

"I'd have put some in last night, willingly," she said.

"And as Churchill said to Lady Astor, I'd have drunk it." He poured coffee in her cup and drank it. "I take it you're putting off your breakfast till your ladies arrive?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't forget to have some," he said. "You don't eat enough. Let yourself get fat. After all, who cares?"

"I do."

"I don't mean that you have to get like Sophie Tucker. But you could eat a lot more, and you should. You could put on ten more pounds and it wouldn't do you a bit of harm."

"That isn't the same as getting fat," she said.

"I'm going to take off about ten pounds, then I'll be just about right."

"Yes, you can afford to lose ten pounds," she said.

He slapped his belly. "I'm going to cut out thick soups and dessert. That way I can lose ten pounds in a month."

"That's two-and-a-half pounds a week. I don't think it will be that easy," she said. "It's much easier to put on ten pounds than it is to lose it."

"In other words, we should both stay just the way we are?" he said.

"I didn't say that," she said. "No, you *should* lose ten or even fifteen pounds if you can do it slowly. I'll see that you're not tempted with thick soups and desserts, but that doesn't mean you're going to lose ten pounds in a month. After all, you're never home for

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Clear Track

lunch, and we go out a lot. We have dinner at home—what? Average twice a week. Next week we're out for dinner every night except Monday."

"We are? I hadn't realized that," he said.

"Well, *you* are. You have two dinners that I'm not going to."

"I know that. But what are the others?"

"Except for one, they're invitations we accepted long ago. The one exception is I told Ben Harrington we'd go to his dinner a week from Friday."

"I wish ——"

"I know what you're going to say. You wish I wouldn't accept that kind of invitation without consulting you. But I did accept it, and I hope you're not going to ask me to get you out of it."

"But that's what I *am* going to ask you. You have an easy out. Tell him you forgot we were going away that weekend."

"He knows we're *not* going away that weekend. His dinner is before Amy's dance, and he knows we're going to that. You wouldn't let me go to Amy's dinner, and I mentioned to Ben that we weren't going. So he invited us to his dinner and I accepted."

"I'd much rather have gone to Amy's dinner than to any dinner Ben Harrington's giving. Haven't I made it clear that I don't like the son of a bitch?"

"You made it clear enough last night, but by that time I'd already accepted," she said.

"Well, get me out of it," he said.

"No."

"Of course you will," he said. "Do it politely, if you like, but I'm not going. I'm just not going to his house, and you can count me out right now."

"But I'd like to go. I've never seen his new house, and I want to see what he's done with it."

"You mean what some decorator's done with it," he said.

"All right, what some decorator's done with it. Stanley Kurtz, as a matter of fact. I almost got Kurtz to do this house three years ago, and I hear he's done a wonderful job with Ben's. If we like it, we might consider him for Montego Bay."

"*I* won't consider him for Montego Bay. I can't imagine liking the same things that Ben Harrington likes. However, that's not the point right now. The point now is that you got us into the Harrington dinner, and you can get us out of it. I—am not going. If you're so dying to see the house, you can go without me."

"And meet you at Amy's dance? You want to be that pointedly rude?"

"I didn't get us into this."

"All right," she said.

"All right what?"

"I'll meet you at Amy's dance," she said.

"And go to Ben Harrington's without me?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you make a really big evening of it? I'll stay away from the dance, too."

"If that's what you want to do, all right," she said.

"How to start the day wrong," he said.

"Yes. And it's settled then, that I'm to get you out of Ben's dinner party."

"I was never really in it," he said. "I would like to know one thing. I know you never mentioned Ben Harrington as an old beau of yours, but was he, ever? Briefly?"

"Never. Not even briefly."

"Is that the trouble? That he wasn't and you wish he had been?"

"He was never *that* hard to get," she said. "Don't be any more unbearable than you have to be, Joe."

"Big word, unbearable," he said.

They carried on the numerous small transactions that are the formalities of a marriage during trying times, and though they avoided the topic of the coming Harrington dinner, it could not remain unavoidable forever. On the morning of the dinner Joe Loxley said to his wife, "I'm leaving right after lunch. Henry Pope and I are playing golf this afternoon, and I'm spending the night at his house."

"Will you be back tomorrow?"

"Late tomorrow afternoon, unless I call you," he said. "Arnold Palmer's playing in an exhibition somewhere in the neighborhood, and we may go see him. That's Sunday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll be in my room opening a vein."

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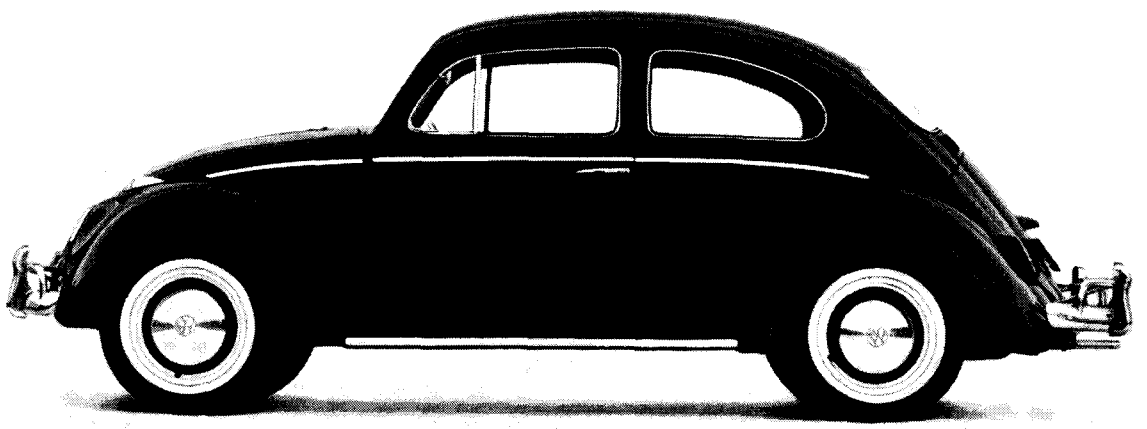

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"In that case you'd stay at Henry's both nights?" she said. "And maybe even Sunday night?"

"Yes."

"Did you forget that we were going to the Carters' tomorrow night?"

"I did. I forgot all about it," he said.

"I told you last week that we were busy every night this week," she said. "That means I'll have to get you out of the Carters' too. It's their anniversary, and they're *your* friends. Weren't you an usher at their wedding?"

"I was. And Dan was an usher for me when I married Louise."

"Well, are you still going to spend tomorrow night at Henry's?" she said.

He hesitated, then said, "Yes."

"It's their fortieth anniversary."

"I know that," he said.

"And you're going to pass up their party so that you can watch Arnold Palmer play golf. I'm not going to tell them *that*."

"Listen, I went to their first-anniversary party. Their fifth. Their tenth. Their twentieth. Their twenty-fifth. Their thirtieth. And some in between."

"They're not going to have any more till their fiftieth," she said. "You grew up with Dan Carter. Your oldest friend. I don't see how you can do this to him, but apparently you can. I think it's disgusting."

"Say what you mean. You think *I'm* disgusting."

"Very well, I think you're disgusting. All because of a fit of pique over Ben Harrington's dinner party. I don't mind so much your ruining my evening, tonight. But if you do this to Dan Carter—I really don't know what I'll do."

"Why are you making such a big thing about the Carters?"

"I'll tell you why," she said. "Because when you were separated from Louise, and I was still married to Harry, who were the only people we could trust? They didn't do that for me. They did it for you. But I seem to be the one that remembers it, the times we used their house."

"When it comes to favors, believe me I don't owe Dan Carter a thing. Not a thing. Favors that you never heard about, and you can be damned sure Elsie Carter never heard about."

"I see. You keep a score of favors. Bookkeeping. And Dan Carter has run out of credit. Maybe I ought to do that, keep books on small favors, given and received. I wonder what our score would be."

"I'd be heavily in your debt, no doubt about it."

"That's nice to know, because I may start drawing on my debits, or credits, whichever it is. However, that doesn't help Dan Carter now."

"I have no doubt he'll survive."

"Till his fiftieth anniversary?" she said.

"Look, Nan, don't keep trying to make me a heavy. I'm not a heavy. Most of the time I'm a pretty nice guy, and you know it. But lately everything I do gets twisted, turned around, till I find myself on the defensive about everything. And I don't think it started with that night we had Ben Harrington to dinner. It goes back farther than that."

"Maybe it does. Maybe it goes back thirty years."

"That's possible. You were married before, and so was I. Maybe we should have stayed married to the other people. You said to me a couple of weeks ago, something to the effect that at our time of life people ought to stay married. Maybe everybody ought to stay married, no matter how bad it is."

"With some exceptions."

"With no exceptions," he said.

"Oh, come on. You know plenty of cases where there would have been actual murder if there hadn't been a divorce."

"No I don't, and neither do you. We say we do, we think we do, but the only actual murder we know about, the two people were supposed to be very much in love."

"That is utter nonsense. When young people make a mistake, they ought to rectify it as soon as they can and get started again. You made a mistake, and so did I."

"And look at us now. Be truthful," he said. "The way we feel about each other now, I ought to walk out of here and never come back. There isn't an ounce of love in this room. I wonder how long it's been that way. What keeps us together?"

"Love and patience. I don't like you very much, but I don't love anyone else but you. And you take me for granted. I'm useful to you. I make you comfortable. I run your house for you and I like being good at it. And I don't believe in divorce for people our age."

"I'm beginning to not believe in it at all, for people any age, for any excuse at all."

"You wish you were still married to Louise? I'm glad I'm not still married to Harry."

"I think—and you don't have to take this personally, although you probably will. But I think I should have stayed married to Louise, and you should have stayed married to Harry."

"They had something to say about that, don't forget. After Harry found out about you he never came near me again."

"I know, and you got a divorce. But if you couldn't have got a divorce, if we were living in some Catholic country, you would have made the best of it, and so would I."

"Do you know who you sound just like?"

"Who?"

"Ben Harrington. Don't forget, he's a Catholic."

"Yes, and do you know what Catholics call people like him? They call them deathbed Catholics. Chases around all his life, mixed up in one nasty thing after another. Doesn't go to church, doesn't confess. But when they're dying they send for their priest. That's one of the *many* things I don't like about him. And how did he happen to be preaching to you? Have you discussed divorce with him?"

"Yes. Several times."

"Oh. Does he want to marry you?"

"No."

"Is he in love with you?"

"He was. I guess he still is. But he doesn't approve of divorce."

"Then you lied to me. He was a beau of yours."

"Not exactly, Joe. I told you about my beaux before we were married. Ben was later, much later."

"You mean now?"

"Oh, no. Back in the 'Forties. After the war. When you were still not sure you wanted to break it off with Amy. Every time I see Ray Bolger I think of you. What did you expect me to do? It wouldn't have been half as easy to take you back if I hadn't had one fling of my own. And it was with Ben."

"You and Ben Harrington," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"Where did you go? Where did you meet?"

"Why, at his apartment, of course."

"And how long did it last?" he said.

"Very soon after I heard about you and Amy. Almost right away, in fact. That was when it started. It ended when Amy went back to George. What else would you like to know?"

"I would like to know if it ever really ended," he said.

"Yes, it ended."

"Automatically, when you were convinced that Amy and I were quits?"

"Not quite automatically," she said. "He ended it. He sent me home, back to you."

"This noble man, that I hate more than ever but now at least I know why. Did he tell you that you were really in love with me, and that you were only using him?"

"That's exactly what he told me. And one thing more."

"What?"

"That he was in love with me, and always would be. And he does. He loves me."

"You ought to have a very interesting evening, going to his house for dinner tonight. Sore at me. Convinced that I'm a heavy."

"If you think a moment, you'll realize that you arranged the evening."

"So I did, didn't I? In fact, I arranged the whole weekend."

"You may have arranged more than that," she said. "Rearranged, is probably the better word."

"Well, you've made it impossible for me to change my mind about the Carters', you understand that, don't you? I have to give you a clear track."

"Yes, I suppose you do," she said. "You also give yourself a clear track. I know you only planned to watch Arnold Palmer, but you have this afternoon, tonight, all day tomorrow, and all day Sunday free. I'm sure you'll run into someone you used to know. Or maybe someone new."

"It would have to be someone new," he said.

"Why would it? You seem to think I'm rushing back to Ben. But he's not someone new."

"Right," he said. "But I'm not likely to run into someone that's been in love with me for twenty years. There isn't any such person."

"Except me," she said.

"Well, if you say so," he said. "I think I'll drive in with Henry on Monday morning. If you want me for anything I'll be at his house or The Links."

"All right," she said. "Remember me to Henry."

"Yes, I will," he said. He turned and left the room. THE END

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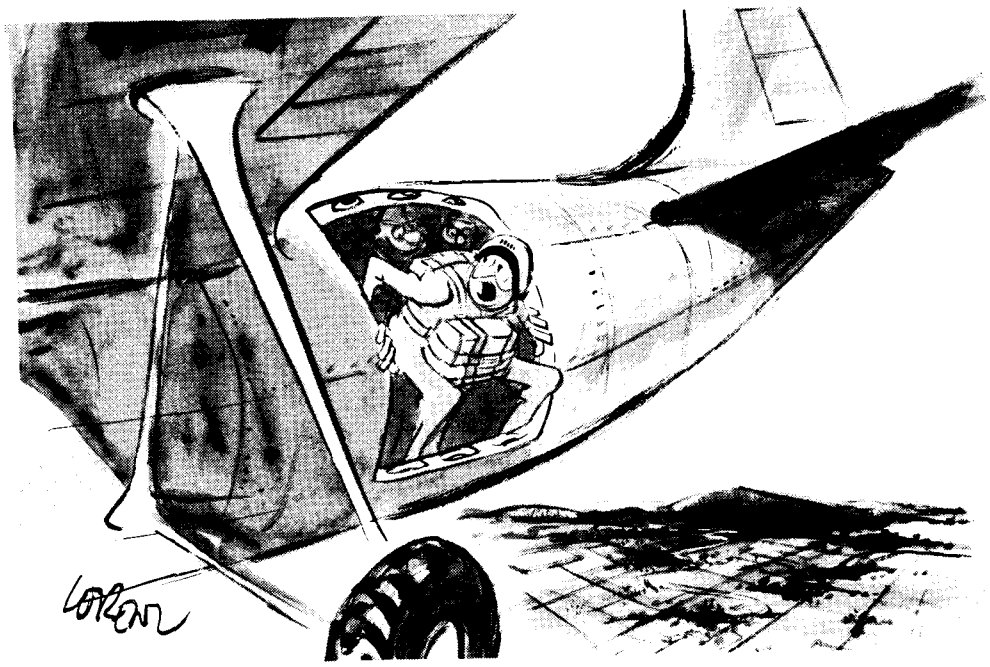
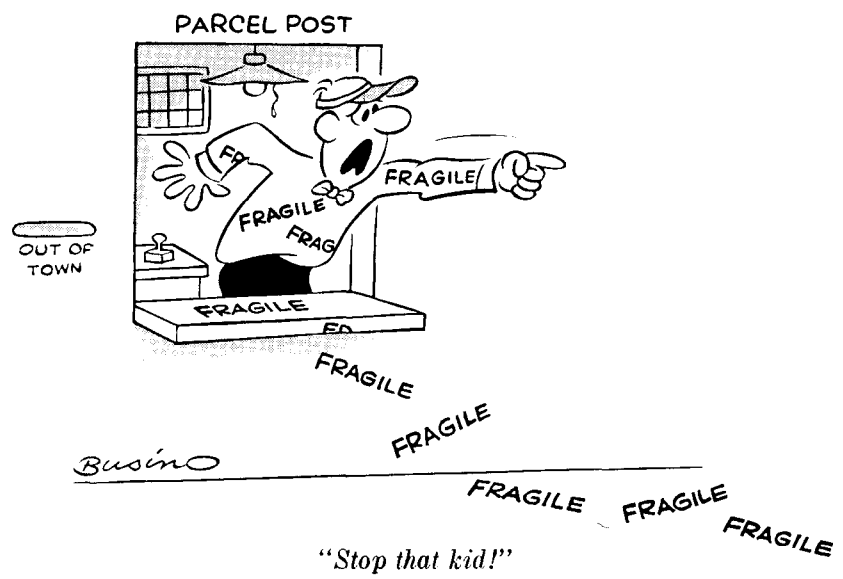


"Say, just how big is the sky-diver vote, anyhow?"

"Somehow this sort of thing never crossed my mind."

"I did too tell you, 'red wine with Mulligan stew'!"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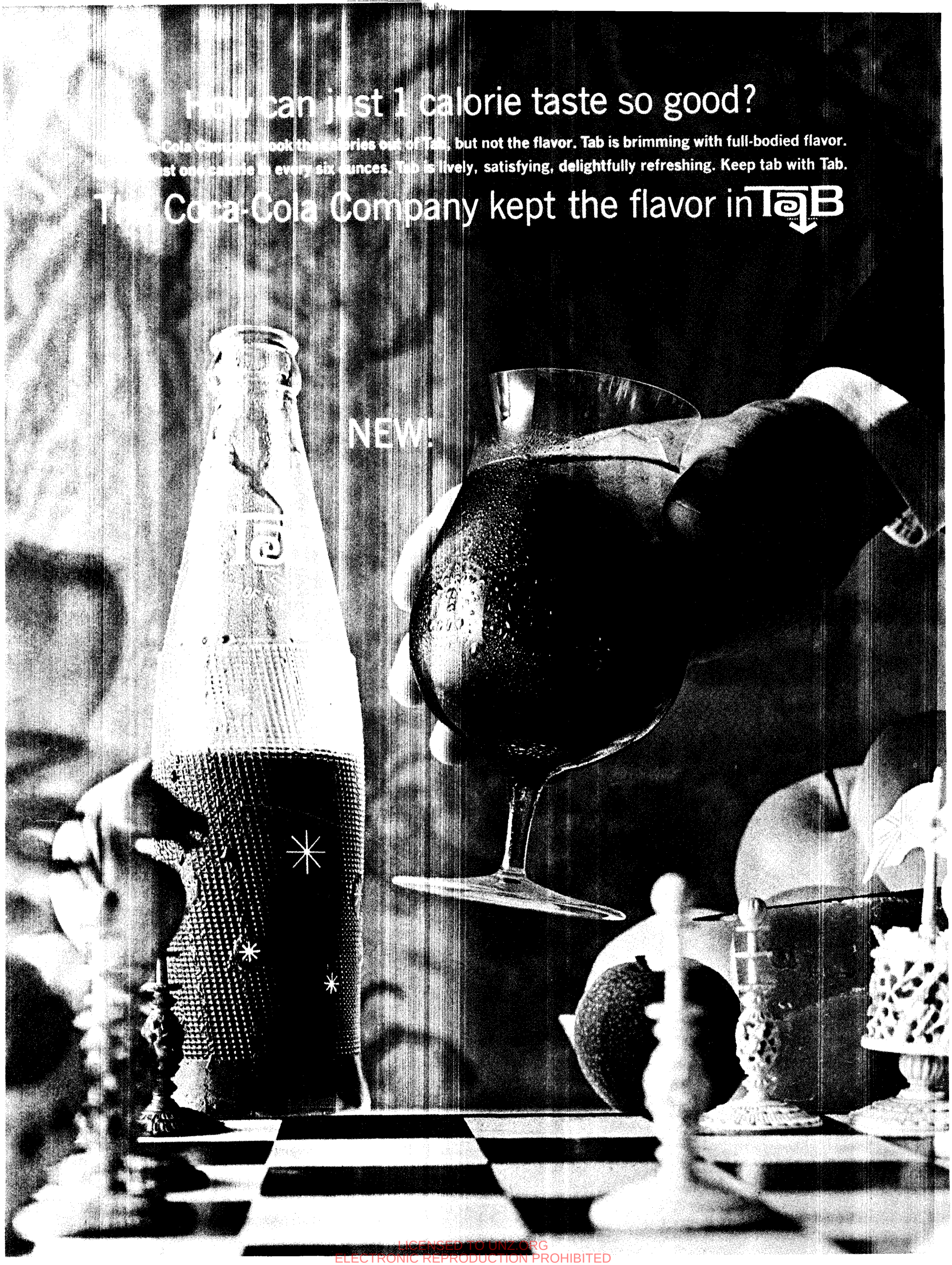
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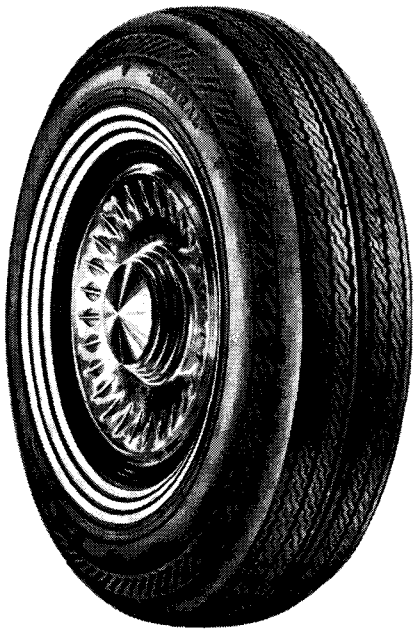

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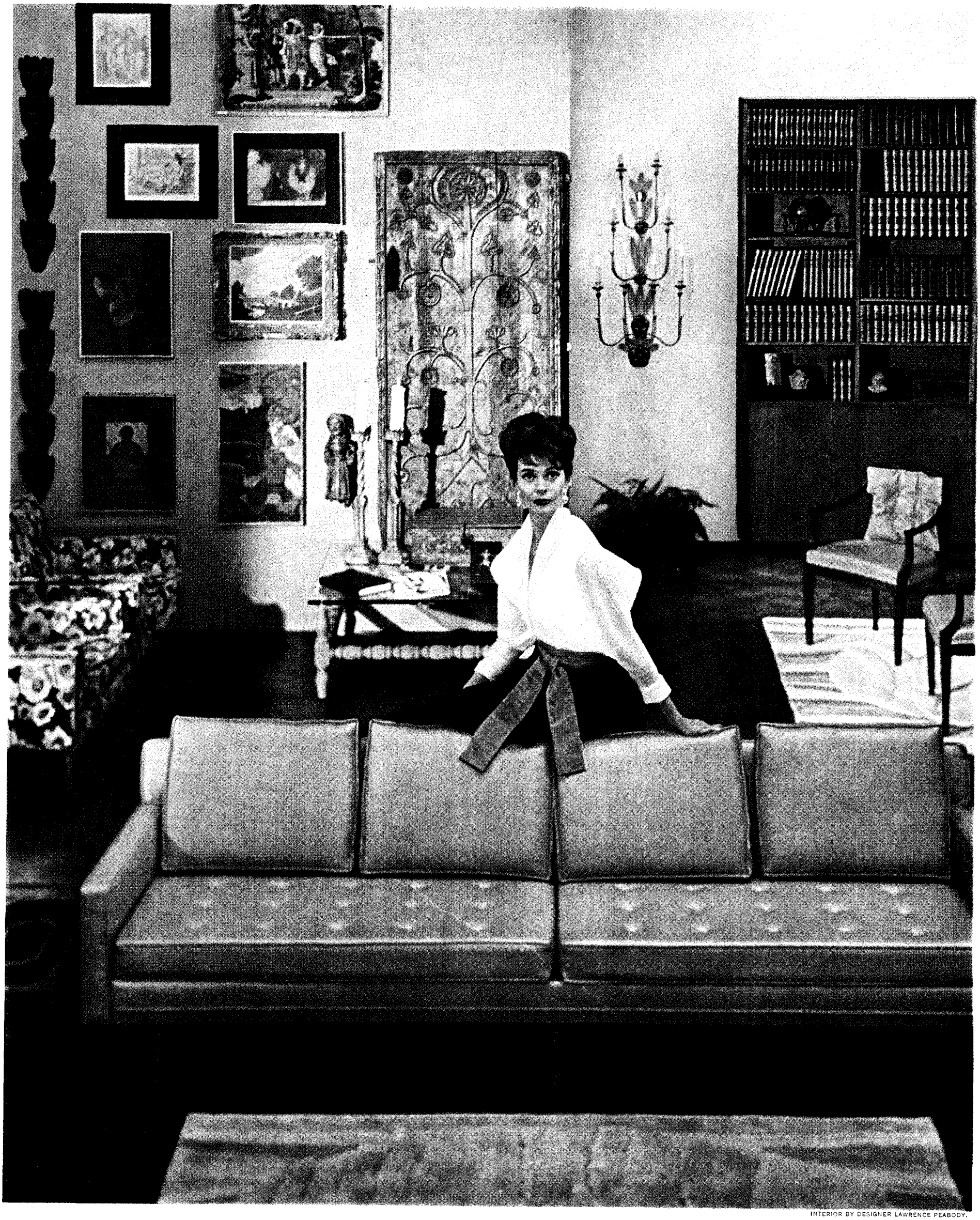

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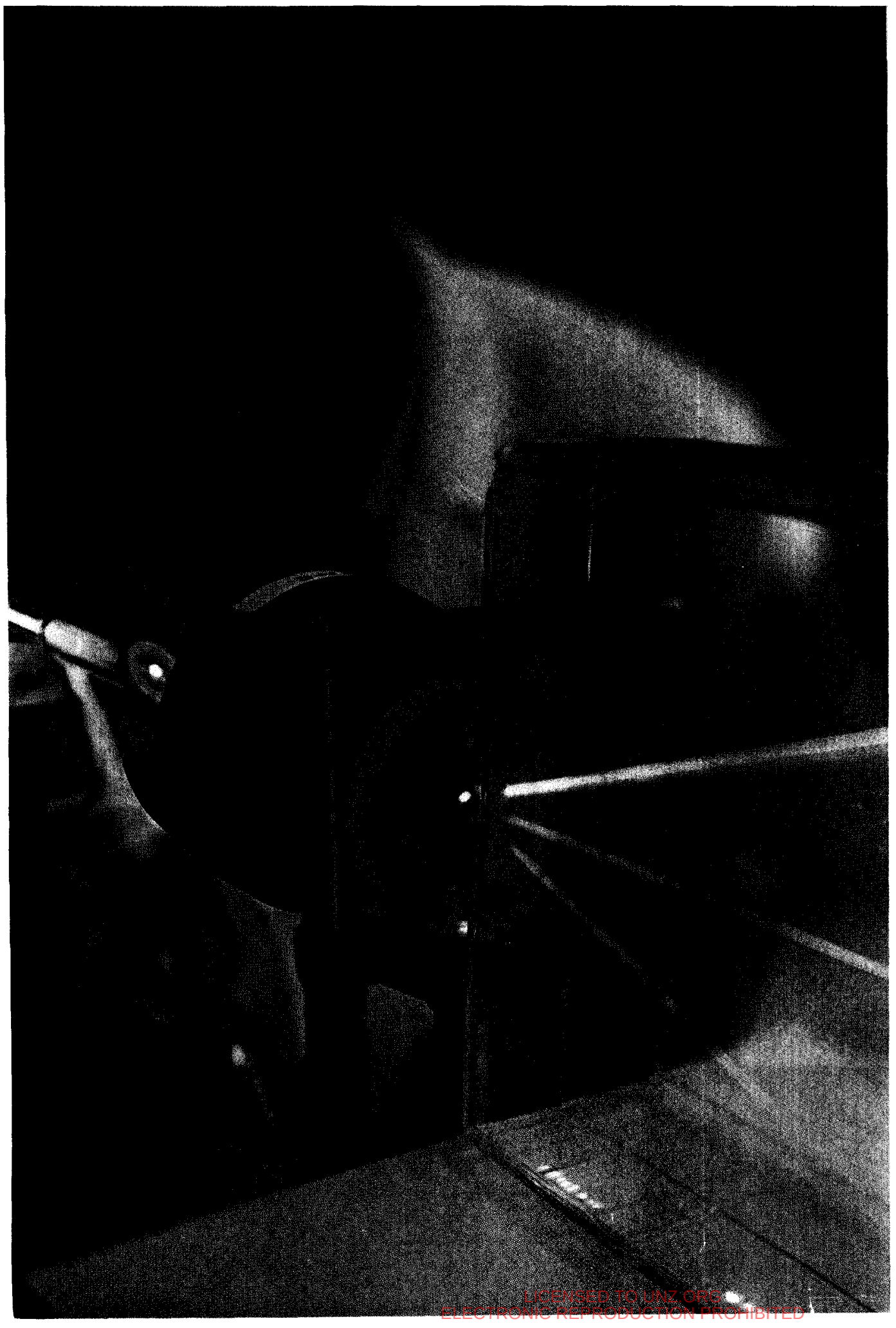
Hotter than the sun, finer than a needle, a ray that pierces diamonds, repairs eyes and kills cancers emerges from

THE ASTOUNDING LASER

By Max Gunther



The visiting scientists were amused. When they left the Hughes Aircraft Company's research laboratories that day in mid-1960, they were chuckling over the bull-headedness of a young physicist named Ted Maiman. Not only were they sure on theoretical grounds that his idea couldn't work but the contraption he had built to demonstrate it looked like something rigged up by a quack doctor to cure headaches, baldness and tired blood. It had only three parts: a crystal of synthetic ruby about the size and shape of a pencil stub, a photographer's ordinary flash tube and an aluminum reflector.

When the visitors went away, the round-faced, 37-year-old physicist morosely lit a cigar and went back to his calculations. The notion that you could make intense light spurt from a substance by nudging its atoms in a certain way was not his idea. The theoretical possibility had been proposed in 1958 by Dr. Charles Townes and Dr. Arthur Schawlow, physicists and brothers-in-law. Their theory had stirred up great excitement in the scientific world—so much so, in fact, that there was already a name for the device which nobody had yet built. Scientists were beginning to call it a "laser," an acronym from the phrase "light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation." Many large research outfits, such as Bell Telephone Laboratories and R.C.A., were trying to build lasers, using various materials that showed some promise of working. Only a scattered few were trying it with ruby crystals.

There were a dozen excellent reasons why you couldn't possibly create a laser out of a ruby. But Dr. Ted Maiman was sure his odd little device was just on the threshold of working. One day, about a week after the skeptical scientists' visit, he got his chance to prove it. A package arrived containing three new ruby crystals—more carefully fabricated, ground and polished than any he'd used before. He incorporated one in his gadget. On July 15, 1960, he and a young lab assistant made a few last adjustments. Maiman threw a switch, and a beam of brilliant red light shot from the end of the ruby—a beam thousands of times more intense than sunlight, a red of shining purity, more red and more pure than the human eye had ever seen before.

In the silence of the big empty laboratory Doctor Maiman turned and looked at his assistant. "It lased," he said. Thus Dr. Ted Maiman became not only the first man to build a working laser but also, as far as anybody knows, the first man to use the verb "to lase."

This was only four years ago. By now lasers are "lasing" in some 500 laboratories around the country and in several dozen different practical applications.

Penetrating blue-green laser rays will make stronger underwater searchlights.

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Laser rifles, similar to one shown here igniting a flashbulb, may be used to detonate explosives or to blind enemy troops.

Doctor Maiman's first laser threw a red spot on his laboratory wall, but lasers have since been developed up to such power that their beams could bore holes clean through that same wall. Focused on a piece of metal, a powerful laser beam can heat a small area almost instantly to a temperature several hundred times that of the sun's surface. Such an unimaginably intense blast of light can burn holes through diamonds—can vaporize any known substance, in fact.

The Army, Navy and Air Force, in elaborate secrecy, are all investigating the possibilities of the laser beam as a weapon to destroy enemy missiles in space or to blind enemy troops on the ground. Here, at last, after decades of science fiction, is the scientific forerunner of a Buck Rogers "death ray" gun. A Boston company, Maser Optics, Inc., has already announced delivery to the Army of a riflelike laser which might be used for blinding people or detonating explosives.

In quieter applications the laser beam, which can be focused down to a spot about a hundred-thousandth of an inch wide, is being used to weld tiny electronic parts under a microscope. It is being applied in delicate surgery where the finest knifeblade would be too coarse. It has been put to work in devices that can track a missile a hundred miles away, traveling at thousands of miles an hour; in a fraction of a second the device measures the missile's distance with an error of no more than one yard. The laser is being studied as a possible treatment for cancer, as a means of jam-proof communication, as a way of transmitting electric power over a long distance, as an instrument of biological research.

In these four years nearly a hundred new types of laser have been developed. There are lasers that use gases and liquids in place of ruby, and lasers made of plastics or glass. A new family of gas lasers now delivers light in 60 different colors, including a blue especially useful for underwater search and exploration.

There are low-power lasers delivering continuous beams of light, and others that build up a powerful charge of light energy and then spit it out in a violent, explosive pulse lasting only a few millionths of a second. Some lasers are eight feet long, others as small as a pinhead.

The potentialities of the laser have generated a great deal of excitement among scientists. You feel it as you walk around the labs. You sense it as you come to a closed steel-sheathed door marked DANGER—LASER BEAMS—KNOCK AND WAIT.

"The laser may have an impact as big as the development of atomic energy," says Richard Perkin, board chairman of Connecticut's Perkin-Elmer Corp. This is the kind of thing you'd expect an executive of a leading laser-making company to say. But when you hear it said again and again, you begin to believe it.

Scientists are trained to maintain an attitude of cold logic. Outside some of the laser rooms in I.B.M.'s huge research lab at Yorktown, N.Y., there hang reproductions of a magazine illustration showing "death rays" blasting rocket ships. The article was entitled, "The Incredible Laser." Underneath, some scientific wag has printed the caustic suggestion, "For *credible* lasers, see inside."

To understand what all the excitement is about, you've got to know a little about how a laser works and why laser light is different from any light ever seen on earth before. Actually, a laser is not complicated. In fact, Perkin-Elmer and other companies have loaned small ruby crystals (cost: $200 to $500) to promising high-school students who have then built low-powered lasers of their own.

The basic thinking behind the laser began on a park bench in Washington, D.C., in 1951. Physicist Charles Townes, now provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had awakened early in a hotel room and found his mind too active for further sleep. He got up and went out to look for breakfast. Finding no restaurants yet open, he wandered into Franklin Park and sat down to wait. And there, in the hush of a lovely spring dawn, ideas in his head drifted together and locked into a chain of reasoning. Out of this came a device that he later called the "maser," an acronym in which the "m" stands for "microwave."

A maser emits a narrow, intense beam of microwaves, as in radar or very-short-wave radio. A ruby maser amplified the incoming radio messages bounced off the *Echo I* satellite in 1960, and others are employed in satellite-tracking tasks.

During the 1950's the thought grew in Doctor Townes's mind that, since light is only a shorter-wave cousin of radar, there was no reason why you couldn't build a gadget to shoot light as the maser shot microwaves. In 1958 he and his brother-in-law, Arthur Schawlow (now at Stanford University), published a paper proposing the idea and outlining its general principles. Two years later Ted Maiman made the idea a reality.

Maiman's device depended on the fact that ruby, like many other substances, is capable of fluorescence. When its chromium atoms are nudged by some form of energy, such as a flash of light, some of them get "pumped" (as scientists put it) into a state of excitement or higher energy. Eventually they drop back to their normal state, and in doing so they radiate energy in their own characteristic wavelength—in the ruby's case, red light. The object in a laser is to amplify this light and control it. So Doctor Maiman had the two ends of his ruby rod ground optically flat and parallel. He silvered both ends, one more than the other. Thus both ends were mirrors that would let some light out.

When this ruby was hit by a flash of brilliant white light, a remarkable sequence of events took place in the next few thousandths of a second. Atoms in the crystal were instantly pumped up to their excited state. As the first few began to calm down, photons (the tiny basic packages of light energy) shot from them in all directions. A few came out of the crystal sideways. But some struck the mirrors square-on. These began to bounce back and forth along the crystal's length.

In their path were billions of other atoms that hadn't yet dropped from their excited states. But as the bouncing photons struck the excited atoms, they stimulated them to release their photons, thus adding to the growing surge. And finally, the crowd of photons shuttling back and forth along the crystal emerged from the partially silvered end as an incredibly brilliant beam of red light.

Now the intensity of light you can get from a laser depends largely on the number of atoms available for stimulation. A solid such as ruby has more atoms by volume than a gas, and a big ruby has more atoms than a small ruby. But it is very hard to grow a flawless ruby crystal a foot long or half an inch thick. Therefore American Optical Co., of Southbridge, Mass., is making lasers of glass, two feet long and an inch thick. The glass, produced by the Corning Glass Works, has been "doped" with the rare earth, neodymium, so it will fluoresce. The doped glass, also being made by Eastman-Kodak Co., is a beautiful, clear pale violet, and every secretary at the American Optical plant has a paperweight made from a flawed chunk. The glass lasers produce so much light the company won't even talk about it.

The light that comes out of a laser differs in several ways from anything man ever created before. The most striking characteristic is its intensity. Even the relatively low-powered continuous-beam gas lasers produce enough light to blind you in less than a second, if you should happen to look directly into the beam. Higher-powered pulse lasers produce enough to burn a hole through a 50-cent piece in a billionth of a second.

So colossal are these energies that the figures used to describe them are almost meaningless. The brilliant noonday sun, for example, bombards each square centimeter of the earth's surface with a power roughly equivalent to one tenth of a watt. By comparison, lasers have been made to produce light at 500 million watts per square centimeter—or five billion times as strong as the noonday sun. Thus far the 500-million-watt figure is the highest that has been mentioned in public. Much higher powers have almost certainly been achieved in secret military projects.

Military spending on laser research was about $16 million in fiscal 1963 and is expected to be nearly double that figure in fiscal 1964. But the whole subject of laser weaponry is so secret that military men squirm when you bring it up.

"It's so damned secret that I'm not even supposed to think about it in public places," said a Navy officer in response to a reporter's question.

The Air Force has been somewhat less secretive. Gen. Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff, has occasionally let slip remarks about "beam-directed energy weapons." Gen. B. A. Schriever of the Air Force Systems Command, commenting on Soviet laser research, guessed that "the Soviets may secretly have specific laser applications under strenuous development." He hinted strongly that the U.S. Air Force doesn't propose to be caught without retaliatory power if an enemy ever comes around with laser weapons.

Many companies are involved in military-sponsored research which is aimed at, or may eventually be used in, weaponry. Korad Corp. of Santa Monica,

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Powerful laser beam pierces piece of aluminum, showering molten metal sparks.

On one light beam: several million phone calls at same time.

Astounding Laser

Calif. (president: Dr. Ted Maiman), is working with high-powered lasers, and some 80 percent of its research work is under military contract. Raytheon, Westinghouse and R.C.A. are all working with high-powered lasers, and all have military contracts.

The laser-weapons business has many problems to solve: problems of power supply, for instance, and of long-distance aiming and focusing in space. But the era of ray warfare has definitely begun.

Among the most promising laser applications are the medical ones. Consider the common condition called retinal detachment, in which the light-sensitive inner lining of the eye is torn or peeled away from the firmer part of the eyeball, with partial or total blindness resulting. A conventional method of repair has been with an electrode, which the surgeon inserted through the back or side of the eyeball to "weld" the retina back in place with scar tissue. This was a tricky operation, followed by several weeks of convalescence.

Recently, however, eye surgeons have learned how to shine a narrow laser beam into the eye from the front, without penetrating the eye with any instruments. The tiny spot of heat makes a coagulating "weld" in a thousandth of a second or less. The patient needs no anesthetic and may, if all goes well, get up from the operating table and go home.

At the Palo Alto Medical Center and New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center several dozen patients have undergone successful laser eye operations. These operations have included not only retinal weldings but also the burning-out of small eye tumors and blood clots.

Some doctors still prefer another type of light coagulator, made by Carl Zeiss, Inc., and using an arc lamp as the source. "The laser may be too powerful," warns Dr. Graham Clark, an ophthalmologist at Columbia-Presbyterian, who has tried both instruments. The power of laser light can be adjusted, of course. But even the comparatively low-powered medical lasers deliver a beam brilliant enough to make doctors cautious with them, for too much laser power could produce blindness.

At the Tufts-New England Medical Center a research team has laser-beamed several kinds of human cancer transplanted into hamsters. Certain types, including the dreaded malignant melanoma, often disappear completely after this treatment. "We don't yet understand how it happens," says Dr. Paul McGuff. "In these experiments we didn't burn the cancer away. We merely burned a small hole in it. For some reason this often stopped it dead in its tracks. Our next job is to find the reason and find whether this is applicable to human cancer patients."

The laser beam may be used in all kinds of operations now performed with a scalpel. A reporter recently called on Dr. Elias Snitzer, an American Optical Co. physicist. Doctor Snitzer, a small, dark-haired man with a large fund of humor, was holding what looked like a length of doorbell wire issuing from a small box. "This is a laser that will, um, lase around corners," he said. It was made of transparent plastic fibers which pipe light as a hose pipes water. Doctor Snitzer picked up a piece of paper with typing on it and held the tip of the flexible laser over a period at the end of a sentence. His lab assistant threw a switch. A tiny flash of light shot from the laser's tip, and the period disappeared—neatly burned away. So delicately was the laser adjusted that it didn't even scorch the paper. It merely burned off the black carbon of the period, leaving only a dent in the paper to show where the typewriter key had struck.

"This is the world's most expensive typewriter eraser," Doctor Snitzer said. Then he explained that this was a versatile device that might be used by doctors in any number of small, delicate surgical operations. Doctors at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center have employed the fiber laser to treat small skin tumors. "It's neater and faster than cutting, and no more painful than a pinprick," says Dr. Leon Goldman.

A laser beam can be focused to so small a point that no scalpel can compete with it in sharpness. Dr. Marcel Bessis, of the National Transfusion Center in Paris, and researchers at Massachusetts General Hospital have been using thinner-than-a-needle laser beams, aimed and fired through a microscope, to irradiate or destroy specific organelles inside a single living cell. Doctor Bessis has taken movies showing how a well-placed laser shot would just raise a blister on the rim of a red blood corpuscle, itself so small that 4.5 million of them normally occupy a cubic millimeter of blood—a drop the diameter of this "o." This kind of research is aimed at unlocking the secrets of cellular life and death, particularly in diseases such as cancer. Doctors at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology are studying the laser's use in brain operations. At the Cincinnati Medical Center Dr. Samuel Kaplan is investigating the laser as an instrument for heart surgery.

The ability of laser light to be so finely focused comes from the way in which the light is generated. The only photons that emerge in a laser beam are those that have struck the laser mirrors square-on. They are all traveling in the same direction. Thus, when they pass through a lens, their paths are bent in an orderly and predictable way and can be focused to a point. With any other kind of light, photons approaching a lens are traveling in diverse directions. Their paths may be almost parallel, as in a good searchlight beam, but they aren't orderly enough to be focused to a point—only a blob.

Even without special focusing, a laser beam can be so parallel-edged that it will spread out less than an inch per mile. Aimed at the moon, the best searchlight beam would spread to several times the moon's diameter by the time it got there. But when scientists at M.I.T.'s Research Laboratory for Electronics shot a laser beam at the moon in 1962, focusing it through a small telescope, it made a light spot less than two miles wide on the moon's surface, the first time man has illuminated a heavenly body.

But the beam's tightness isn't the only reason why laser light can be focused so sharply. What excites scientists most is a property called "coherence." This refers to the remarkable fact that light waves coming from a laser are all the same length and all lined up, crest to crest and trough to trough, like strands of hair in one of those marcelled hairdos of the 1920's. You've never seen light like this before. When you see ordinary red light—from a traffic signal, say—what your eye receives is a jumble of light waves, all different lengths. Your eye sees that the long (red) waves predominate and tells you, "Well, for simplicity, call it red."

Coherent light can theoretically be focused to a point no bigger across than one of the light's wavelengths—in the case of red light, about 30 millionths of an inch.

This is what makes the laser beam so promising as a cutting tool. Several companies are using laser beams experimentally for precise cutting, drilling and welding of tiny electronic gadgets. Raytheon physicist Dr. Danilo Missio demonstrated in 1963 that a laser could drill neat round holes in a piece of wire thinner than a human hair. This sort of thing intrigues electronic-computer companies, whose entire history has been one of trying to make computers smarter and smaller simultaneously. "With a laser and a microscope," says an I.B.M. engineer, "we may work out techniques that will help us go one step smaller."

But if there is one thing about laser light that fascinates both civilian and military thinkers more than anything else, it is the light's possibility as a communication medium. The Bell Labs, I.B.M. and other companies have already shown that a coherent light beam will carry messages. They have transmitted voices and music along red and infrared laser beams. General Telephone and Electronics has even transmitted TV pictures along light beams. And the message-carrying potential of light is enormous. The number of messages you can pack onto any kind of radiation depends on its frequency—the number of waves that will pass a given point in a given time. Commercial short-wave radio has frequencies ranging up to a few million waves or cycles a second. Light with its microscopic waves has frequencies in the neighborhood of 500 trillion cycles. With suitable techniques for sorting messages out, a single laser beam could theoretically carry several million simultaneous phone conversations. "By contrast," says Dr. Francis Byrne of the Office of Naval Research, "our present transatlantic telephone cables can handle no more than one hundred calls at one time."

"The laser beam also looks promising for long-distance communications, particularly in outer space," says Westinghouse engineer Jim Currie. "The beam doesn't dissipate its energy by fanning out rapidly as a radar beam would. This means we can send out signals and still have them going strong a billion miles away." Scientists envision light beams being used to guide far-ranging spacecraft. When man begins to explore Mars, all communications between that planet and this could be handled by two laser beams, one going and one coming.

The Army sees a use for message-carrying beams in open-air battlefield situations. "It's hard to communicate secretly by radio, because radio waves fan out and an enemy can intercept them," says Army research chief Robert Watson. "But in good weather you can aim a laser beam at a receiver miles away, and no radiation will go anywhere but to that receiver."

"A year ago the laser was described as an invention looking for a job," says James Beardsley, Perkin-Elmer's chief of laser sales. "Now it has found some jobs, but I doubt if this is more than a bare beginning." Some scientists think, for instance, that it may one day be possible to use a laser beam as an electric-power-transmission line. Such a beam might be used, for instance, to deliver power to an orbiting way station in space.

Other scientists are thinking about using microscopically focused beams to destroy single genes in chromosomes, for studying and perhaps even influencing human heredity.

Doctor Townes is a man with a wry wit. "Don't expect all this futuristic stuff to happen next month," he says. "You'll probably have to wait until next year."

He means it in jest. But by this time next year his words may have to be taken seriously. THE END

Demonstrating the power of laser, intense beam from right blasts hole in a diamond.

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Ex-Rockettes take a break during rehearsal in a basement rumpus room. "The first time we did the routine again," said one, "I thought I was going to die."

By Lewis H. Lapham

ENCORE FOR TWELVE HIGH-KICKING HOUSEWIVES

Once they were Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall; now they're nostalgic suburbanites. But each year they get together and dance the old routines.

The fuse blowing out cast the playroom into darkness. Steven Richards, age 12, the pudgy catcher for the Little League Dodgers (undisputed champions in Washington Township, N.J.), blundered up the basement stairs in search of a flashlight. He returned in 10 minutes, stumbling over a roller-skate and shouting, "Never fear, Steven is here."

The restoration of the fluorescent lights revealed 11 housewives gossiping in the corners of the room, all of them dressed in leotards and black-mesh stockings. The tape recorder, interrupted in the middle of *Love Is So Terrific*, continued with the second chorus. Jigger, the family schnauzer, dragged himself from under a sofa and began to bark.

Steven's mother, Mrs. Barbara Richards, speaking in the tone of voice that she no doubt used to summon her son from darkening ball fields, again took charge of the rehearsal.

"OK, girls," she said, "let's walk it." The suburban ladies resumed their places in line, blushing at the applause of a few husbands, friends and children sitting around on the playroom furniture. For the next two hours, in the basement of Mrs. Richards's rust-colored ranch house on Honeysuckle Drive, the housewives rehearsed the half-remembered routine.

Their figures were not as firm as when director Russell Markert first hired them (anywhere from four to 20 years ago); the low-ceilinged room in no way resembled the familiar practice studio at New York's Radio City Music Hall, but, as Joan Lunine later remarked, "the old spirit stays the same."

All the ladies once were Rockettes, dancing in spangled costumes on the Great Stage, dazzling the tourists, riding on elephants, posing for the photographs that appear on a million postcards. At the Music Hall they were—as their successors remain—the biggest tourist attraction in town, seen by more people every year than the Statue of Liberty or the Empire State Building.

Now retired from the stage, but reluctant to forget the glamour and applause of their youth, they belong to the Rockette Alumnae Association, Inc. The organization's chief purpose is the remembrance of things past. The majority of its 246 members still live near enough to Rockefeller Center to bring the children into town on Sunday afternoons and show them where mother used to dance.

Every few months the alumnae gather at the Music Hall for reunion meetings, holding fashion shows, raffles and rummage sales, or giggling at a hypnotist or handwriting analyst. The climax of their year, however, is the annual dinner dance held in a fancy New York hotel. The main attraction at the dance, about which everybody worries for months in advance, is the soft-shoe and kick routine staged by 12 alumnae known collectively as The Breathless Twelve. The cast varies from year to year.

Their number was reduced by one on the night the fuse blew because Mrs. Jody Yalden stayed home to care for her twin sons, who were sick with German measles. It was a Wednesday evening, the week of the sixth and last rehearsal before the dance on the following Saturday.

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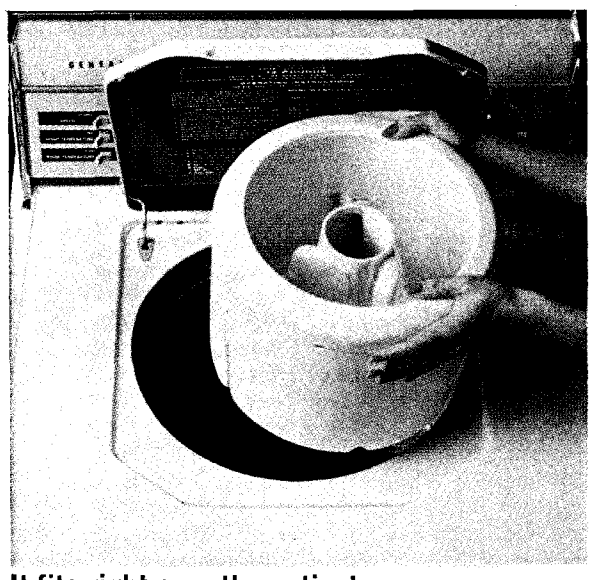
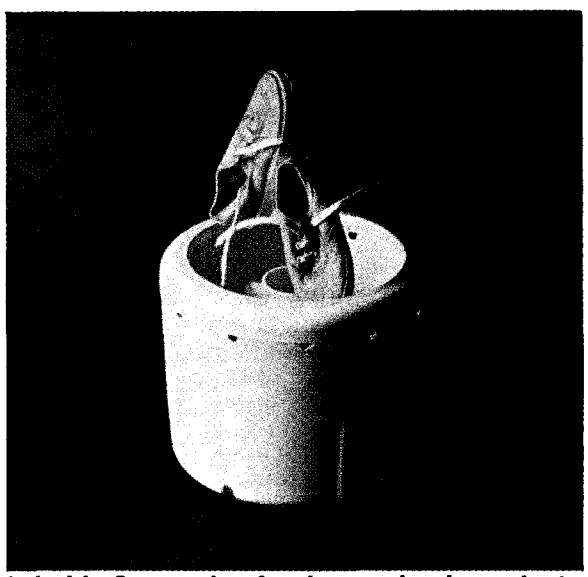


It fits right over the activator.



It holds 2 pounds of nuisance loads . . . last-minute leftovers . . .

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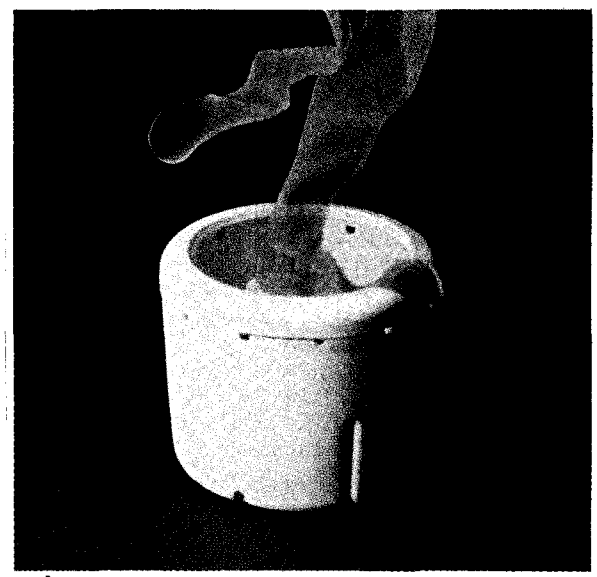

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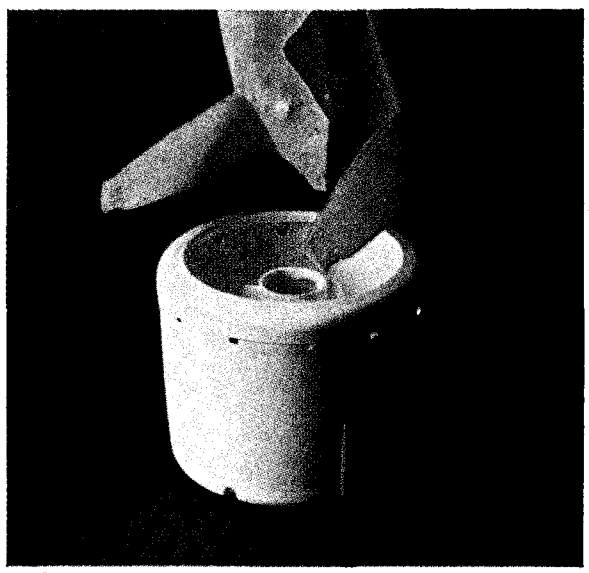
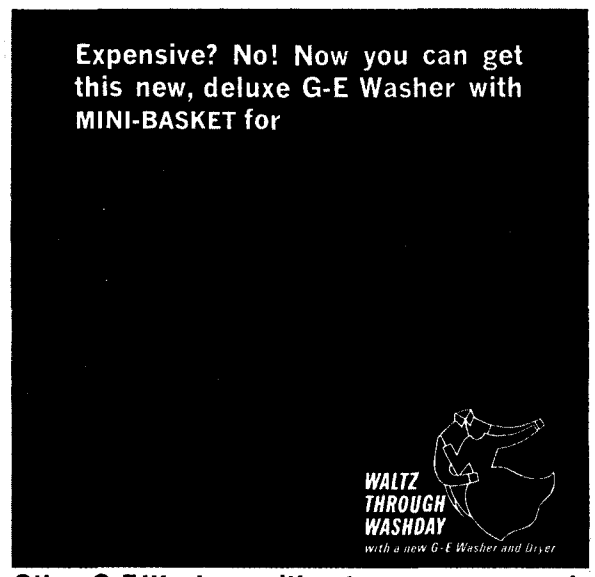


dainty woolens . . .

things you NEVER DARED MACHINE-WASH BEFORE!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WHY DO THEY DO IT? "A SENSE OF LOST YOUTH"

Rockettes

The women in the line walked slowly through the steps at first, not wanting to exert themselves until the final run-throughs at the proper tempo.

"The first time we did the routine," Mrs. Richards said, "I thought I was going to die; the second time I thought I might get away with only a slight heart attack."

Admired as a girl in Nahant, Mass., for her brown hair and bow-shaped mouth, Mrs. Richards (then Barbara Marshall) first came to New York in 1946, the year she became 18. The bright lights seemed to her "gloriously exciting"; she thought being chosen as a Rockette "the most terrific thing in the whole world." Noticing her naïve enthusiasms, Russell Markert warned her, as he does all his girls, against the perils of New York and the sweet talk of soap salesmen. Miss Marshall, a sensible girl, took his advice and three years later married an electrician at the Music Hall named Charles Richards. Together they moved to the proverbial vine-covered cottage in Washington Township, N.J. Now, 15 years later, the bright lights seemed distant, and the dance routine seemed much longer than she remembered it.

Two places to the right of Mrs. Richards, in the center of the line, was Joan Lunine, suffering that night from a severe cold. She had left the Rockettes in 1958 to marry a man who had hoped for a career as a concert pianist. He later injured his hands in an accident and so had become the owner of a haberdashery in Times Square. On the way out to New Jersey in the car, Mrs. Lunine had tried to explain the reason for the alumnae association. "Maybe it's a sense of lost youth," she said, "maybe a feeling of loyalty to Russell and the Music Hall."

The Rockettes get to know one another as well as if they were sisters. Because they must learn to dance as a group rather than as individuals, Markert discourages any outbursts of temperament. If a girl begins to imagine herself a star (kicking a little higher than the others, wearing a bigger bow in her hair, etc.), he identifies her as "a character" and dismisses her from the troupe. Rockettes who stay longer than a year, therefore, incline to be sensible girls.

"The Rockettes are home girls, you might say," Mrs. Lunine said, "not flighty girls; Russell was always very particular."

His preferences were evident in the basement at Honeysuckle Drive. Of the eleven ladies clapping hands and changing places in the line, all were married, all but two lived in the suburbs, and among them they could count 39 children.

Barbara Richards's husband, now a TV lighting director, took movies of the rehearsal. Next to him on the sofa John Rogers, an electrician on the Jack Paar show, watched his wife dance at the extreme left end of the line. A blonde much taken with the stage, she remained a Rockette for 14 years, leaving reluctantly in 1959 because, as she explained, "Let's face it, you can't go on like that forever." Her husband, who was glad she quit, described her new career. "She mows the lawn," he said, "she digs trenches."

At the end of the rehearsal, in appreciation of Mrs. Richards's hospitality, the other women gave her a pink baby-doll nightgown. The presentation took place amid shrieks of laughter and cries of "Fashion show! Fashion show!" Mrs. Richards obligingly modeled the nightgown over her leotard, which embarrassed her son, the catcher.

After that, the women changed back into their street clothes (mostly slacks and sweaters) and then sat down to drink fruit punch in paper cups. There were sandwiches and also a chocolate cake that Grace Roeder brought from Campbell Hall, N.Y., a cake similar to the one she had entered last year in the Orange County Fair. The youngest and most recent of the alumnae, Mrs. Roeder, a pretty girl with freckles and blue eyes, was always the Rockette who posed for photographs with visiting Marines, or rode on floats in the Macy's parade. She now lives on a farm with her husband, a manufacturer of hardwood floors.

As soon as everybody had left, well before midnight, Mrs. Richards began to get nervous about the dance on Saturday night, wondering if six rehearsals had been enough. Her nerves remained unsettled for the next three days.

On the afternoon of the dance she prevailed upon her husband to start for New York directly after lunch (on the theory that if anything went wrong with the car, they would have sufficient time to fix it). Her husband indulged her in all her whims. "This is the one night in their lives," he said, "when they can't afford a mistake—their pride, you see."

By 7:30 P.M. all the ladies in the line were upstairs in the Trianon Ballroom of the New York Hilton hotel, going over their music with Bert Hirsch and his band. Bert later played a few bars at the wrong tempo, but early in the evening he smiled and winked, and seemed to understand completely.

Joan Lunine, unable to find a sitter for her two children, had hired a registered nurse. That afternoon her eight-month-old daughter had called her "Mamma" for the first time. It had been a trying day. She wore a black chiffon dress that had taken her weeks to pick out.

After cocktails, a roast-beef dinner was served to about 250 people. Between courses, Bert Hirsch played music for dancing. "He's playing too loud again," somebody said. "I keep telling him, but he keeps playing too loud." Bert kept smiling his enigmatic smile.

Looking fondly at the middle-aged couples dancing in the blue spotlights, Mrs. Louise Magee, an ex-president of the association who became a Rockette in 1932 at the age of 15, could not suppress a nostalgic sigh. "A thousand-and-one nights in so many lives," she said. "So many stories, so many memories."

Following the dessert, a production number involving a procession of waiters bringing the baked Alaska, Mrs. Adele Lyttle, chairman of the dance committee, introduced Russell Markert as "the most favorite boss that anybody ever had."

A small and dapper man, a carnation in his lapel, his blond moustache trimmed and waxed that morning, Russell quieted the applause with a modest gesture of his left hand. Born in Jersey City, he began as a dancer in the chorus of Earl Carroll's Vanities in 1923. Three years later he went to St. Louis and there organized his first line of 12 girls, the Missouri Rockets. These later became the American Rockets, then the Roxyettes (during a brief stand at the old Roxy Theater in New York) and finally, with the opening of the Music Hall in 1932, the Rockettes.

He has directed the choreography ever since, raising the number of girls in the line from 12 to 36 and forging them into an American platitude. Smiling and proud, Russell raised both arms over his head in a gesture of triumph. "Just have a good time," he said, "and God bless."

The big moment arrived at 11:45 P.M. The pink brocade curtains opened across the stage at the end of the room; Bert Hirsch played a fanfare on his violin. Out came The Breathless Twelve, Mrs. Rogers leading from the left and Mrs. Roeder from the right. They wore sequins and black velvet and plumes of black horsehair. For exactly four minutes and 13 seconds they might have been back on the Great Stage, giving it everything they had for Russell and the family of five in the third row center. Their line was a little ragged (Mrs. Lunine missed a turn), but the kicks at the finale were just as high and just as straight as everybody remembered.

When, flushed with relief and success, Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Lunine returned to their tables, their husbands proudly stood and applauded. Mr. Richards pounded on his plate with a coffee spoon. To his wife, who for the moment forgot her two children and the mortgage on the house, the evening finally seemed worth all the trouble. THE END

Breathlessly stepping through a four-minute sequence at their annual performance, ex-Rockettes have trouble matching their former precision—but their kicks are as high as ever.

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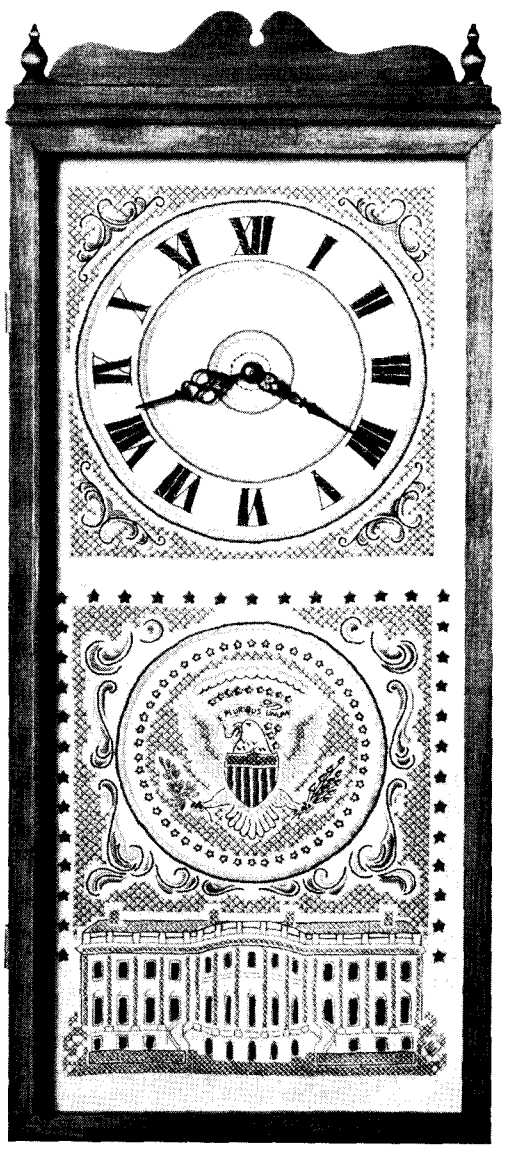

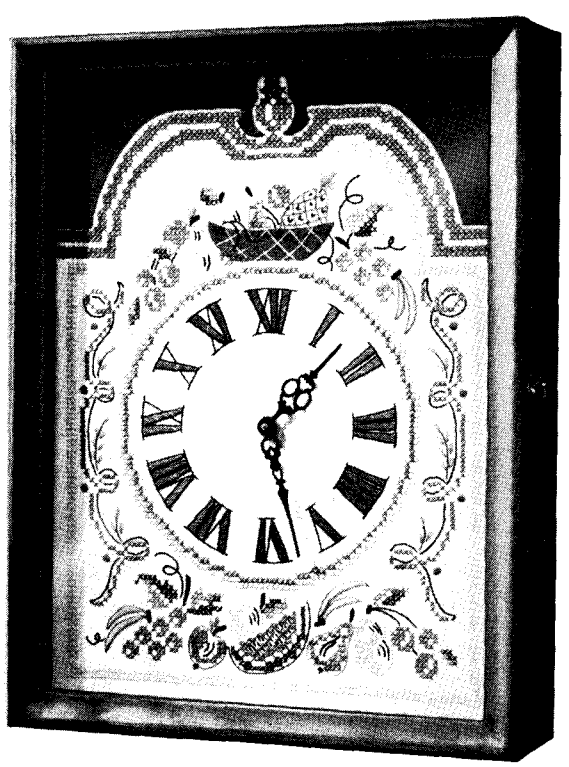

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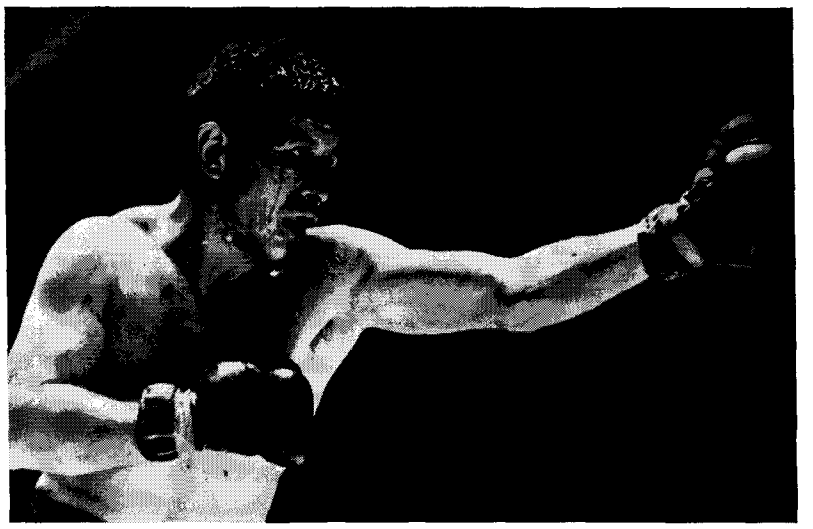
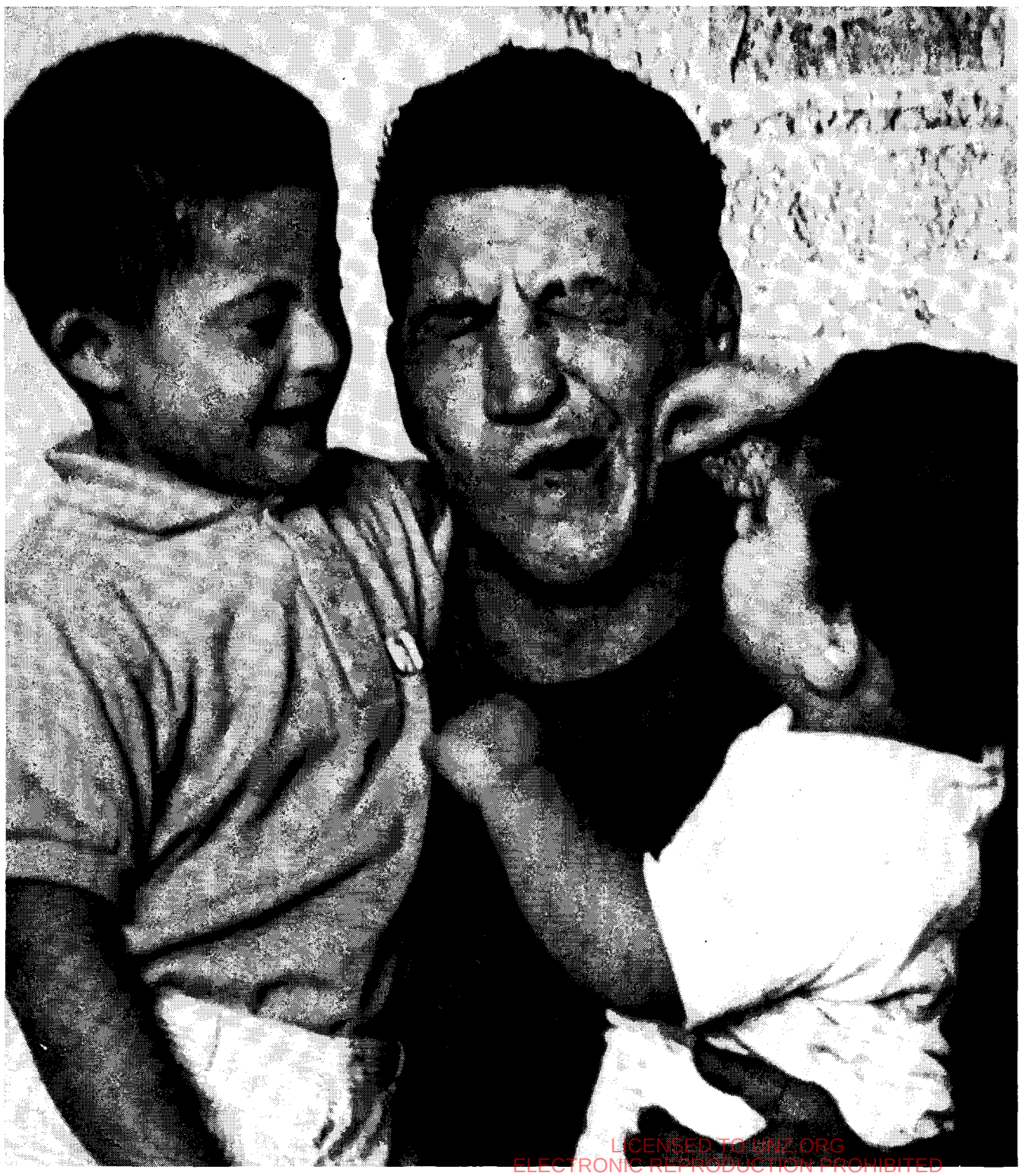
This week two alley fighters meet for the middleweight title, and once again the sick sport of boxing seems to have taken a turn for the worse.



Champion Giardello is a veteran of 126 fights, 102 more than the challenger.

A MATCH MADE IN THE JUNGLE



Rubin Carter owns a riding horse. Before he bought it, it had been turned out and had gone wild. The middleweight fighter, who has never been completely subdued himself, tried to saddle-break the mare as a kind of personal challenge. But the mare would not be gentled. One day when Carter started to mount her, she turned on him.

"That fool horse, she bit me right here," said Rubin, grabbing his left side, his face glowering, his Mongol-style moustache and bebop beard bristling. "Before that horse could turn around I whomped her on the side of the head."

As he spoke, he pulled his hand from his side and swung a vicious left hook at the empty air. It was the sort of punch he used to knock out middleweight contender Florentino Fernandez in 69 seconds—the same weapon that destroyed world welterweight champion Emile Griffith in two minutes and 13 seconds.

"She went down just like this." Rubin let himself fall to his knees. "'Bite me again, you bitch,' I yelled at her. 'Go ahead! Bite me!'"

Rubin laughed in self-satisfaction. "That horse never snapped at me anymore, I tell you that," he said. "If she even tried, I'd kill her with my hands."

Carter repeatedly spits out words like "kill" in conversation. They reflect an easily triggered violence that lies barely restrained beneath his malevolent-looking exterior. In the boxing ring it is a violence that excites fans and is calculated to terrify opponents. It is scheduled to be unleashed again this Friday when Carter meets champion Joey Giardello for the middleweight title in Las Vegas.

Carter has not always used his fists in what can only be called his private war against society. Sometimes it has been knives, sometimes guns, sometimes cobblestones. He has hit back with whatever was at hand.

During last summer's Harlem riots, for instance, he suggested, in jest, to Elwood Tuck, his closest friend, "Let's get guns

A good father to his sons, Joey Giardello would prefer to have his past forgotten.

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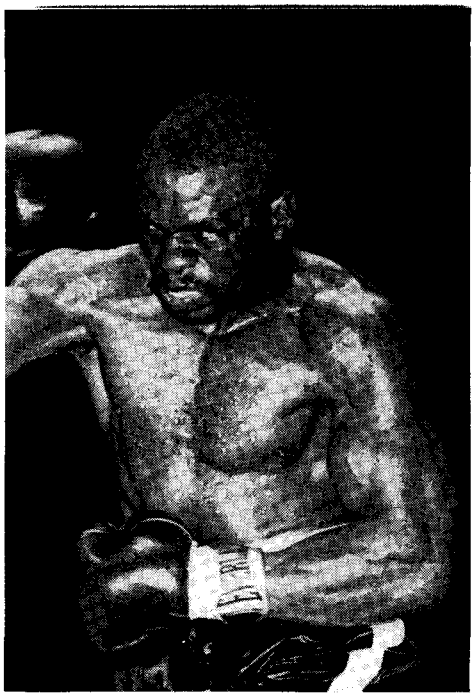

Rubin Carter is a colorful, explosive fighter.

Carter's appearance is a combination of bop musician and Genghis Khan. He tries to terrify his ring opponents with a pitiless stare.

By MILTON GROSS

and go up there and get us some of those police. I know I can get four or five before they get me. How many can you get?"

"People say he's mean," said Tuck. "They ask how I can get along with him. Well, if he puts his faith in you, and you don't cross him, he's like everybody else, but if you mistreat him, he'll hurt you."

"I don't enjoy hitting or hurting people," said Carter, "not unless they mess with me. Then I enjoy it. I've never been one that could take anything from other people. If you mess with me I'm going to try to kill you. When I get angry I don't fight by any rules and I don't shake hands when it's over."

Records in disciplinary schools, juvenile courts, two reformatories and one state prison confirm Carter's personal vendetta. Society has confined him for a total of 10 years for crimes of violence.

Thus, this week's title fight will have the questionable distinction of matching in the ring two men who have, at one time or another in their stormy careers, seen the inside of a jail cell. And outside the ring, a cast of supporting characters representing the two fighters has already concluded an agreement which gives Giardello's lawyers the promotion rights to Carter's next three fights should the challenger win.

While challenger Carter has spent 10 of his 27 years under lock and key, champion Giardello's only citation on a police blotter was inscribed on Halloween night in 1954. That was when Joey and five buddies busted up a Philadelphia gas station and its attendant. Joey was the only one of the merrymakers indicted. He served four and a half months of a six- to 18-month sentence.

"It was a political rap," Joey says. "They were out after the Italians around election time and made me the pigeon."

The law has taken an interest in Joey, however, even when there were no elections in sight. Testimony before the Kefauver Committee, a New York grand jury and a California court has linked Joey's past management with such figures as Frankie Carbo, the underworld boss of boxing, now serving a 25-year federal prison term, and Tony (Bananas) Caponigro, whose arrest record reads much like a Cook's Tour in crime.

Despite the dubious atmosphere surrounding the match, it is a natural for fight fans. Carter, though relatively inexperienced, is rated No. 1 among the middleweight challengers by the World Boxing Association. He is certainly the most exciting contender, partly because of his explosive background, partly because of his powerful punch, partly because of his bizarre appearance.

His bullet head is shaved and his beard and moustache look sinister. He wears white, violet, green and blue berets (pulled at a rakish angle over the right ear), iridescent suits and pointed Italian shoes. In the ring, glaring from under a monk-cowled robe as he listens to instructions from the referee, Carter hopes to terrify his opponent before the fight.

Using the stare and his fists, he has knocked out 13 men in 24 fights since turning professional in September, 1961. He has lost four times, the last to Joey Archer, a fancy-Dan fighter. Carter's reaction to that defeat: "I'd like to meet him in an alley where he can't run."

This is the way Carter has lived and fought since his family moved from Clifton, N.J. (where he was born on May 6, 1937), to Paterson, N.J., where he roamed the streets looking for trouble and usually finding it.

He was the middle child of seven and the only one of Lloyd Carter's kids to get into trouble. Poverty was not the cause of Rubin's belligerence. His father had a steady job. "I never wanted for anything," says Carter. "We had good food and clothes. We were the first in our neighborhood to have a television set."

Rubin was a kind of schoolboy Mount Vesuvius—his early history is dotted with minor thefts, street fighting and school incorrigibility—before he erupted with a vengeance at the age of 11 and was sent to Jamesburg reformatory for atrocious assault.

"That's right," he says, "atrocious assault at age eleven. I stuck a man with my knife. I stabbed him everywhere but the bottom of his feet."

Rubin's sentence was indeterminate. "I was contumacious," he said and grinned over the surprise produced by his use of the word. "I just kept getting into more trouble at Jamesburg, and they just kept adding time. I was past sixteen when I began realizing about girls, clothes and music. I said, 'What am I doing here?'"

He tried to stay out of trouble. "I was

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good for a whole six months," he says. "I had thirty days to go when I got a disciplinary report, and I appeared before the board. They were talking about sending me to Annandale reformatory. I said, 'Man, I'll go home before I go up there.' That night the watchman fell asleep about eleven o'clock. I knocked out a window and went home."

Carter's mother fed him, gave him clean clothes and shipped him to Philadelphia to live with an aunt. A month later he joined the Army. It was while serving in Germany that he first boxed with gloves on. After his discharge in June, 1956, he went to work in a plastics plant. That's where the cops came and collected him as a reformatory escapee. He served nine months of an additional 13-month sentence at Annandale.

"When I got out I didn't care for nothing or nobody." he says. "I'd lost my car, lost my job, lost my GI bill. I was just mad at life and mad at the world. I wanted to hit out at anything. Before I got home I stopped in a store and got me a bottle and started drinking, and I didn't stop for three, four weeks until I got picked up again."

Carter recalls those weeks with startling clarity. "My partner and me," he says, "a fellow I knew in Jamesburg, we used to get up and put our guns in our pockets like you put your wallet in your pocket. Then we go out in the streets and start fighting—anybody, everybody. We used to shoot at folks."

"Shoot at folks?" Carter was asked, because this seemed too much to believe and too much for Carter to confess even years later.

"Just what I said," he repeated. "Shoot at people. Sometimes just to shoot at 'em, sometimes to hit 'em, sometimes to kill 'em. My family was saying I'm still a bum. If I got the name, I play the game."

Here Carter chuckles, as though the recollection tickles him. "We'd get into lots of fights, my partner and me, to see who would hit the man first. It was nothing planned. We'd get a whim and do it. I couldn't begin to tell you how many hits, muggings and stickups. No use even trying to count them. We'd just use the guns like we had a license to carry them."

Eventually the law brought an end to Carter's rampage. He drew six years on two counts of robbery and one of assault with intent to commit robbery. He served four years and three months in the New Jersey State Prison and finds reason to consider the time well spent.

"If I didn't go to prison I'd be dead," he says. "Somebody would have killed me or I'd have killed somebody the way I was living."

Unlike Carter, champion Giardello would prefer to obscure his delinquencies behind a recently cultivated, but genuine, domesticity. He has been married for 14 years, is the father of three boys and coaches the Little League baseball team on which his 12-year-old son, Joseph, plays. He goes to church regularly and comes home nights to his $28,000 home in Cherry Hill, N.J. Behind the house there's an acre of ground and a swimming pool. All of this is less than a half-hour drive in his 1964 Cadillac from the neighborhood where Joey used to lounge with his unemployed cronies, but it seems a much longer distance when he talks today about having taken up golf.

His new respectability hasn't caused Giardello to lay down his cue stick at the J & D Billiard Parlor on the corner of Passyunk and Moore in the Italian section of South Philadelphia. It is a dingy poolroom one floor below the even dingier third-floor gym in which he has trained for years. He can no more give up this part of his past than he can rid his face of the marks of 126 professional fights. His eyes, forehead and a cauliflower ear are corrugated by scar tissue and the disfigurations of a thousand punches. Joey looks like a fighter and sounds like one.

His voice is hoarse and low as he pleads. "Why don't they forget it? I'm clean now. I was just a bad kid, but you got to grow up some time. I was always looking for trouble, but I never carried no knife or gun like Carter. Sure, I used to fight in the streets. I'd fight over anything, but I never mugged people. Yeh, I stole, but *what* did I steal—peaches, pears? They was better-tasting when you stole them. What does it look like for my Joseph when they keep bringing up the prison thing or the hoodlum thing? He's a good boy, my Joseph. Is it good he should look at me and think I'm a bum?"

Joseph is a seventh-grader at the Queen of Heaven Parochial School in Cherry Hill, N.J. He has never seen his father fight. Until Joey beat Dick Tiger for the title last December, the boy's playmates did not even connect him with anyone in boxing because Joseph's name and the family name is Tilelli. Joey was Carmine Tilelli when he ran away from home in Brooklyn at the age of 15. He enlisted in the Army, falsifying his name and age with the baptismal certificate of a Joey Giardello, for which he was supposed to pay two dollars. He's never met its real owner and never paid the two dollars—but he's been Joey Giardello ever since.

After Joey won the championship, however, the truth about his real name came out and so did the secret Joey had kept from his son.

"One day Joseph asked my wife if his daddy was ever in jail," Giardello remembers. "Rosalie put him off, but when I got home that night she told me I had to talk to him. I told him how I was a wild kid and made many mistakes because I was always in mischief. Joseph, he don't care nothing about the title, but he knew about the testimonial banquet they threw for me at the Sons of Italy Restaurant in Philadelphia. All the big people was there, judges and all, and the chief of police. 'If your daddy was a bad man would all these important people come to a dinner for him?' I asked him. Joseph, he cried, you know?"

Not all of the friends Joey has made during his boxing career are judges and police chiefs. Take Antonio Caponigro, the mobster known more affectionately as Tony Bananas. He is the uncle of Anthony Ferrante, who managed Giardello from 1951–62. Bananas' police record includes such offenses as auto theft, attempted burglary, investigation of murder, adultery and assault with intent to kill. He was also Joey's benefactor at times. When Joey had the "shorts" he would borrow money from Bananas.

"He's conceding!"

"Ferrante told me any time I needed money to call up Bananas," said Joey. "I never knew what that man's business was. He was always good to me. He was always a man of his word."

Manager Ferrante also has a police record dating back to 1949. He has been charged with receiving stolen goods, assault and battery and carrying a concealed deadly weapon. His license as a manager was once revoked by the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission because of his association with undesirables. Subsequently, the New York Athletic Commission ruled that Ferrante himself was an undesirable. The same commission got around to Giardello in 1957 when it suspended his license to fight in New York because of his associations. It has not been reinstated, despite his title and his protestations that he is a free agent.

In 1962 Giardello's contract was bought from Ferrante for $7,500 by a man named Armand Laurenzi. Then, after Giardello beat Tiger for the middleweight title, Joey bought up his own contract from Laurenzi for $10,000. "I realize," says Joey, "that I'm never going to get that out of people's minds, but I don't believe I actually was managed by Frankie Carbo and those guys. If I was controlled, I would have gotten more title fights."

Over the years Giardello had fights with the best of the middleweight division. His one recorded brush with the law in 1954 cost him a title shot at Bobo Olson. He had to wait until 1960 before he fought a draw with Gene Fullmer, who was then the National Boxing Association champion.

"What I done, I done," says Giardello, "and it's all over. I never went in no tank. I had too much pride. That's the God's honest truth on my father. My trouble was I never took nothing serious. The only two fights I ever took serious was the one with Fullmer and the last one with Tiger. I got to realizing I didn't have many more tomorrows and with the children and all, I got responsibilities."

After a lifetime of having his features scrambled and his front teeth knocked out, Giardello's blessings are his children, his title and his few possessions. "The kids are more important to me than my house, my car and the little money I got, maybe $5,000–$6,000. My taxes are paid. I got about $11,000 on my mortgage and that'll get paid off after the next fight, but the big thing is my kids are honest. They wouldn't touch a nickel. Me, I used to think life was a ball. I was always looking for kicks."

Now, as Giardello starts the 17th year of his career, he will have his first really big payday. He is guaranteed $102,500. Carter will get only $12,500 and has also had to pawn his future to get the match. Under the terms of an agreement Carter signed with Nationwide Sports (a corporation owned solely by Giardello's two attorneys, Michael F. Del Collo and Donald D'Agui), he must, if he wins the title, make his first three defenses under Nationwide's promotion. Nationwide has the exclusive rights to select the opponent, date and site for the first bout. Thus, if Giardello loses this week's fight and isn't granted a return bout, it will be the surprise of the century.

Last March a subcommittee of the U.S. Senate held a five-day investigation into an analogous situation. It was disclosed then that a corporation in which Sonny Liston held an interest bought the rights to promote the return bout if Cassius Clay lifted Liston's heavyweight title—which he did.

"Substantially, this is a Liston-Clay deal in miniature," Attorney Del Collo admits coolly, "but there are major differences. We didn't pay Carter, and Joey doesn't own a single share of stock in Nationwide."

Adding to the suspicions surrounding this week's fight is the emergence of Pat Amato as Carter's manager. He replaced Carmen Tedeschi, recently dropped by Carter. Rubin is rumored to have received $15,000 to make the change. He denies any such deal.

"I know what they're saying," says Amato, deputy warden at the Hudson County jail in Jersey City. "They're saying the mob got me to front for them and steal the fighter, but I didn't come to Rubin. He came to me."

As the match approaches, Carter appears more interested in fighting than in money. "First I win the title," he says, "because the ring's not going to be big enough for that old man. Then somebody will pay me or the box office will get stuck up." THE END

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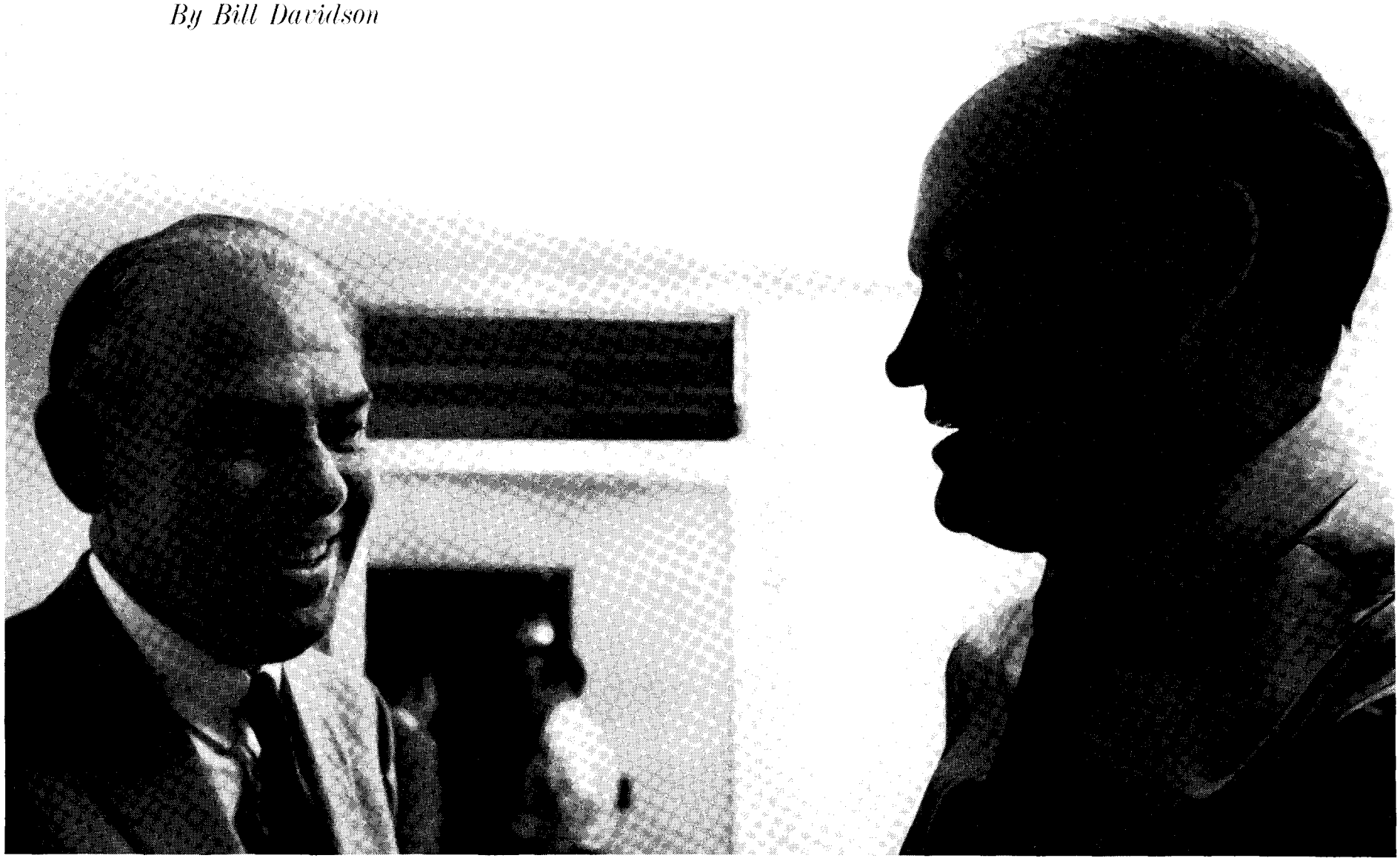
THE MEN WHO RULE THE STARS

The Hollywood agent, once the plague of producers alone, is now a dictator of entertainment who can plague the public as well.

By Bill Davidson



One of Hollywood's oldest agent-client relationships is the one between James Saphier (left) and Bob Hope, whom he has represented for the last 27 years.

A few years before he died, Humphrey Bogart said in one of his more convivial interviews with the press, "Most Hollywood agents are loud, uncouth and ignorant. They contribute nothing. They are parasites who remind me of the noisy little birds who hang around rhinoceroses in Africa and eat the ticks off their necks."

This unflattering appraisal helped to create the stereotype of the agent as a scheming, insensitive lout, interested only in extracting his 10 percent commission from his clients' earnings—to the general detriment of both the clients and the movie studios. A whole body of agent jokes sprang up in the 1940's, such as: "I broke my foot; I kicked my agent in the heart." "When I was sick in the hospital I got three pints of blood from the blood bank, and my agent came around to collect his ten percent."

The Hollywood agent has come a long way since those slanders of 20 years ago—although the stereotype still pops up in movie scripts, plays and the general literature of our times. Today, in fact, the agents are the most powerful men in Hollywood and the principal molders of what you and I see on both the movie and television screen. This is a far cry from the days when Louis B. Mayer used to ban some of them from even putting in an appearance on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, saying, "Rather I'd have a plague of cholera or pimples."

Typical of the current role and image of the agent (who negotiates deals for stars, as opposed to business managers who pay their bills, and press agents who handle their publicity) is the story of how the film *What a Way to Go* came into being. A publicity-man-turned-producer, Arthur Jacobs, had the original idea for the picture, which is about a woman who, despite herself, becomes richer and richer through the demise of several husbands. Jacobs, a complete neophyte at movie production, got nowhere trying to get his picture made at any of the major studios. But Jacobs was a client of the vast William Morris Agency and for the usual reason—namely, turning a buck—they came to the rescue. Suddenly it was a mammoth chess game, with millionaire movie stars and directors being moved around like pawns. Among its own clients, William Morris had Robert Mitchum, Dick Van Dyke and director J. Lee Thompson. But that wasn't enough. They scanned the other agents to see who had what they wanted and they fixed their sights on the Chasin-Park-Citron Agency.

William Morris's Joe Schoenfeld, a sedate ex-newspaper editor in a gray-flannel suit, called C-P-C's George Chasin, a sedate ex-lawyer in a gray-flannel suit. They spoke calmly and dispassionately, like two brokers discussing the disposal of so many bales of cotton, and Chasin agreed to throw Shirley MacLaine into the package as one of its key elements, along with two other C-P-C clients, Dean Martin and Gene Kelly. The package then went to 20th Century-Fox, all neatly tied up in ribbons, with Jacobs as the producer, Thompson as the director and Miss MacLaine, Mitchum, Van Dyke, Martin and Kelly as its nucleus of stars. For better or worse, the studio had little more to do but put up the money for the picture, and no matter how negatively they had previously viewed the story alone, who could turn down such a pretty, star-studded package?

In Hollywood, as in astrology, he who knows the stars controls the world—and today's agents run the entertainment

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Ted Ashley (center) leaped in only nine years from office boy to agency boss with clients like Danny Kaye and Yul Brynner.

Photographs by John Bryson

Hollywood Agents

world as if it were a planetarium. So powerful have they become that of the 125-or-so films made each year by the U.S. movie industry, about 80, or nearly two thirds, are prepackaged by the agents for their stars, in the manner of *What a Way to Go.* Since agents' literary tastes rarely match their ardor for enriching their clients (and, subsequently, themselves), this system can be held responsible for some of the worst drivel to reach the screen. But, as one movie executive sadly admits, "The agents have, to all intents and purposes, taken away most of the functions of studios. The studios just sit around now and wait for what the agents bring them."

The present-day power of the agents is expressed in other areas too. For example, one man, agent Kurt Frings, actually shook the foundations of one of the giant studios of the industry with a single deal. Frings, a handsome, fiftyish former German prizefighter who exudes continental charm, specializes in the most glamorous female stars, such as Audrey Hepburn, Brigitte Bardot and Elizabeth Taylor. When Miss Taylor became ill with pneumonia during the filming of *Cleopatra* in London, production closed down and Elizabeth returned to California to recover. She wanted to remain in California to complete the picture there, but 20th Century-Fox insisted that, in order to cut labor costs, the studio should resume filming in Italy.

Miss Taylor pouted and dispatched her agent, Frings, to negotiate for her. Frings says that neither he nor Elizabeth really cared whether she went back into the picture or not, so he proposed the most preposterous deal he could think of, presumably so that the studio would have to turn it down and Elizabeth would be out of the picture and not have to go to Italy. He said, "She'll work in Rome only if you give her a million-dollar advance payment against ten percent of the gross *from the first dollar.*" Now there have been many other contracts which give stars a percentage of the gross receipts from a film, but only after the picture has earned back double its costs or more Frings's proposal meant that Elizabeth would make millions of dollars, collecting 10 cents on the very first dollar taken in at the box office, long before the studio could even hope to break even. "I doubt," says Frings wryly, "whether such a deal will ever be made by a studio again."

Many movie executives refuse to admit that agents possess such power, and they try to live in a dream world in which the agent remains what he was—a nuisance and lackey, to be treated with contempt. Not long ago, for example, a reporter was interviewing one of the most powerful independent movie producers in Hollywood. The producer was pontificating to the reporter on the subject of how he takes no nonsense from stars or their agents, when his buzzer rang and his secretary's voice was heard on the intercom. "That's Steve McQueen's agent on the phone," she said. "He's calling about the case of maple syrup he wanted you to ship to Munich for Mr. McQueen's pancakes. Shall I tell him you personally had it

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An agency vice president carried lox and bagels to Yul Brynner in Japan.

shipped by air express this morning?" the movie tycoon blanched and mumbled, "Yes." The interview then resumed—on a different tack.

By the same token, the agents—who prefer to think of themselves as professionals serving their clients on the level of lawyer, financial adviser, or even, as one agent put it, "the star's executive producer"—attempt to hide such menial duties as syrup procuring. Unfortunately for them, this is one aspect of their ex-lackey role which they cannot shed without losing the stars through whom they control much of the entertainment industry. Diminutive, 42-year-old Ted Ashley, who is president of the big Ashley-Famous Agency and one of the most intelligent of the new breed of agents, says, "Any agent who tells you he doesn't do handholding and valet duty for his clients is a liar. We've paid grocery bills, rented houses and we've even gone shopping for fishing rods. We've hired private detectives to get a blackmailer off the neck of one of our stars. One time a vice president of the agency personally carried a bag of lox and bagels to Yul Brynner in Japan; another vice president saw to it that Rex Harrison's car was shipped here from England. Last month, we shipped three cheesecakes to various parts of the world from Lindy's Restaurant in New York. We've now got an Agent in Charge of Shipping Cheesecakes."

Although today's agents are more urbane, speak better English and dress with far less flamboyance than their predecessors, they retain many links with the past. An agent, for example, will rarely order a Bloody Mary cocktail in public because, just as they did years ago, people inevitably will come over to the table and say jocularly, "Drinking the blood of your clients, eh?" Also, the attrition in clients still is as heavy among agents as it was when Ashley broke away from William Morris in 1947. Ashley, who had been hired as an office boy by his uncle, treasurer Nat Lefkowitz, left at the age of 24 with top radio clients Gertrude Berg, Tex and Jinx, and Robert Q. Lewis, on whom he founded his own new agency. Since then the Morris office has had an unspoken rule: No relatives.

A third link between today's agents and those of the past is the strange agent jargon which originated years ago and which they continue to speak. A client to them (artist, writer, director) is "a piece of talent"; an agent is "a piece of manpower." When an agent says, "We're talking," he really means, "We're negotiating"; when he says, "We're in negotiations," he really means that the deal is set and he's wrapping up details. A novel is never a novel and a play is never a play; to an agent, it always is a "vehicle," as in "I saw *Hello, Dolly!* last week and it's a great vehicle." (A few years ago an agent wrote to William Makepeace Thackeray, care of his publisher, suggesting that his *Henry Esmond* was a "hell of a vehicle for a movie." Deadpan, publisher Bennett Cerf wrote back suggesting that the agent wait until Thackeray's latest hot vehicle, *Vanity Fair*, was published.)

"Package" probably is the most commonly used word in the agents' jargon and the one about which they are most sensitive. The sensitivity stems from the fact that packaging practices in the past have stirred the professional interest of the Antitrust Division of the U.S. Department of Justice, especially when an agent bludgeoned a producer into taking a long list of his lesser, undesired clients as part of the package in order to get one star. Today's agents are trying to replace the word *package* in their vocabulary with the expression *creative agenting*, which usually means that a package which they assemble contains at least one or two "pieces of talent" from other agencies.

Packaging, in its most refined form, is practiced most successfully in television. This season, for example, William Morris will completely control 21½ hours of time on the three major networks; Ashley-Famous will have about 10 hours, and so on down the line for the smaller agents. The TV package is assembled and sold to a network or a sponsor by the agent, usually with a producer, a "creator" and story consultant, and a couple of stars. The agent, instead of getting smaller commissions from his "pieces of talent," now gets a much larger 10 percent of the weekly fee for the entire show, since he "represents" it. In paraphrasing Winston Churchill, Sylvester Weaver (former president of NBC and now a Pay-TV executive) said, "Never have so many paid so much to so few."

Although talent agencies have been in existence both in the United States and in England for more than 75 years (the original agents booked acts into vaudeville shows and music halls), the first strictly Hollywood agent to make any inroads into the movie industry was the late Myron Selznick, David's brother. Both were sons of Lewis J. Selznick, one of the top movie producers of the early 1920's, and Myron always believed, with much bitterness, that rival film companies caused the collapse of his father's 60-million-dollar corporation in 1925.

Freddie Fields (glasses) plays host to clients Kay Stevens and George Maharis.

Members of William Morris, largest of the talent outfits, gather for weekly meeting.

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Agent George Chasin (standing) holds conference with producer Martin Ransohoff on set of forthcoming movie, The Loved One.

'Remember what those s.o.b.'s did to my father?'

Hollywood Agents

He was still brooding over this in 1927 when he was broke and rooming with a brilliant but equally insolvent young movie director named Lewis Milestone. Milestone was offered a job by a studio, and he complained to Selznick that he was always underpaid because he could not assert himself and demand his rightful salary from movie executives. Selznick offered to haggle for him, if Milestone would promise to remain silent during the financial discussions. The upshot of this was that Selznick got three times the salary that Milestone had hoped for. Word of this coup got around, and soon many stars were asking him to perform the same magic for them.

Before 1930, all the studios had a tacit agreement, like major-league baseball teams, that none of them would hire away another studio's stars. But with the advent of talking pictures, Selznick knew that Warner Bros., which pioneered sound films, was handicapped by lack of stars. At just about that time, the contracts of William Powell, Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton expired at other studios. Without regard for movie tradition, Selznick offered all three to Warner Bros., who, with an equal disregard for ordinary procedure, promptly hired them and commenced to prosper. So did Selznick and his partner, Frank Joyce. With this opening wedge they began to move other stars around from studio to studio, with what, for those days, were considered astronomical raises in salary. All this was part of a personal vendetta on the part of Selznick to avenge his father. Once, when he increased Carole Lombard's salary at M-G-M by a total of $1,050,000 over a period of seven years, he cried, "Remember what those s.o.b.'s did to my father? It cost them more than a million dollars today."

Another major breakthrough for the agents came in the late 1940's when Universal Pictures fell into financial trouble with the advent of television. One day the studio was visited by Lew Wasserman, the head of what was then the Goliath among agencies, M.C.A. Wasserman said, "I know you need a big box-office star, and I also know you can't afford to pay him. I'll give you Jimmy Stewart. You don't have to offer him a cent in salary. Just make him a partner in the production of his pictures and give him a percentage of the profits." Such a deal was unheard of before this, but Universal, at the point of desperation, snapped it up. Stewart made *Winchester '73* and *The Glenn Miller Story* and cleaned up, earning millions of dollars. So did Universal. This, coupled with all the other studios' panic at the drop in movie attendance caused by television, led to the virtual elimination of stars under contract to the movie companies. Agents moved into the gap with scores of so-called "participation deals" for their newly independent stars and, later, their directors, producers and writers. The ante kept going up and up. Even Wasserman, now a studio executive himself at the recently merged M.C.A.-Universal company, has been known to shake his head sadly at an agent's demands for a star and to say, "What have I wrought?"

Packaging, the third major inroad by the agents, was also promoted mostly by M.C.A. The company got its start booking dance bands in the 1930's (hence its full name, Music Corporation of America), and its first packages involved M.C.A.-made matchbooks, souvenirs, etc., which a nightclub had to take from the agency along with a big-name band it wanted. The practice spread, with M.C.A., into radio and films, with Jack Benny and Gregory Peck, for example, always finding themselves trailed by lesser M.C.A. clients to keep them company at work.

The supreme triumph for packaging came in the period from 1952 to 1962, during which M.C.A. again took advantage of movie industry weakness and vacillation about moving in on the vital new medium, television. With permission from the Screen Actors Guild and others, M.C.A. set up its own studio to mass-produce TV series. The new production subsidiary was Revue Productions. Thus we had the cozy arrangement whereby M.C.A. agents were selling packages to M.C.A. producers. The U.S. Government finally put a stop to this in 1962 by moving to indict M.C.A. for violation of the antitrust laws. Prosecution was halted when M.C.A. agreed to give up its agency altogether and to continue with the more lucrative Revue Productions.

Before the crackdown on the agency, M.C.A. was, at the same time, the most respected and the most feared force in Hollywood. It was respected for its almost Machiavellian talent for working out advantageous deals for its clients (in its final year it earned $80 million for its clients and $8 million for itself). It was feared because of its image of almost limitless power. An M.C.A. man was readily recognizable by his uniform—the dark Ivy League suit, the white button-down shirt, the narrow black tie. Producer-director Stanley Kubrick called them "The Gray-Flannel Mafia."

Dictatorial decor

A top independent agent, James L. Saphier, worked briefly as a "piece of manpower" at M.C.A., and he tells a revealing anecdote about his spell in the sterile, mortuarylike building that was M.C.A.'s Beverly Hills headquarters. "The furniture was all expensive antiques," Saphier says, "and no desk was ever allowed to have even a piece of paper on it. I brought Bob Hope into the agency with me as a client and Bob had given me an ultramodern desk clock. I put the clock on my desk when I arrived. I was immediately called in by my superiors and told to remove the clock because it destroyed the symmetry of the offices. I refused. Finally I was visited by the chairman of the board himself, Jules Stein, and we worked out a compromise. I was to keep the clock in my desk drawer, and we set up an elaborate warning system so that the receptionist could buzz me whenever Hope set foot in the building. Then I could put the clock back on my desk, but it had to be removed again as soon as he left."

Since the dissolution of M.C.A. in its old, all-powerful form, William Morris, Ashley-Famous and the General Artists Corporation are the giants of the business, in that order. These three combined employ perhaps 600 "pieces of manpower," represent over 3,000 "pieces of talent," and gross well over $100 million a year. Many of the smaller agencies, however, have even more influence and make even more money, in proportion to their size.

Today's top agents differ in personality and background almost as much as the stars they represent. Bargaining genius Abe Lastfogel, 66, the head of the William Morris Agency (which represents Gregory Peck, Kim Novak and Joan Crawford, among many others), is a sentimental, fatherly figure, five-feet-three-inches tall, who sends catered meals to his clients when they're ill and who weeps when he watches client Sophie Tucker perform or when anyone mentions ex-client Al Jolson. Ted Ashley, his opposite number at Ashley-Famous (Alec Guinness, William Holden, Richard Chamberlain, etc.), is also five-feet-three-inches tall, tough, unsentimental, quick-witted, interested in the serious playwrights. Ashley got into the agency business at the age of 15 when his father became seriously ill and he had to support his entire family. He leaped from William Morris office-boy status to head of his own agency in less than nine years by being one of the first to recognize the potential of television.

Handsome, young Freddie Fields, Polly Bergen's husband, who heads Creative Management Associates (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Judy Garland, etc.), is the younger brother of once-famous band leader Shep Fields. After Freddie proved himself to be deplorably bad as a trombone player, Shep got him a job with his agent, thus launching a big career. Shep now works for Freddie.

Two completely contrasting personalities are George Chasin (the Chasin-Park-Citron Agency) and George Rosenberg (Artists Agency Corporation). Chasin, a dignified graying man in his 50's, was a practicing attorney until he was 38 years old. He moved to California from New York because he married Eileen Gorlet, an actress then under contract to Warner Bros. As his law practice became more and more involved with the entertainment world, Chasin (who was stage-struck as a boy in Brooklyn) became more and more interested in agenting. He finally went to M.C.A., where he became head of the motion-picture department and guided the careers of such stars as Clark Gable, Marlon Brando and James Stewart. Today, with his quiet, astute manner, he is known as "the gentleman agent."

Rosenberg, also graying and in his 50's, is equally astute but has the speech and manner of one of the more colorful Damon Runyon characters. Born in New York but raised in Los Angeles, where his father was a tailor, Rosenberg delivered cleaning to William Randolph Hearst Sr., and became a protégé of the publisher. He reached the agenting business through the roundabout route of working as a circulation man for various Hearst newspapers. When he was drafted during World War II, Rosenberg booked acts for soldier shows and performed this function so successfully that he attracted the attention of Bing Crosby, who, after the war, needed similar guest stars for his radio program.

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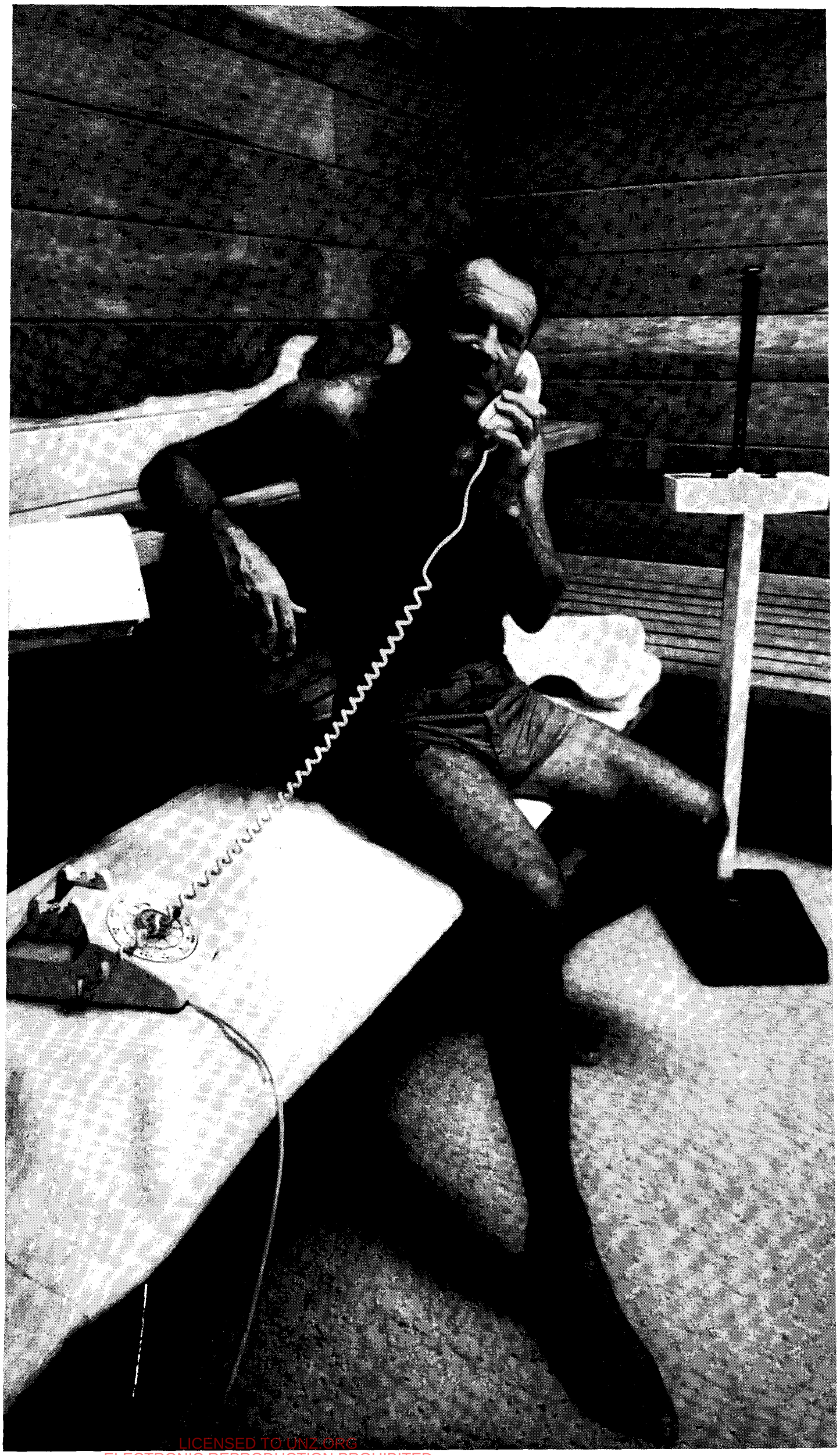
Crosby became Rosenberg's client (others are Fred Astaire, Dane Clark), and they have prospered together ever since.

Such long-lasting agent-client relationships are uncommon in Hollywood. Another, between Bob Hope and James L. Saphier, has sustained one of the smallest agencies for 27 years. In contrast to the 400-man William Morris Agency (which has lavish offices in Beverly Hills, New York, London, Paris, Rome, etc.), Saphier operates out of three rooms with one assistant, two secretaries and a bookkeeper. Saphier, a compact, attractive man of 57, is a New York University graduate, an art connoisseur and a sophisticated world traveler. He sells Hope's TV specials (at $400,000 per show), listens to Hope's jokes and tells him if they are funny, plays golf with Hope, approves all ads for the Hope TV shows and packages the Hope TV anthology series. (He is probably the only agent ever known to pay a commission to his wife. A few years ago his wife Arna insisted that he take a much needed vacation with her in San Francisco. While he was there, Saphier discovered the Kingston Trio in a small nightclub and signed them on the spot with a makeshift contract hastily written on a paper napkin. Because she was responsible for the trip, Arna demanded and received a 12½ percent commission on Saphier's commission.)

These are but a few of the men who wield such tremendous influence on the entertainment industry today (all told, there are some 163 agencies with "franchises" from the Screen Actors Guild and the other guilds). Will their great power continue? Right now their principal source of strength, the package, is under heavy attack on two grounds. For one thing, the unions, which in effect give them their license to operate, are becoming restive. For example, Michael Franklin, executive director of the Writers Guild of America, holds that, "When an agent goes into packaging, he becomes an entrepreneur. He represents the producer of the movie or television show, who is the employer and who pays him more money than the individual client, the employee. When one man represents both employer and employee, this has got to mitigate against the employee." Such growls are spreading among the other guilds, and, even more important, they are once again—as in the case of M.C.A.—being picked up by the antennae of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department.

The second attack on agents' packaging is on the grounds of taste. Weak and divided as they are, movie and TV executives are beginning to react against agents dictating what goes on the screen. One tycoon recently said, "I think it's great when an intelligent man like Ted Ashley helps to put together a fine television series like *The Defenders*. Also, he's making an important contribution by taking Arthur Miller's play, *After the Fall*, and putting it into a package that will enable it to get on the movie screen, which ordinarily it wouldn't. But how about the morons with sixth-grade educations who flood the market with idiotic westerns, crime stories and situation comedies simply by dangling a big star under the nose of a lazy studio or TV executive? I think it's time we all got together to drive the money changers out of the temple."

Then, as he finished his diatribe, the tycoon mopped his brow and said, "But don't quote me." THE END



By direct-line phone to his office, Kurt Frings does business from his sauna bath.

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The key Republican candidates

The coming election may be the most important in a generation. The people will choose between two strikingly different personalities and two sharply different concepts of government on November 3. The choice is a momentous one for the nation and the world.

The election may determine the future of American politics for many years. Its effect on the Republican Party and the two-party system *could* be disastrous.

In the past, each of the great political parties has functioned very much like Noah's ark. There has been room enough on board for nearly every political animal. Republicans have ranged from Jacob Javits of New York to John Tower of Texas, while the Democrats have run all the way from Adam Clayton Powell of New York to James Eastland of Mississippi.

Call it compromise, consensus, or togetherness—the flexibility of our political parties has been a good thing for American politics. It has tended to damp down explosive differences and to prevent the development of splinter parties. Yet in spite of the charges of "metooism," the basic difference between the two great parties has remained. The main thrust of the Republican Party—especially in fiscal matters and in its conception of the role of government—has been more conservative than that of the Democratic Party.

The current campaign has threatened a fundamental change in the system. At the Republican National Convention, Senator Goldwater shut the door on those who do not agree with him. He is attempting a strategy of "exclusivity," which appears to be based upon the notion that a segment of a minority party can win a national election. This strategy could have a very damaging effect on the American political system. It could result, for a considerable time at least, in one-party government or it could bring about the development of splinter parties. In either case, much of the stability of our political system would be lost.

Unless the polls and portents are wrong, however, Senator Goldwater will suffer a crushing defeat. The question raised by that prospect is: What effect will it have on the Republican Party and the two-party system?

It is essential that there be modern, responsible Republicans in positions of authority after the election to begin the task of putting the party back together in its traditional form. Unless this happens, Republicans may go the way of the Whigs. There are two compelling factors in the situation: 1. If Lyndon Johnson wins by a landslide, there must be intelligent, responsible opposition in the Congress. 2. The Republican Party must retain a solid organizational base across the country.

A number of Republican candidates deserve on their own merits to be elected. They should also be supported for the sake of their party and the two-party system. *The Post* urges the election of the following:

Senator Kenneth Keating of New York. Keating has been a progressive, conscientious senator. He was heavily abused for insisting the Russians were building up a missile force in Cuba that could radically alter the balance of power, but it turned out that he was right and nearly everybody else was wrong. His opponent, Bobby Kennedy, has obviously chosen New York as a power base to further his presidential ambitions. We believe that a man who is not entitled to vote in the state has no business being elected to the U.S. Senate from that state.

Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. Scott is a moderate progressive Republican and an effective senator. He represents the best tradition of his party on civil rights and other domestic issues. His opponent, Miss Genevieve Blatt, is untested in national office.

Robert Taft Jr., candidate for the Senate in Ohio. An attractive, youthful (47) member of an illustrious political family, Taft is running against the 75-year-old incumbent, Stephen Young. A warmer and personally more appealing man than his father, Taft is an able, intelligent and effective legislator and a conservative in the best sense of the word.

Senator John Williams of Delaware. The senator is another conservative in the best sense. He has served as the conscience of the Senate in such matters as the Bobby Baker case, the T. Lamar Caudle tax scandal and the Sherman Adams-Bernard Goldfine vicuña-coat affair. The Senate can use a conscience.

Governor George Romney of Michigan and **Charles Percy**, candidate for governor of Illinois. Both of these men are vigorous, progressive Republicans. They are the kind of energetic new leaders the party needs, and both are potential presidential candidates. Each is running against a lackluster opponent: Romney against Congressman Neil Staebler, and Percy against the incumbent governor of Illinois, Otto Kerner. The election of these men would be a big step toward assuring the Republican Party the kind of representation it must have in Congress and guaranteeing it a solid political base across the country (Republicans already hold the statehouses in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The re-election of Romney and the election of Percy would give them Michigan and Illinois). More than any of these factors, the election of the candidates whom we have listed would tend to assure the country of the continuation of a viable two-party system.

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